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# A Whaling Voyage

The Bark Sea  
of West Port

By Andrew J. Landsberg  
Wednesday October 15 1851

Well 15. Light winds and pleasant  
made sail from the wharf at 10 A.M.  
left the port at 4 P.M. clear of all danger  
in the lane at Sun set shortened sail

But he soon  
and renewed his studies; at the  
expiration of his four years' course of study, he  
graduated with credit both to himself and to his  
teachers.

But the war made the times hard and difficult.  
Almost every one was tried in his affairs, and  
Mr. Webster's father among the rest. Unable  
to afford his son any further aid, the old gentle-  
man gave him an eight dollar bill, worth only  
about four dollars in silver, and told him he must  
provide for himself.

This was a small fortune, and if young Noah's  
future had depended upon it, he would have  
been poor indeed. But his real fortune was in  
himself, as it is in every other boy. He had a  
will to work, and energy to overcome difficulties.  
It was his wish to study law, but not having mon-  
ey enough to obtain regular instruction, he be-  
gan to teach school, and to study law without  
aid from others. So well did he succeed in doing  
this, that he was admitted to the bar two years  
afterwards. Let boys remember this fact, and  
learn that where there is a will to acquire knowl-  
edge there is always a way.

But his trials were not over yet. He was a  
lawyer, to be sure, but the war of the Revolution  
was just over, and times were very unsettled.  
There was very little work for lawyers to do.  
Still Mr. Webster was determined to do some-  
thing. He taught a classical school in the State  
of New York. Here he saw the need of good el-  
ementary school-books. There were none in the  
country that suited his ideal, and he set himself,  
like a true genius, to the task of compiling them.

The year after, he published his spelling-book,  
grammar, and reading lessons. So popular did  
his spelling-book become, that thirty millions of  
copies have been published, and it is still selling  
at the rate of a million a year. The profits on  
this work supported him while he compiled the  
great work of his life—his celebrated dictionary.

We cannot follow Mr. Webster in his career  
as publisher and writer, because it would not in-  
terest you. I will only state a few facts to show  
you how he made his dictionary. He probably  
conceived the plan while at work on his spelling-  
book, but he did not give himself wholly to its  
production until he was forty-nine years of age.  
Then he devoted himself to it in earnest, and  
toiled at it incessantly for twenty years. In or-  
der to render it the more perfect, he visited Eng-  
land and France, examined the great public libra-  
ries, and conversed with the learned men of those  
countries. Having at last completed it, at the  
close of the year 1828, he published the first  
edition of twenty-five hundred copies. In 1840,  
having improved it considerably, he published  
three thousand more.

The construction of this dictionary was a gi-  
gantic task. What patience, zeal and persever-  
ance Mr. Webster must have possessed, to keep  
himself so steadily at work upon one object for  
twenty years! Only consider that he had to de-  
termine the meaning of nearly eighty thousand  
words! But he never knew discouragement.  
Little by little he pushed it forward, and he  
loved to see his work completed and published.  
I, my reader, intends to accomplish anything

The

So, he

Sometime

Sometimes

What did he do

At! pictures

And now and then

But oftener starts

His good wife sat on the

In the high-backed flag-seat chair;

You see 'neath the frill of her muslin cap

The sheen of her silvery hair.

She wears a "blue checked" apron now,

And is knitting a sock for him;

Her pale blue eyes have a gentle look,

And she says "they are growing dim."

I like to call and tell the news,

And chat an hour each day,

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart

To hear of the world away.

Be kind unto the old, my friends,

They're worn with this world's strife,

Though bravely once perchance they fought

The battle here with life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb

Upward life's rugged steep;

Then let us lead them gently down

To where the weary sleep.

## SLEEP.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Come, sweet sleep, and close my eyelids—

I am weary of the day;

And let gay and pleasing fancies

Scilly round my pillow play.

Bring me dreams of joy and gladness—

Banish thoughts of grief and pain;

Place before me those dear faces

I may never see again.

Then with magic wand transport me

Back to childhood's sunny hours;

There the world seems like a garden,

Full of choice, sweet-scented flowers.

Bring again those softened glances,

For which now I sadly pine;

From eyes so tender—'e'en my mother's—

Bring them forth from "Auld lang syne."

Come, sweet sleep, and close my eyelids—

I am weary of the day;

Let me visit fairy dream-land—

Let me travel far away.

The Annual Meeting of the stockhold-  
ers of the Cape Cod Railroad Co., will be  
held July 14th, at Middleboro'.

## THE EARTH.

The huge earth as you would  
find it, or a lump of lead?" And why  
that Archimedes wished for that he might  
earth, it can at least find a balance in  
it. This curious operation was  
several times, in the last century, but  
with more accuracy by Mr. Bailly, late  
President of the Astronomical Society of England.  
It was done in London and in a corner, but was  
not done in an hour or a day. It was a long  
labor of nearly four years duration. But how  
was it done?

Well, that would require many words to ex-  
plain, but briefly we may say that Mr. Bailly did  
not clap the earth into a scale, and counterbal-  
ance it with an indefinite number of pound  
weights; nor did he take it to pieces and weigh it  
in fragments. He did it by the aid of Newton's  
great discovery—the power of attraction. He  
hung a slender rod, with a light ball upon each  
end, to the ceiling, by means of a silk or wire  
thread fastened to its middle. He then placed a  
massive leaden ball near each end of the rod, in  
such a wise that each sphere attracted the ball  
next to it in opposite directions, both thus tend-  
ing to twist the thread the same way. Carefully  
observing the effect of the spheres in twisting the  
thread and causing the rod to vibrate, he then  
compared the results with the effect produced  
the earth's attraction upon the thread, and hav-  
ing accurately ascertained the weight of the leaden  
spheres, thence computed the weight of the earth.

But you may be sure all this was not done  
without combating with many disturbing influ-  
ences. A breath of air, a ray of light, the dis-  
turbance caused by a man's breathing, the eman-  
ations of animal heat from the body—any of these  
sufficed to put the instrument out of tune, and  
render the results of the experiments wholly fal-  
lacious. Consequently, Mr. Bailly was obliged  
to put a casing about the apparatus, and then,  
that his own presence might not disturb it, stood  
in a far corner and watched its movements with  
telescopes, through small windows in the casing.

And now for the grand result—what does the  
earth weigh? Well, Mr. Bailly, after allowing  
for a small probable error, says the density of the  
earth is five and a half times greater than that of  
water, being about half "as heavy as lead." If  
you want the weight set forth in tons avoird-  
upois, you have the following pretty row of figures—  
1,256,195,670,000,000,000,000,000 tons weight;  
or, in words—one quadrillion, two hundred and  
fifty-six thousand, one hundred and ninety-five  
trillions, six hundred and seventy thousand billion  
tons avoirdupois!

And now, good reader, are you any wiser than  
you were before? We trow not, for the figures  
are beyond the power of human conception. They  
must stand in all their nakedness—an arithmetical  
marvel. In the words of Chambers' Journal, from  
which we have condensed these facts, "after weigh-  
ing the earth, we cannot realize the enormity of  
its weight; and yet the earth itself is but an  
atom in the universe!"—Portland Transcript.



# A CANDIDATE FOR A SCHOOLMASTER.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

A FEW years ago I chanced to be a member of the superintending school committee, and among the various comical scenes that came under my notice, I must relate the following.

One afternoon, as I sat at my desk, a wagon rattled up into my door-yard, and in a few moments more there came a thumpety thump upon my door. I went to see what was wanted, and I found upon my piazza one of the most original specimens of the *genus* Yankee that it was ever my lot to fall in with. I mean, of such Yankees as we read of, but which are seldom seen. He stood about "six feet two," was rather lean, and yet giving evidence of plenty to eat. His dress was evidently his best, though the coat and hat had surely come down to him from a generation that had passed away. His vest was of a blue, homespun cloth, short, and buttoned with brass buttons; his neck-kerchief was of checked gingham, while the wee bit of a dicky which had been pulled up to sight above it, was but a more extended binding of his coarse cotton shirt. His face was open enough, in all conscience; and his hair, which was of several hues, from that of flax to that of a wilted bat, had been greased thoroughly, but it would not stick down. His boots were evidently made for wear, and were visible half way up the tops, the trousers either having shrunk up or mayhap having been made to clear the mud.

"Mornin', 'sqwire," said he, in a tone not unlike the grating of a mill-saw.

"Good day," I returned, not wishing to repeat his exact salutation, seeing it was nearer evening than morning.

"I kind 'a thought as haow I'd come au' git yeou to gin me a sartiferkate, bein' as they want me to hev one afore I commence keepin' schewl in this taown."

It was in the fall, and as the day was cool, I asked the applicant to walk in, hinting to him first that he could wipe his feet on the mat. He gave his boots a wipe, and then followed me to my study. He took a seat on my lounge, deposited his hat upon the floor, and then took an old pocket-book from somewhere within his vest.

"Ef yeon 're in a hurry, 'sqwire, don't know as there'll be any need of yeon're 'zamin'in' me, for I've got a sartiferkate from the selekmen of aour taown. I kep' schewl thar last winter, an' yeon'd better b'lieve I made the wool fly. Jes' let me tell yer 'baont that," he rattled on, with as much assurance as man could have, and in a tone of self-esteem ahead of anything I could have suspected from his looks. "Yer see they've got the all-firedest ugly set o' boys over thar in Perdishun Holler, ye ever hearn tell on. Why—they'd licked the schewlmaster an' lugged 'im aout o' the schewl'ouse every winter for six winters. By gimerky, I was mad. Ses I, 'jes' let me keep that schewl.' The kommitty hearn tell on me, an' they sent for me at wonst. They 'zamin'd me, an' guv me a sartiferkate rite orf. An' I kommenced the schewl. Sum of the big boys kommenced wonst or twist to kick up a raow; but, apple-sarse an' greens! didn't I wollup 'um. Yew never seed such a schewl as 'twas. The folks said as haow 't there hadn't been such a schewl there for forty year!"

The "schewlmaster" waited a few moments to see if I would express any astonishment, but as I did not, he went on.

"'T seemed 'at some of the folks daown here in Pordnuk hev hearn tell haow I sukseeded, an' they've sent for me to cum an' try my hand thar."

I remembered now to have heard the agent of the school in the district which was generally known as Paudunk, say that he had sent to try and hire a teacher who kept a school in B—, the previous winter, and I supposed this must be the one. His fame had only reached our town connected with a thrashing exploit, in which he had floored some half dozen big boys.

"As I was a sayin', 'sqwire, thar's no need of yaour 'zamin'in' me. Here's the sartiferkate."

And as he thus spoke he handed me a soiled and crumpled paper, which I found to be indeed a bona fide certificate, and signed by two of the school committee of B—.

"Ov course yeou'll guv us a reckommendashun, 'sqwire."

"I believe I must examine you a little, first," I said; for I had a curiosity to see how much the fellow really knew.

"Wal—ov course yeou ken. But raily, 'sqwire, I dono but I may be a leetle mite rusty. Ha'n't brushed up any lately. But rayther reckon yeou'll find me some. Heow'll yeou take me? Wat cums fust?"

"Suppose we try a bit of geography first," said I.

"Wal," he uttered, not quite so confidently as before. "Go ahead. But mind, 'sqwire—as I said afore, I may need a leetle brushing up."

"What is the capital of this State?" I asked first.

"Port—I—. Let's sec—ya—as—Portland."

"No, no," said I. "Portland used to be, but Augusta is now the capital."

"Wal—naow I didn't know that. It's been changed sence I studied jografy. Hlowsnnever, go ahead."

"What is the capital of Massachusetts?"

"Wal," he replied, slowly and solemnly, at the same time counting his fingers, as though the solution were to be arrived at mathematically, "naow let's me see. Massachusetts—that's clean way daown sumwhar by the oshun. I never was thar, but Joe Popwhack, as we used to call 'im—he was thar. By thunder, 'sqwire, Joe 'd be rayther astonished of he knew I was a keepin' schewl, wouldn't he. Ye see Joe—Martin, his name is—but we call him Popwhack, 'cause he nsed tew use that word. But Joe don't know much. Hlowsnnever, go ahead 'sqwire."

"Well," I returned, feeling sure that he would not enlighten me on geography, "suppose we try English grammar."

"That's yer sort. Ye see I never took much pains with jografy, 'cause the master allers has a book, ye see, an' he ken tell jest whar all them places is. But yeou'll find me to hum in 'rithmattick, naow I tell ye. I've devoted the most of my time to figgers, for up in aour parts they want their boys to cypher."

"But first," said I, holding in the laugh that was trying to burst out, "tell me what grammar is."

"Sartin," he responded, with an energy that led me to look for more understanding of the matter than I had expected, "grammar is the study wat's got naouns—an'—an'—varbs—an'—an'—sich sort ov things in it. Yer see I ha'n't quite forgot it yet."

"No, I see not. Can you tell me what a noun is?"

"Wal—I'm afeard yeou've got me thar. But then ye see it's all in the book, an' I ken tell when the scholars recite right. But yeou'll find me to hum in 'rithmattick."

"Very well," said I; "suppose we try it. In a piece of land ten rods long and four rods wide, how many square rods are there?"

Mr. Spuggs, for so I will call him, commenced to count his fingers energetically.

"Wal," he at length uttered, slowly and thoughtfully, "ten rod long an' four deep. Guess we'd better try that by square rewt, hadn't we, 'sqwire?"

"Any way you please," I replied, turning my face towards the window to hide the smile I could no longer repress.

The "candidate" studied hard for some moments, counting his fingers over and over again, and at length he broke out, in a sort of relieved tone.

"Look here, 'sqwire. I rayther think that ere 'll come nnder the head ov sarveyin', an' ye see I never studied that. I never had no—what-d'ye call it—the thing they stick up on three legs to look through; never could 'ford it. Ment to study it, though. But naow gin us sumthin' of a common schewl kind."

"Well," said I, determined to let the fellow answer one question if possible, "suppose a bnshel of corn is worth one dollar, how much are ten bushels worth?"

Again he went over his fingers.

"Yeou mean shelled corn, I s'pose," he said, after a while.

"Yes," I answered.

"'Cause it makes a good deal of difference, yer see, 'beaout that. Corn on the ear 'll overrun the bushel ef its good for anything. Naow the corn we raise 'll overrun four quarts to the bushel. Tew bushel ov ears 'll make more'n a bushel ov shelled corn. Yer see I should be pertick'ler to 'plain t'is to my scholars, 'cause ye see, 'sqwire, I mean to fit 'em for the bizziness of life. Naow a good many schewlmasters don't dew that, but I dew. Ginger and Jerewsalem, 'sqwire, yew ort to see me handle the big boys when they git onruly. I tell ye they don't try it more'n wonst."

I despaired of getting even one fair answer from my applicant, and I concluded to drop him.

"Mr. Spuggs," said I, as politely as I could, "I'm afraid you wouldn't suit us here. I could not give you a certificate without overstepping the bounds of my duty."

"Yeou don't mean so, 'sqwire," uttered the poor fellow, in a doleful, sinking tone. "Why, I kep' last winter, an' got along fust rate. Guess yew'd better let me try my hand. Naow I tell ye, it'll be a great disapp'intment to me. I've got rigged for it."

"I couldn't do it."

"But I ken brush up, 'sqwire. I told yer I was kind o' rusty naow, but I ken overhaul these things, an' look em up."

"Very well," I said. "When you have brushed up and over-looked your studies some, I should be happy to examine you again."

He went away with a sad and sorrowful countenance; but whether he ever "brushed up" or not I do not know, for he has never since shown himself to me.

This may seem overdrawn, but I will just say that the fellow did not know one bit more than I have represented, and yet he had a certificate, in which he was fully recommended as a "suitable and competent person to be a teacher of youth," and it was signed by two of the school committee of his native town! But I will simply add, that the writing of the certificate betrayed as much ignorance of English grammar on the part of the committee as Mr. Spuggs had displayed in his examination.

*muscle*  
*st*  
*the*  
*n*  
*be out*  
*land*  
*els*  
*Boats*  
*reep*  
*rain*  
*10 ends*  
*ook in*  
*Sail*  
*after*  
*en*  
*Sail*  
*the*  
*Boat*  
*this day*



## FASHIONABLE STREET-SWEEPERS.

[A SUFFERER, begs us to republish the following from LIFE ILLUSTRATED, for the benefit of the enslaved Fashionables. Our object being to do good in the world, we cannot decline so obvious a duty, so here goes—]

### I.

Splashing through the gutters,  
Trailing through the mire,  
Mud up to the ankles,  
And a little higher;  
Little boys uproarious  
"Cause you show your feet!  
Bless me! this is glorious  
Sweeping down the streets!

### II.

Bonnet on the shoulders,  
Nose up to the sky;  
Both hands full of flounces,  
Raised *à la Shang-hai*;  
Underskirts bespattered,  
Look amazing neat;  
All your silks get "watered"  
Sweeping down the street!

### III.

Street-sweep at the crossing,  
Says you spoil her trade;  
Guesses you're the patent  
Street-sweep, ready made;  
Gives you a slight jostle  
While she joins your *euile*;  
Gracious! what a bustle  
Sweeping down the street.

### IV.

Heaps of dirt and *delris*  
Close behind you trailing;  
Joker says, "wet dry-goods  
Make first-rate *retailing*;"  
Straws, cigar-stumps "catch it,"  
And augment the fleet;  
Goodness! what a fresheet,  
Sailing down the street!

### V.

If men admire such fashions  
I wish to Heaven they'd try 'em!  
If they'll agree to wear 'em,  
We'll agree to buy 'em.  
They flout our understanding,  
They fetter fast our feet  
Till we're not left a hand, *en*  
*Passant* through the street.

### VI.

What man could mount Fame's mountain  
Fetter'd in that fashion?  
Or climb old Bunker's *stare-case*  
And not get in a passion?  
What man sit down—extinguish'd  
"Neath whale-bones, hoops, complete—  
Content to grow "distinguish'd"  
Sweeping down the street?

### VII.

Oh! what's the matter—"GODEY?"  
Oh! what's the matter—"GRAHAM?"  
Are blooming girls so plenty  
That you must try to slay 'em?  
Then will you give the Bloomer  
With a new French name to fit?  
*If ye love the fair*, don't doom her  
So long to sweep the street!

"UNCLE JOE."

[We would suggest the propriety of setting these words to music, and thus popularizing a sermon so patent for good.]

**EASILY MADE.**—A man doing business in the South part of the city, recently bargained for a house which he wished to purchase. The owner, desirous of selling, fixed the price, and then signed a paper agreeing to pay the sum of \$800 if he did not adhere to the contract. Elated at the idea of disposing of his building, he announced to his wife that he should require her signature to the title deeds, but what was his dismay when she flatly refused to give her consent. It was in vain that the husband stormed and swore, and threatened, and then entreated, and finally promised the handsomest bonnet and silk dress to be found on Washington street, if she would only consent. The wife was as firm as a Roman matron. She scorned the bribes, refused to be flattered, laughed at his threats, and after exhausting every artifice, the would-be vender was compelled reluctantly to pay over the \$800 last Saturday.

**Moral.**—Husbands, consult your wives when contemplating the sale of real estate, and if they are willing, then "go ahead."—*Boston Herald.*

**ADVICE TO WIVES.**—Thou shalt not consider it fashionable, cleanly, or economical, to sweep the streets with one hundred dollar dresses—when at home thou considerest thyself fortunate to get calico;—nor to promenade muddy side-walks with satin robes and bedraggled underclothes; nor to wear jewels and flowers on thy head, while the feet go "flipety-click" in buskin shoes run down at the heel, and discover to strangers the holes in thy stockings.

Thou shalt not starve thyself and family twenty-nine days out of thirty to feast thy circle and give a party; nor by the purchase of expensive gawags and finery keep thyself and husband poor; nor run up bills for frills and furbeloes, while the dry goods merchant and thy husband are at their wits' end how to pay their way; nor lose a half day shopping, to invest four bits. Neither shalt thou devour all thy savings at cotillion parties and balls; nor waste thy substance by improvidence or neglect.

Thou shalt not fret, nor sulk nor faint, nor fly into hysterics because thine unfortunate husband cannot buy for thee "that beautiful moon, made of such nice green cheese," and a riding-dress to match; nor quit his business at any moment, and take you out a riding to Paradise. Neither shalt thou ride or walk with other men, nor associate with profligates and spendthrifts in the ball-room, or by the wayside, in preference to thy husband; nor, under the pretence of saving his purse, treat him as a simpleton, or slave, to stay at home and nurse the children, or follow thee—at a proper distance—to await thy pleasure, or carry thy lap-dog.

Thou shalt not substitute sour looks for pickles; nor a fiery temper for stove-wood, nor cross words for kindlings; nor trilling talk for light-bread; nor tart language for dessert; nor excuses for anything. Neither shalt thou serve up cold looks nor cold meats for breakfast, nor scoldings and hard potatoes for dinner, nor what remains of the other two meals for supper—no, not even on washing days. Neither shalt thou allow hard feelings or unwashed dishes to accumulate; nor withhold either secrets or shirt buttons from the bosom of thy husband; and never omit little kindnesses of any kind.

## IF SUMMER IS COMING.

If the summer is coming, why not come along?  
Why don't the sun shine warm and bright?  
We know it is coming, because the days grow long  
But these chilly winds don't seem right.

The trees are all dressed in their summer attire,  
For all their hurry to put on green,  
Some days they will wither and hang their heads,  
As if ashamed of their silver sheen.

I wonder if the man that makes the Almanac,  
Has ever the rule of the weather?  
I wonder if he ever makes a mistake?  
And then I keep wondering whether,

Times are as they used to be, or ever will be again.  
When in April we had showers,  
When the sun shone bright, and the mild breeze blew,  
And always in May, we had flowers.

The cold days keep coming, when we're looking for warm,  
And we keep piling the wood on the fire.  
We scold at the weather, it will keep cold,  
And of course it raises one's ire.

If our hearts are as cold as the weather is now,  
And the weather keeps cold and cloudy too,  
There won't be a smile to be seen on one's face,  
And when all is cloudy, what shall we do.

We tried all the time to keep up good cheer,  
And waited for spring, 'till 'twas gone,  
And now if summer belongs to the year,  
"If good times are coming, why not come along?"

A. C. F.

East Brewster, June 7th, 1856.

## "OUR DAILY BREAD."

A beggar-boy stopped at a rich man's door—  
"I am homeless, and friendless, and faint, and poor,"  
Said the beggar-boy, as the tear-drop rolled  
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.  
"O! give me a crust from your board to-day,  
To help the beggar-boy on his way!"  
"Not a crust, not a crumb," the rich man said—  
"Be off, and work for your daily bread!"

The rich man went to the parish church;  
His face grew grave as he trod the porch;  
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,  
Drew back to let the rich man pass.  
The service begun; the choral hymn  
Arose, and swelled through the long aisles dim—  
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said,  
Were—"Give us this day our daily bread!"

*walks all day*

## SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING.

BY LAURA.

"She works for a living," how often we hear

This calumny breathed on a name,  
That perhaps in the ranks of the proudest might bear  
A station of honor and fame.

Though "she works for a living," I cannot see why  
That should cast any blight on her name—  
At least, those who labor, should not pass her by,  
For surely their lot is the same.

Then who shall regard the opinion of those,  
Whose highest ambition or aim,  
Is to scoff at the humble and mar the repose,  
Of such as do work out a name?

O, is it not honor to fill here below  
The station that God has assigned?  
Then if labor's the lot, to it cheerfully go—  
It never will sully the mind.

## HOPELESS LOVE.

If I could bring my soul to think  
That we should meet again  
Beyond the grave, I would not shrink  
From all this world of pain;  
But oh! the dreadful thought, that we  
Are parted by Eternity,  
Will sometimes cross my brain;  
And that is woe so sad and deep,  
I almost wish for ENDLESS sleep.

I know 'tis wrong to love thee—feel  
There's guilt in every sigh;  
But I have seen soft Pity steal  
The moisture from thine eye;  
And I have felt how kind and warm  
The soul encompassed in that form,  
And CANNOT say "Good bye."  
I know 'tis wrong to love thee—yet  
I could not, for the world, forget.

For I have taught my heart to pray,  
That it might pray for Thee;  
And when the twilight fades away,  
And moonbeams light the sea,  
In fervent prayer I lift my soul,  
That all my days may calmly roll  
In peace and social glee;  
Though every blessing meant for mine  
Should pass my head, and light on Thine.

## MY FRIEND.

I saw her first, her youthful brow  
Bore no sad trace of care,  
Life seemed to her a pleasant dream,  
And earth looked bright and fair.

A few years past, I saw her next—  
'Twas 'mid the festive throng,  
Gayest of all the gay, she seemed  
The life and joy of song.

Again we met, I saw her then  
A young and happy bride;  
The sacred vow was breathed to be  
A husband's joy and pride.

Once more we met, but oh how changed!  
Life's joy had long since flown,  
And left her desolate to die,  
Neglected and alone.

And yet again we hope to meet,  
When earthly ties are riven,—  
Before the blood-bought Mercy Seat  
We hope to meet,—in Heaven.

## WOMAN.

BY G. A. W. LANGDON FAHIE.

Who in this world of care and strife  
Doth sweetly soothe the ills of life,  
As companion, or as wife?

'Tis Woman.

Who by a thousand tender wiles,  
By fond endearments or by smiles,  
The bosom of its grief beguiles?

'Tis Woman.



BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

The mist lies thick upon the distant hills,  
The leaves are dropping rain upon the earth,  
And, save a solitary bird that trills  
His wild sweet strain that tells of careless mirth,  
The silence is unbroken. Perfect calm  
Sheds its soft influence like a healing balm.

Cloud after cloud moves slowly up the skies,  
Darkening the landscape with a sombre shade;  
The deep-toned thunder in their bosom lies,  
And the forked lightning 'mid their folds is stayed;  
The storm still lingers, and a breathless sleep  
Through Nature's halls seems holy guard to keep.

O, let this soothing silence, like a prayer  
From stainless lips, sink to the lowest deep  
Of each earth-troubled bosom, shedding there  
A peace profound, a strength to stay the sweep  
Of sorrow's flood, that not in vain the doom  
By which all Nature robes herself in gloom!

August, 1851.

Written for the Boston Rambler.

## THE DREAMER.

BY ISABEL ASHTON.

Nay, go not forth, sweet dreaming child,  
Go not unto the earth,  
For woe, and care, and passion's power  
Have there their darksome birth.

O, stay within thy childhood's home,  
Amid the pure and true;  
Stay, that thy loved may still drink joy  
From thine eyes' liquid blue.

Nay, go not forth, thy mission is  
To wander by the rill,  
To linger 'mong the shadows of  
The dim and silent hill.

To haunt the hollow sounding shore,  
Where surging billows creep,  
To laugh when sunbeams kiss thy brow,  
When rain-drops fall, to weep.

Thou art too pure, too holy, child,  
To seek the haunts of men;  
Thou canst not brook earth's dark reproach,  
Or send it hack again.

Stay, stay within thy sunny home,  
Thy father's love is dear;  
Thy mother's low, soft, blessed tones  
Are thrilling on thine ear.

Thy brothers laugh amid the flowers,  
Through all the live-long day,  
And by the streamlet's grassy bank,  
They fling the silver spray.

Their little tiny voices woo  
Thee to the flower-gemin'd wild;  
Go, dwell amid thy dreams with them,  
Thou beautiful, sweet child.

## A Humorous Varn.

## PUTTING ON A CHEEK:

—OR—

## THE OLD BROWN COAT.

"I reckon you see nothing very particular in this do you!" said an American acquaintance of mine, bringing out the cuff of an old coat, and holding it up before me, dangling it between his finger and thumb.

"I can't say that I do," said I, "but I presume it has some secret merit, which remains to be explained."

"Ex-act-ly," replied my acquaintance, pronouncing each syllable of the word apart; "yet the coat of which this is the remaining cuff, was the occasion of my being just now pretty well to do in the world; I guess I'm right, ain't I?" continued he, appealing to his wife, a very pretty woman, who stood by him.

"So you seem to think," replied she, smiling, "but I am not convinced, so far as I am concerned in the business, that the coat had anything to do with it."

"Well, then, I shall just tell my story and leave you to decide," said he, turning to me. "You must know that there was a time when I was rather hard up, and how to go ahead was the business. I had tried at mercantile speculation, and sunk an immensity of dollars. I had turned lawyer, but that would not answer in any way. I took to farming; no luck there. Went out supercargo; ship went on a reef, and lost cargo. Returned to New York, speculated a long while upon nothing; didn't lose much, that's certain; but didn't realize. At last I gave up business and resolved to amuse myself a little; de-camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to

so I went south, and joined Bolivar. I fought with him for three years, and a good officer he was, but he had one fault as a general, which was, that his army never got paid. I waited my three years, and finding that there was neither pay nor plunder, I got tired of it, and made my way home to the States, and at last arrived at the capitol with only one extra shirt, and not a cent in my pocket. I happened to meet with a tailor, whose customer I had once been, when I had money and paid my bills; and he observed that my coat was rather shabby, and that I could not appear in it. I knew that very well, and all that he wanted was an order for another; but as I had no chance of paying him, I thought it advisable not to take the hint. 'I think,' said I, 'that with a new velvet collar and brass buttons it might do very well for an evening party.' 'I see,' says he, 'that's an old country custom, wearing an old coat at a ball; I guess you're going to Mrs. T.'s to-morrow night. A regular flare-up, I am told. President there, and everybody else. It is hardly worth it,' continued he, touching the thread-bare cuff. 'Yes it is,' replied I; 'there'll be a regular jam, and a new coat would be spoiled. I'll send it to you to-night, and you must let me have it in the morning, so good-bye.' Well, the coat came home the next day, not early in the morning, as I expected, but past meridian; and I walked up and down my bed-room, in my trowsers, thinking what I should do. At three o'clock I called on Mrs. T., and left my card; went back again and waited two hours for the invitation—no invitation. Called again at five and left another card, telling the nigger that I had not received an invitation, and that there must be some mistake; whereupon an invitation came about an hour after my return, just as I was putting my hat on to call again and leave another card, in a very fierce manner, I reckon. Well, I went early to the ball, and my coat looked remarkably gay. You could see that the velvet collar was new, and that the buttons glittered famously; but you could not see the cloth was a little worse for wear. In short my brown coat looked very smart, and I was a considerable smart fellow myself at the time. Well, I stood near the door, looking at the company come in, hoping to know somebody; but I presume I had grown out of all recollection, for nobody knew me. But as the company were announced, I heard their names; and if they did not know who I was, at all events I found out who they were. 'This won't do,' says I, as the rooms became quite full; 'I may stick against this wall till daylight, but I shall never go ahead.' So at last, perceiving a young lady speaking to the daughter of the secretary of the navy, after they parted, I went up and bowed to her. Having heard her name, I pretended to be an old acquaintance, and accused her of having forgotten me. As I was very positive, and very bold, she presumed it was the case; and when I gave her my name, which I refused to do till we had been talking some minutes, as it happened to be a very good one, she considered that it was all right, and in another quarter of an hour we became very intimate. I then asked her if she knew Miss E——, the daughter of the secretary of the navy. She replied that she did; and, offering her my arm, we walked up to the lady together, and I was introduced. Now, thought I, I am going ahead a little. After the introduction, I commenced a conversation with Miss E——, and a gentleman fortunately relieved me of my first acquaintance, whose arm I had dropped. I continued my attentions to Miss E——; exerted myself to the utmost; and on the strength of my introduction, and my agreeableness, I was soon intimate with her, and she accepted my arm. As I paced her up and down the room, I asked her if she knew the daughter of General S——, who was near us. She replied in the affirmative; and I requested an introduction, which was immediately complied with; and I offered Miss S—— my other arm, and paraded them both up and down through the room, making them laugh, not a little. Now I'm going ahead, thinks I, and my old brown coat looks remarkably well. 'Here is the President coming up,' said Miss E——; 'do you know him?' 'I did once, a little, but he must have forgotten me, since I have been in South America so long.' The President came right up to us, and addressed the young ladies. I made a sort of half bow. 'You don't recollect Mr. —?' said Miss S——. 'I recollect the name well,' replied the President. 'You are well supported, Mr. —; you have the army and the navy on each side of you.' 'And the highest officer of the State before me,' replied I, with a low bow; 'I ought, indeed, to feel proud. It makes amends for all the privations I underwent in my last campaign with General Bolivar, for the general and his aid-camps fared no better than the meanest soldier.' This last was a hit. I did not say that I was aid-camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to

it appeared, he wanted to have some information from that quarter; and he asked me many questions, all of which I was able to answer with precision. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the whole room was wondering who it was that was so intimate with the President, and many were trying to catch what was said, the President presuming, as Bolivar's aid-de-camp, that I could give him information upon a certain point, and not wishing to have the answer public, said to the young ladies, 'I am going to do a very rude thing; I wish to ask a question, which Mr. — would not like to reply to except in strict confidence; I must take him away from you for a minute or two. I beg your pardon Mr. —, but I feel and shall be truly grateful for the sacrifice you will make in giving up for one moment such charming society.' 'I fear the loss will only be on my part,' said I to the young ladies, as I dropped their arms, and followed the President to a vacant spot near the orchestra. The question which the President put to me, was one which I could not well answer; but he helped me out of the difficulty by answering it himself according to his own views, and then appealing to me if he was not correct. I replied 'that I certainly was not at liberty, although I left the service of General Bolivar, to repeat all that I knew; fortunately,' continued I, bowing, 'where such clear sightedness is apparent, there is no occasion for the question being answered.' 'You are right, Mr. —; I wish all those about me had your discretion and high sense of honor,' replied the President; who had one of my new brass buttons between his thumb and finger; 'and I perceive by your reply that I was also right in my conjecture. I am much obliged to you, and trust to see you at Government House.' I bowed and retired. I am going ahead now, at all events, thought I, as every one was looking at me as I retreated. I had been walking arm-in-arm with the daughters of the two first officers of the State; I had been in confidential communication with the President, and that before all the elite of Washington. I can now venture to order another suit of clothes; but never will forget you, my old brown coat. The next day the tailor came to me, he heard what had taken place at the ball; and amended my wardrobe. Everybody came to me for orders, and I ordered everything. Cards were left in showers; I was received everywhere, the President was my friend, and from that moment went ahead faster and faster every day, till I am as you now see, well off, well married, and up to the world. Now, I do pertinaciously declare, that it was all owing to the old brown coat; and I have kept this cuff, to show now and then to my wife to prove I am grateful; for, had it not been for the old brown coat, I should never have been blessed with her for a companion."

"But," said his wife round whose waist he had gently encircled his arm, "the old brown coat would have done nothing without the velvet collar and new brass buttons."

"Certainly not, my dear."

"And they would not have effected much, without being backed by—"

"What?"

"Impudence," replied the lady, giving him a slight slap on the cheek.

From the Lyun Bay State.

## ON THE DEATH OF LYDIA R. DAUGHTER OF DR. NATHANIEL RUGGLES,

May 4th, 1853.

In youthful bloom and beauty snatched away,

From all that loved thee, all whom thou didst love;  
How must we mourn, even while we bless the day

That called thy soul to brighter scenes above.

Just on the verge of ripest maidenhood,

With life and hope before thee glowing bright,

Life's bud is severed by Death's fingers rude,

And earth's bright hope gone down to endless night!

How must he mourn in western climes afar,

To whom thy pledge of youthful love was given,

To see death's cloud thus dim his brightest star!

But now his hope on earth is hope in heaven.

O, what are gold, and glory, fame, and all

That men prize most, compared with love divine?

Earth's brightest hopes may fail, life's pleasure's pale,—

Heaven's treasures only will forever shine.

Then we will not lament thy early doom,

Though for thy loss some natural tears must flow;

But while we lay thee in the silent tomb,

Lift our pure thoughts above all things below.





## POETRY.

[Written for the True Flag.]

### ROSE OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Creamy magnolias rustle in bloom,  
Cowslips are yielding their witching perfume;  
Rich skies are bending—  
Their gorgeous dyes blending  
With blush of carnation on mountain and tree;  
Softly I whisper—the winds couldn't hear me—  
Rose of the prairie, listen to me!

Afar from the land of the uprising sun,  
On the wings of the love-bird, to woo thee I've come;  
Left honor and duty—  
Left all for thy beauty!

Said good-bye to my home by the blue rolling sea—  
And now while the gloaming is over the valley,  
Rose of the prairie, listen to me!

Oh, love me! I'll bring thee pearls glowing and fair,  
To bind in the skeins of thy rich amber hair;  
And near thee shall linger  
The wood's sweetest singer—

The wild nightingale, the queen of the tree!  
And thy home, love, shall be on the shore of the  
Sweet rose of the prairie, listen to me! [ocean—

[Written for the True Flag.]

### MY BOSTON FRIEND.

BY CHARLES V. S.

Happy, pretty, careless, pert—  
Ardent, lively little flirt;  
Tender only, but so tender,  
To those that will not bow the knee;—  
If I should my heart surrender,  
Empty were the chance for me.

A lovely creature, one will find,  
Needs much pursuing, much 'adoring'—  
No less will please; nor will she mind  
An earnest, true and heartfelt wooing.

Gentle girl, my heart is moving  
To admire thee—not to loving;  
Spite of art and spite of snare,  
Spite of all the beauty there,  
Spite of loveliness beguiling,  
Of kind glances and sweet smiling,  
(Which thou bestow'st on all, sweet belle,)  
Merry flirt, I like thee well.

### WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR.

I can conceive of no reason why he should, but ten reasons why he should not.

1. It is *mean*. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is *vulgar*: altogether too low for a decent man.

3. It is *cowardly*: implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is *ungentlemanly*. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a *genteel* man, well-bred, refined. Such an one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a loafer.

5. It is *indecent*: offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is *foolish*. "Want of decency is want of sense."

7. It is *abusive*—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person to whom it is aimed.

8. It is *venomous*, showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

## DECIDEDLY COOL.

The truth of the following story is vouched for by the Missouri correspondent of Harper's Monthly:—

Not a hundred miles from here, some six months ago lived a fair widow, possessed of those shining qualities that most dazzle and charm the bachelor. She was young, handsome, and very wealthy. Mrs. Jackson took an Eastern tour last summer, and was beset by many suitors—ardent and anxious lovers—among whom the most persevering and devoted was a Kentucky lawyer, quite a promising man; but so enamored did he become of this fair widow, that he left a lucrative practice at home, and followed her through the entire route of fashionable travel. He met her at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York; he danced with her at Saratoga and Newport; and when the season was drawing to a close he happened to be with her at Niagara, and on the Ohio River, and even at St. Louis, when she was almost home. He was always pleading a professional business as the reason for his excursions here and there; but he managed to plead his own suit out of court when courting the widow, though he saw no evidence of a verdict coming in his favor. At length Mrs. Jackson stepped on board the boat at St. Louis, to go up the Missouri to her own residence, when, to her surprise, the indefatigable advocate presented himself, as fresh as a May morning. The widow exclaimed, as she met him:—

"Why, Mr. Johns, I thought you were going to return to Louisville?"

"Mrs. Jackson, my dear madam," replied the lawyer, "I am here to renew the offer of my hand, and to beg your acceptance."

"Really, sir, I think I have been sufficiently explicit, and that you had no encouragement to pursue the matter."

"But I hoped, madam, that my devotion and perseverance would be finally rewarded."

"Do you mean, then," asked the widow, evidently softened, "that you really had no other business in going this journey with me than to prosecute this suit?"

"None in the world, but the hope of winning you."

"Then you shall be rewarded," she replied, with a merry twinkle in her roguish, beautiful eyes, which the lawyer mistook for a sweeter passion; "then, my dear sir, you shall be rewarded. Tell me now, as a gentleman, how much money have you spent on this tour?"

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Certainly, I do."

Mr. Johns took out his note-book, and soon reported that he had spent very nearly five hundred dollars.

"Well, said the lovely widow, "I do not wish any one to lose by me," extending her purse to the lawyer.

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Jackson?"

"I mean what I say; take it, and pay yourself for your summer's work on my account, and let us be quits."

And he *did* take it; and the widow had to borrow money to get home. The widow was taken all aback by the lawyer's cool acceptance of the gold; but he consoled himself with the idea that if she would not be his bride, she was at least fair game.

9. It is *contemptible*—forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is *wicked*: violating the divine law and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,  
And makes the heart with honor glow,  
An Eden gives to earth below?

'Tis Woman.

## CLEAR THE WAY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,  
Night and day!  
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—  
Clear the way!  
Men of action, aid and cheer them,  
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow,  
There's a midnight blackness changing  
Into gray!

Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,  
Who shall say

What the unimagined glories  
Of the day!

What the evil that shall perish  
In its ray!

Aid the dawning tongue and pen!  
Aid it, hopes of honest men!

Aid it paper—aid it type—

Aid it, for the hour is ripe,  
And our earnest must not slacken  
Into play!

Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish  
From the day!

And a brazen wrong to crumble  
Into clay!

Lo! the right's about to conquer—  
Clear the way!

With the right shall many more  
Enter smiling at the door!

With the giant wrong shall fall  
Many others, great and small,

That for ages long have held us  
For their prey!

Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

### MY POOR OLD NURSE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

You'll call me when you're going,—  
I'll not be long away;

Across the field, beyond the stile,  
I don't intend to stay!

'Tis close upon the cottage  
That you and I have seen,

My poor old Nurse will fret so,  
And wonder I've not been:

My poor old Nurse!

Call loud, and I shall hear you,  
'Tis right below the stile;

I need not be a moment,  
If you'll but wait the while—

I've only just to ask her  
About her health—and then

Before the minute finger,  
I'll hurry round again:

My poor old Nurse!

There was waiting in the village,  
And in the meadow near;

And calling by the upland stile  
For one that would not hear!

But on a morning early,  
Ere many days had run,

That young and beauteous maiden  
Had wed the Nurse's son:

My poor old Nurse's son!

Who binds to one another  
By silken bonds, father, mother,

Husband, sister kind, and brother?  
'Tis Woman.

Eden she lost, ensnared to vice,  
But well has she redeemed the price,

For earth is made a Paradise,  
By Woman.



## Woman's proper vocation.

"Every woman is, or ought to be, more or less a child of beauty, and her occupations should not degrade her into a drudge. I have seen women on the Rhine carrying heavy burdens, while the men are walking by with pipes in their mouths. This is surely a still more flagrant perversion of nature's intention. But drudgery was not intended for one or the other in a state of happiness, at least Milton, says not—

'For contemplation he, and valor, formed—  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.'

As they have earned it by their misconduct, it is the place of the stronger to bear it for the weaker. I have often thought that *we make too much of mere industry*—we exalt means into end, and hence it is that so many men of business are miserable when they have made their fortunes. Business becomes life to them. This idea has been carried so far by some popular writers of a pantheistic turn that they have dared to say 'work is worship,' thus deifying a thing which has its origin in the Fall. *Toiling and spinning is not a good thing in itself, or the lilies of the field would not be glorified because they do it not.* The cruelty of unnatural labor has often struck me very forcibly. It is the case of poor Erinna, the Ionian poetess, put to death by being made to spin, by her thrifty mother, a work which any spider would have done quite as well.

### ERINNA AT THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

"What steth thee, Erinna, thou pale Ionian pearl,  
That, like a weeping-willow, droops that labyrinthine curl?  
That, like a miracle of rain, forth-gushing from blue skies,  
Dissolve in dews of bitterness thy lustrous violet eyes?  
It cannot be the breath of love thy heart hath lighted yet,  
For the suns of fifteen summers on thy bloom have hardly set:  
Nor art thou yet an orphan; thy warrior sire's afieid,  
Gathering the prunings of the vine in the hollow of his shield;  
And thy mother sits beside thee, beside thee, yet apart—  
For she is ice, and thou art fire, with a throbbing poet-heart.  
Thy mother is not cruel—no! thy mother is but cold,  
And knows the power of wealth and dower, and loves the glittering gold;  
And strange to all that thou dost know—to all that thou canst feel,  
She fixed thee there, in her low chair, beside the spinning-wheel.  
So when the night is turning gray, the gray is turning red—  
Thou must not stay to greet the day, but wind and wind the thread.  
So when the sun his work has done, and the beam is on the roof,  
And night the blest gives all things rest, come dreams of warp and woof.  
Toil whippers through thy waking hours, toil murmurs in thy bed,  
Spin, spin forever. Atropos is nigh to snap thy thread.  
What is hath been and must be. A bounding Alpine roe,  
Lock'd in a drift it cannot lift of numbly slaying snow!  
An eagle in an iron cage, who flaps his prison bars  
When he would heave above the sea, or on high amid the stars!  
So pines thy spirit, poet-child, in the hands of thy distress,  
For the human-kind, thy heart and mind was only made to bless,  
Hath bade thee measure out the yarn (that twines the wearying reel,  
And killed thee there, in thy mother's chair, beside the spinning wheel."

### THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

BY STODDART.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!

Meet the morn upon the lea!

Are the emeralds of spring

On the angler's trysting-tree?

Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,

Are there huds on our willow-tree?

Buds and hids on the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!

Have you met the honey-hee,

Circling upon rapid wing

Round the angler's trysting-tree?

Up, sweet thrushes, up and see;

Are there hees at our willow-tree?

Birds and hees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!

Are the fountains gushing free?

Is the south wind wandering

Through the angler's trysting-tree?

Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me,

Is the wind at our willow-tree?

Wind or calm at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, up and sing!

Wile us with a merry glee

To the flowery haunts of spring—

To the angler's trysting-tree.

Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,

Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?

Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

A CALIFORNIA WIFE.—We have been told that when John Bigler, late Governor of the State of California, was a member of the State Legislature, Mrs. Bigler, his wife, absolutely washed the clothes of the honorable gentleman for so much a dozen. At the time of his election, Bigler was very poor, and his per diem was hardly enough for himself and his wife to live on in these prodigal times. To make both ends meet, and to save something against a rainy day, Madame Bigler put her shoulder to the wheel as above related.

Now, wont this be rather startling to the pale-faced attenuated damsels of the East, who scream and faint at the sight of a washtub or cobweb. Think of it. The wife of an ex-governor, with her sleeves and gown tucked up, bending over the wash tub, while her husband, with his clean dickey standing upright chafing his ears, rose to a question of privilege,—"Mr. Speaker! Mr. S-p-e-a-k-e-r!"

And think of the ex-washerwoman being feted, three years after, as the wife of the Governor of California, worth \$1,500,000—money enough to make the heads of universal snobdom duck and dive like an affrighted water-fowl in a thunder storm!

Good for the Pennsylvania Dutch girl. Five hundred years hence when the historians lift the veil from the catacombs of the past and write the history of the unforgotten dead, he may, perhaps, append this little episode to the history of one of California's Governors, and the little ragged girls that then go down to dip water from the Rio Sacramento, may think better of their mothers who have to labor, because a long time ago Mrs. Bigler, the Governor's wife, filled her wash tubs from the same noble river.

These are the pioneer women of California; there are many such, as strong willed and as true, who quail not at their own footsteps in the woods, whose hearts swell with hope at the banging of the hammer  
And the creaking of the crane.

### THE ORPHAN'S TEAR.

BY BANVARD, THE ARTIST.

The sun has set again, mother,  
My toilsome task is done,  
And I have come again, mother,  
To weep with you alone.  
I've labored hard the live long day  
To get wherewith to eat;  
And at thy feet I've come to pray,  
And o'er thy grave to weep.

The moon is shining bright, mother,  
O'er the dew-drops on the trees;  
And they are sparkling bright, mother,  
Shook by the passing breeze.  
And as the winds go sighing past,  
The tall boughs mournful wave,  
From which the drops are falling fast,  
Like tears upon thy grave.

The hible I have brought, mother,  
To read some holy lines,  
As I always used to, mother,  
Beneath the flowering vine  
Which grew in graceful, blooming fold,  
Above our peaceful cot,  
And o'er the doorway clammered hold,  
In many a tangled knot.

My sister, too, was there, mother,  
Methinks I see her now,  
As with her curly hair, mother,  
Clustering o'er her brow;  
We knelt together by your knee,  
You taught us both to pray.  
Alas! dear Emma's gone from me,  
To Heaven she's borne away.  
When we our prayer had said, mother,  
And th' evening hymn had sung,  
You put us in the little bed,  
With snow-white curtains hung.  
You kissed us then, and both you blessed;  
But ah! how changed around!  
The only place I've now to rest  
Is the damp and chilly ground.

Now I am left to mourn, mother  
To me how sad the day  
That I was left alone, mother,  
And you were ta'en away,  
I wish it was that I might die,  
And by your side lie down;  
For the world is colder far  
Than the dark and humid ground.

### Ingredients of Modern Love.

Twenty glances, twenty tears,  
Twenty hopes and twenty fears;  
Twenty times assail your door—  
And if denied come twenty more.  
Twenty letters, perfumed sweet,  
Twenty nods in every street;  
Twenty oaths, and twenty lies;  
Twenty smiles and twenty sighs.

THE SAILOR SHIPWRECKED ON LAND.—If an honest heart beats in one bosom more warmly than in another, it is in that of the brave tar. Whether it be the many dangers that beset him on a perilous voyage, or a sense of loneliness while rocked upon the mountain wave, that leads him to cherish and lock up with sacred care his affections and the better feelings of his nature, and to keep them untouched by the scenes of vice and temptation of which he must often be a witness, certain it is that the American sailor is most sensitive to wrong, and more keenly touched by misfortune, than any other individual in the world. It may be that his adventurous life, teaching him, as it must, to cling to his shipmates as to his little world—his all—strengthens his nobler and kinder feelings, and warms them into livelier action than the more monotonous and peaceful life of the landsman. A sailor, who had been long absent on a voyage, came into port the other day, and immediately left Boston on a visit to his friends in Vermont, whom he had left in health a number of years before. Upon his arrival at the spot, the light-hearted tar found that they had all died in his long absence. Even the bright-eyed girl whom he had left in all her vigorous bloom—and to whom he was betrothed—she who year after year had anxiously watched for his return—slept beneath the cold sod of the valley! He retraced his steps, and when we met him on his return, he was seated by the road-side, weeping like a child. A feeling of loneliness had come over the noble-hearted fellow that touched a chord in his bosom which all the loneliness of the ocean could not reach. His home desolate—the cherished one of his heart, and the loved one of his youth—his affianced bride—the sturdy oak and the lily that bloomed in its shade—all gone forever. The sailor was shipwrecked on land, and the bold heart who had withstood the beatings of the surge and the mountain wave—who had braved the perils of the deep in the midnight storm without the trembling of a nerve or the blink of an eye—had now lost sight of the polar star, and bitterly wept at the desolation which had come upon him. Such a man has treasures within his bosom above all price—treasures which are the fruits of a nobler nature alone, and can be found imbedded in none other than an honest man.—*Bee.*

A TRAVELLER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—A laughable incident, it is reported, took place at the Weymouth Railway Station a few days ago.

An old lady, probably not having seen a locomotive before, took her seat in one of the carriages at Dorchester, to come to Weymouth. She was, no doubt, delighted at the trip and easy riding.

On the train arriving at the terminus, the door was opened by one of the officials, who requested her to step out, but the reply was—"No, I shall not get out, you cheats; I have hardly seated myself yet; I have paid my fare to go to Weymouth, and there I will go."

"My good woman," was the reply, "you are there now; come out and convince yourself."

After a great deal of remonstrance and persuasion, she very reluctantly relinquished her seat, and stepped on the platform, and looking round with astonishment, exclaimed, with great earnestness, "Is this the town of Weymouth? Well, sure, this is the devil's own work, and I'll no more of ye!"—*Sherborne (Eng.) Journal.*

TURNING THE EXPRESSION.—Sidney Smith was once examining some flowers in a garden, when a beautiful girl, who was one of the party, exclaimed—"Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," gently taking her hand, and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

An Englishman boasting to an Irishman that porter was meat and drink, soon after became very drunk, and returning home, fell into a ditch, where Pat discovered him, and after looking at him for some time, exclaimed: "And faith, you said it was meat and drink to you; but by my soul, it is a much better thing, for it is washing and lodging, too!"



**A GREAT STORY.**—The following thrilling story, although not of the highest order to merit in a literary point of view may serve as an amusing theme for lovers of puzzles to exercise their ingenuity. It was written by a printer, we know by the characters in it:

"We lee saw a young man gazing at the \*ry heavens, with a f in 1 and a of pistols in the other. We endeavored to tract his attention by ing. 2a in a paper we held in our, relating to a young man in that s of the country who had left home in a st8 of derangement. He dropped the f and pistols from his, with the! It is I of whom U read: I had left home b4 my friends knew my design. I had s0 the of a girl who had refused to his10 2 me, but smiled upon another. I —ed wildly from the house uttering a wild! 2 the god of love, and without replying to the 's of my friends, came here with this f and of pistols, 2. put a 2 my Xis10-e. My case has no || in this s."

**A LAWYER HARD UP.**—At the last term of your court, two prisoners, Irishmen, both of were brought up on a charge of larceny. One of them pleaded guilty, but the other preferred to take his chance. The Judge asked him if he had a counsel, and finding that he had not, he assigned him a lawyer, Mr. Coons, a young gentleman, not so remarkable for his brains as for hair and gold buttons. The young lawyer rose to present the case of his new client; looked first at the prisoner, then at the Judge; and then all over the Court house, but never a word could he find to utter. He was stuck. The prisoner broke the silence. "Be jabers! your honor, said Pat, 'if ye can't do any better for me than that, I may as well plade guilty too!' which he did forthwith.

**A SINGULAR TWIST.**—In this twist. Any one who endeavors to untwist this twist may be twisted into a twist that will never be untwisted while there is a twist to be twisted into a twist:

"A twister of twists,  
Once untwisted a twist,  
And the twist that he twisted,  
Was a thier twisted twist,  
Now in twisting a twist,  
If a twist should untwist,  
The twist that was twisted  
Would untwist the twist,  
And the twist that was twisted  
Would all be untwist."

**A VALID REASON.**—Uncle Peter R., who flourished a few years ago among the mountains of Vermont, as an inveterate horse dealer, was one day called upon by an amateur of the "equine" in search of "something fast." The result is told as follows in the Northern Gazette:

"There," said Uncle P., pointing to an animal in a meadow below the house, "there, sir, is a mare yonder who would trot her mile in two minutes and twenty seconds, were it not for one thing."

"Indeed!" cried his companion.

"Yes," continued Uncle Peter, "she is four years old this spring, is in good condition, looks well, and is a first-rate mare; and she could go a mile in 2:20, were it not for one thing."

"Well, what is it?" was the query.

"The mare," resumed the jockey, "is in every respect a good piece of property.—She has a heavy mane, a switch tail, trots fair and square, and yet there is only one thing why she can't go a mile in 2:20."

"What in the Old Harry is it then?" cried the amateur impatiently.

"The distance is too great for the time!" was the old wag's reply.

**Too GOOD FOR HIM.**—"And how is yez precious health?" asked an old Irish woman of a well-dressed but rather plain featured man, by whose side she was riding in one of the cars of the Metropolitan Road, the other day. The gentleman intimated that he was as well as could be expected, if not better. "And yer darlin' wife, God bless her—is she well?" His answer was curt, as though he didn't wish to prolong the conversation. "Ah, it's a beauty she is, and a mighty lucky man ye are to have her for a wife," continued the old woman. Our plain friend's features relaxed—he liked to hear his wife's beauty praised, especially if the commendation proceeded from a woman. "She'll do," he answered, and he looked around the car to see if the other passengers heard the flattering manner in which his wife was spoken of. "Devil a fear but that she'll do," continued the old crone; "it's many's the time when I've bin at yer honor's house to do the washing, I've said she was too handsome intirely for a homely man like ye."

The plain featured gentleman turned quite red in the face, as he heard a suppressed giggle from the lady passengers, and before he had ridden many blocks he suddenly thought of some business that required his attention at the south part of the city, and got out.—*Boston Herald.*

**A VALUABLE HORSE GONE.**—We notice by an item in a San Francisco paper, that the trotting horse "Whalebone," one of the most valuable horses in the country, was lately killed in that city, after having broken his leg by getting it through a portion of the stable in which he was kept. "Whalebone" was purchased in Philadelphia, in 1855, by Stephen P. Whipple, for \$3500, and was carried to California in the autumn of the same year. Mr. Whipple remained his owner at the time of his death, and could have taken \$5000 for him, on the very day of the accident. He was matched for \$2000 at the time of the fatal result; the forfeit agreed upon was promptly demanded and paid.

**THE CASE OF CHARLES L. CATER, THE MURDERER.**—We hear that the counsel for the defence in the case of Cater, desire an extension of time in order to give them an opportunity to collect their testimony, as the defence, most probably, will be insanity. A gentleman visited Cater in the jail a day or two since, to whom he declared that no such plea as insanity should he set up for him; that after his lawyers had got through, he had a story to tell the jury, in regard to his treatment by the officers of the prison. McGee, since he has been in jail, has exhibited a subdued and penitent disposition.—*Traveller.*

**THE NATIONAL HOTEL EPIDEMIC.**—Mr. Appleton, of Maine, who was selected by Mr. Buchanan, as the editor of the Union, is understood to be about to retire from that journal, in consequence of the terrible effects of the National Hotel epidemic, of which he was a victim. Really, this business is the most horrible thing of the year. Orsamus B. Matteson is reported as dying at his home of the same disease. Ex Senator Bayard, of Delaware, is also reported as fatally ill.

**NERVOUS PEOPLE.**—Persons of nervous temperament are apt to offer, as it were, their diseased mind to the influences of imagination. These might profit by practising the courage over self, once evinced by a nervous and imaginative High Bailiff of Westminster. As this official was, on one occasion, in bed, with his arm extended to extinguish the lighted candle on the table by the bedside, he beheld Satan himself seated in the chair near the table, gazing at him with "all his eyes." The nervous dignitary was terribly startled, but he was a courageous man, and choosing to think himself constitutionally sound, with no disease about him over which imagination should have the mastery, he quickly turned on his elbow and looking steadfastly at the Father of Sin, he quietly remarked, "I'll tell you what it is, if you've nothing to do but sit there staring, I have something better to do than lie and look at you. I'm going to sleep." And therewith he put out the light, and conscious of a victory over imagination, slept like a conqueror, and was never again troubled by shadowy visitations.

## Astonishing Effects of Guano.

Although some people may be inclined to doubt the truth of the following yarn, we can bring forward any quantity of vouchers. An old salt of our acquaintance, says that when he was in the guano trade he sailed as mate of an old brig which might have been a tender to Noah's ark. On a return trip with a load of guano, the hatches were left open one night, and a tremendous shower wet the guano in the hold, and produced the most surprising effects. The timbers of the vessel sprouted and grew in all directions. Between decks was a complete bowery. The forecabin became an almost impenetrable thicket, and the cabin a beautiful arbor. The rudder post being made of white oak, grew up into a "live oak" tree, which afforded a grateful shade to the man at the helm, though he was sometimes annoyed by the acorns rattling upon his tarpaulin hat. The masts became very imposing with their evergreen foliage, and, strange to relate, the foretopmast, which had been carried away in a gale, grew out again, and the altitude of all the masts was so much increased as to render the brig exceedingly crank. The vessel had boughs on her stern, and the figure head (speaking figuratively) was as full of bows as a dancing master. They were obliged to prune the bowsprit and some of the spars twice a week. The quarter deck was covered with shrubbery, and the cook's caboose resembled a rustic summer-house. Crab apples grew on the pump-handle, and a cherry table in the cabin bore fruit. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance occasioned by the fertilizing influences of the guano was that the cockroaches on board became so large that they could get up the anchor and make sail on the brig. One of the owners of the craft facetiously remarked that she went out a full rigged brig and came home half bark. There is nothing like guano to make things grow, and for strict truth and veracity give us an old sailor when he lays himself out on a big yarn.—*Boston Herald.*

The Lowell police are now notifying the owners of buildings where intoxicating liquors are sold in that city to stop the same. There is a penalty of \$1000 for letting buildings for this purpose.

There are living in Provincetown eight persons over eighty years of age, four males and four females. The oldest is about ninety.

A friend returning from a department store since with a bottle of freshly imported "Mama Law," saw a young lady, whom he must inevitably join. So putting the bottle under his arm, he walked alongside. "Well," said the young lady, after a disjuncting of health and the weather, "what's that bundle you are carrying so mysteriously under your arm?" (from which she had discovered a dark fluid dripping.) "Oh! nothing but a coat which the tailor has been mending for me."—"Oh! its a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one more hole. it leaks."

Why is a muffin like a chrysalis. Because it is a kind of grub that makes the butterfly.

**ONE MORE PASSENGER.**—As the lightning express train on the Lake Shore road last Saturday evening was stopping at the Ashtabula station, it received an important addition to its complement of passengers. The superintendent of that division of the road happening to be on board the train, cleared one of the coaches of the passengers with the exception of the lady and a few female assistants. A physician was sent for, and everything done to make both the mother and the little one comfortable. The train was detained some two or three hours. The lady belongs at Cleveland, but was on her way from this city where her husband is at work.—*Buffalo Advertiser March 1.*



## BOOKED FOR EUROPE.

Some years since, Mr. Henshaw, a Boston merchant, had occasion to go to Philadelphia on business. As it was a sudden step and he was compelled to expedite his preparations, he did not reach the packet till just as it was about to start. This was at six o'clock in the afternoon, or perhaps more properly in the evening.

He went to bed early—to dream perhaps of the risk of stocks, and cent per cent, for it is odd how the business cares of a man's daily life will obtrude themselves upon his mind, when it should be "to dumb forgetfulness a prey."

The next morning found him looking out upon the broad ocean. Not a sail was anywhere to be seen.

"One might easily imagine themselves bound on an European voyage," thought he.

At this moment, while leaning over the bulwarks, he was roused from his reverie by the voice of a friend who he had supposed was already on his way to England.

"What, Allison, you here!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Henshaw.

"Certainly. Where did you expect I would be? But the mystery of it is, how you came to be here. I didn't suppose I should have you for a fellow-voyager."

"What! Are you then going to Liverpool by way of Philadelphia?"

"To Liverpool by way of Philadelphia?—no, to be sure not. But I should judge from appearances that you were bound to Philadelphia, by way of Liverpool."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know where you are?"

"Certainly. On the Flying Cloud, bound for Philadelphia."

"My dear fellow, here is a terrible mistake—you have got into a quandary indeed. This is no more the Flying Cloud than I am."

A very portentous flying cloud came over Henshaw's troubled face as he exclaimed:—

"In the name of goodness, tell me what it means!"

"Simply that this is the Sea-King, one of the Liverpool packets."

"Good Heavens!" said the astonished Mr. Henshaw. "What's to be done?"

"Well, the best thing you can do now is to grin and bear it, as the poet says, (qu. what poet?) seeing that it is quite beyond remedy."

Such was indeed the case.

Mr. Henshaw was in due time landed after a voyage of thirty days, on English soil. He immediately took the first packet for home; of course not a little time must intervene. Meantime his friends at home, finding that he did not return at the time expected, and moreover learning from his friends in Philadelphia that he hadn't been there, grew very anxious.

He chanced to be connected with a banking institution, and such is the suspicion incident to human nature, that it was thought by some of his dear "five hundred" friends that he had embezzled a sufficient quantity of the funds to feather his own nest, and then made way with the spoils.

Unluckily for this supposition there was no deficiency discovered, and no guilt could be satisfactorily laid to his charge.

In the course of time his return solved the more than ten day's mystery, and his friends were of course very glad to see their nearly lost relative.

P. S.—In view of the short time spent upon English soil, Mr. Henshaw generously forebore to write a book upon "England and English Society."

## MAYOR WOOD'S REBUKE OF AN EXTORTIONER.

A young woman, a day or two since, made a complaint before Mayor Wood, of N. York, the substance of which was, that she took of a shirt manufacturing firm in that city three shirts to make, at twelve and a half cents each, depositing with the firm the sum of two dollars as security for the cloth. When the shirts were finished, she took them to the store; the proprietor after examining the work, concluded to keep one, and said the other two must be ripped and stitched over again. This the young lady did, and on taking the two shirts to the store a second time, the work was again condemned. The woman then remonstrated, and offered to resign all pay to making the shirts, if the firm would refund her the deposit money, \$2. This was refused, with the threat to throw the shirts in the street, and her after them. The young lady then made the proper affidavit before the Mayor, when the proprietors of the store were summoned to appear and answer. One of the firm appeared at the Mayor's office, who explained that women were in the habit of imposing on them daily, by professing to sew in a neat manner, but in reality they often spoiled their work and then claim pay for them in addition to the deposit money paid in. After a full hearing in the case, the Mayor addressed the shirt manufacturer as follows:—

"I will tell you your remedy, sir, give these girls a decent price for making a shirt; pay them a living salary, and you will have your work made in a decent manner. The shirts here are as well made as any person could wish and have been so pronounced by many competent judges."

I should think you would be ashamed to have a poor girl work for you three days at making three shirts for one shilling each, and then, not being content with that, to put down in their pass book 'for making three shirts at 12 cents each, 36 cents.'

My decision is this, that you pay back the girl her \$2, and the shilling each for making the shirts, 38 cents."

## Not Bad.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, from Burlington, Vt., relates the following:

"I am reminded—speaking of cheese—of a little anecdote the stage-driver told me one day. We were passing an old farm-house with an untidy yard, and dilapidated out-buildings, when he said:

"A Boston man got off a pretty cute speech to the owner of that place, t'other day."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Why, he called at the house to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded he didn't want them, they were so full of 'skippers.' So he made an excuse, and was going away, when the farmer said to him:

"Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?"

The gentleman looked at the stuff a moment and saw the maggots squirming, and said:

"Well, I don't know; let 'em be a day or two, and you can drive 'em right down."

It seems to me the answer was somewhat pertinent to the occasion.

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a monument—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**THE APPLE.**—This is both nutritious and wholesome, and deserving a more prominent place in the catalogue of table fruits than is generally assigned to it. Sweet apples contain a large amount of saccharine matter and are probably more nutritious than the sour varieties. The apple, however, like all other fruits, should never be eaten in an un-sound or unripe state, and the fairest and most perfect fruit should always, if possible, be selected for use.

**TO BAKE APPLES.**—Sweet apples properly baked and eaten with milk are excellent. The best method of baking tart apples is, to take the fairest and largest in size, wipe them clean, if thin skinned, and pare them if the skin is thick and tough; cut out the largest portion of the core from one end, and place the fruit on well glazed earthen dishes or pans with the end which has been cored upwards, and fill the cavity with refined powdered sugar. Then place them in the oven or other apparatus for baking until sufficiently cooked. Take them out, and when cold they are perfectly delicious.

**APPLE SYRUP.**—Take a dozen fine semi-acid ripe apples, pare and cut them into thin slices, and put them into a stone bottle with a gill of sugar. Cork the bottle and boil it gently (in a kettle of hot water is better) two hours, and then suffer it to cool. When nearly cold, flavor with orange-flower water, or lemon, or any other essence which may be desired, and pour into wide necked bottles for use.

**APPLE CUSTARD.**—Take large and fair tart apples, core them and fill the openings with sugar, and put them into a well tinned pan, scatter sugar on the whole and flavor with lemon peel, orange, or cinnamon. Bake until soft, then put them in a dish, and pour over them a custard made of eggs and milk, in proportion of four of the former to one quart of the latter.

**APPLE JAM.**—The apples, which should be ripe and of the best eating sort, being pared and quartered, as for making apple jelly, are put into a pan with water enough to cover them, and boiled until they can be reduced to a mush. Then for each pound of the pared apples, a pound of sifted sugar is added, being sprinkled over the boiling mixture. Agitate it well until reduced to a jam; then put it into pots.

The above is a simple mode of making it; but to have it of the best possible clearness, make a thick syrup with three pounds of sugar to each pint of water, and clarify it with an egg. Then add one pint of this syrup for every three pounds of apples, and boil the jam to a proper thickness.

**APPLE POTTAGE.**—Take ripe apples carefully pared and cored, and put them in layers in a stone or earthen jar alternately with layers of sugar. If the apples are sweet, a little lemon or quince intermingled will give it a better flavor. Cover the whole with wheat paste or dough, and place the jar in the oven for baking. Let it remain all night, and it will make a most delicious dish for breakfast.—Farmer and Mechanic.

"No enjoyment," says Sydney Smith, "however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure."

## DR. KANE AND HIS MEN.

How like a dreary death in life  
Those heavy months dragged on—  
Those "winters of your discontent"  
Without one bright, high noon;  
No sun—no warmth, no friendly call,  
No Sabbath bell to cheer,  
But one long, dark, funeral pall—  
The midnight of the year!

And hunger, darkness, pain and death;  
Cold, tempest, hope deferred—  
Oh hearts of men! 'twas God's own breath  
That kept your spirits stirred—  
And when ye left your vessel's side,  
Braced for the deadly strife  
How surged upon ye this full tide,  
Thus battling for your life—

No mockery of a single cheer  
Your pale sad lips enclose  
All know a fate of pain and fear  
Gleam from those cruel snows.  
Oh majesty of faith and hope  
That bids ye do and dare!  
And trust that with his guiding love,  
Your faithful God is near.



FASHION! FASHION!—There is a never-ending talk about the fashion. Every woman bows to its influence, and every man, although perhaps he will not acknowledge it, does homage to its influence. There is no end to the vagaries of this goddess of fashion, and the human race follows her through every turn.—Now tight sleeves, now full ones; now high heels, and now none at all; now a sugar-loaf, and now a bell-topped hat; now a coat the tails of which are as short as decency will admit of, and now one whose skirts reach almost if not quite to the ground. There is a trite saying that a coat comes in fashion once in seven years, and perhaps it is the same with a gown, and even with other articles of male and female wear.

If a person follows the fashion he is ridiculous, and if he don't he is hooted at, so that there is not much gained either way, and it is a hard matter to find a medium way of dressing. Let us look at this thing which we all worship, and see, if we can, what its real claims are to our devotion.

In Paris where the climate is mild, the women wear low-necked dresses, and short or full sleeves, and the ladies of our cold and changeable country adopt their fashions, without thinking whether it is adapted to their case or not.

A Parisian wears her bonnet on the back of her head, and does not suffer in her complexion; but can it for a moment be supposed that if she lived in this climate of east winds, and their accompaniment of tan and freckles, she would persist in the same attempt?

The men in Eastern countries wear turbans. If the men of America were to adopt this fashion, the boys would have all they could do to follow them. But if the men do not go to the extreme that the women do, they lay themselves open to the attack. Dickies have been worn which have very properly been denominated side-boards. Hats which rival Bunker Hill Monument in height, and neck-cloths which, to use an expression of one of our funny poets, are

"Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove."

Pants skin tight are the rage, and coats that look like the relics of by-gone days are worn as a novelty. The next thing we expect to see will be knee breeches, and vests that reach to the knees, or if the mania for old things continues, we may even come back to the first garment ever worn, and pride ourselves on the nakedness of our bodies as we do now upon a variety of clothing. That fashion would at least have the merit of being cheap if it was not becoming.

If the Empress Eugenie or Jenny Lind wear their hair in a peculiar manner, straightway the world of woman imitate them. Suppose they shaved their heads, would their example be followed? We think not. What is becoming to one is ridiculous to another. An old lady with a baby's cap would be laughable, and a young girl with false hair and dyed eyebrows is an object of pity.

Beards are worn by some, and by others they are closely shaved, and each pretend to be in the fashion. With regard to the natural coverings of a person's face, nature would seem to counsel the wearing of them; but every person is at liberty to follow their own pleasure or convenience in this matter.—JOS-

#### ROVER'S SONG.

I'm afloat—I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide;  
The Ocean's my home! and my bark is my bride!  
Up, up with my flag; let it wave o'er the sea;  
I'm afloat—I'm afloat—and the Rover is free!

I fear not a monarch; I heed not the law;  
I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;  
And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,  
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel.

#### TO THE MOON.

BY N. ROBINSON.

Ride on, thou silver crested moon,  
Along the dark ethereal blue,  
Bright as the snowy-pinioned swan,  
Pure as the crystal globes of dew.  
Thy road is through the azure sky,  
Spangled with gems of heavenly light,  
Like curtains hung with pearls on high,  
And twinkling down the vaulted height.  
Oft have I walked, beneath thee, moon!  
While the blessed hours away—  
Asking of earth no higher boon,  
Than what thy light and she could pay.  
But all are gone!—the early dreams  
That filled my sanguine heart have fled;  
And thy pale light but sadly seems  
The fading relics of the dead.  
But tho' a lonely stranger here,  
Beneath thy lighted sky of even,  
Thy face will dry the startling tear,  
Thy light direct my course to heaven.

Virgil, N. Y.

Written for the American Union.

#### PASSING AWAY.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

Like a dewdrop that trembles at morn on the flower.  
But is drunk by the sun ere the close of an hour;  
Like a rainbow at even that arches the sky,  
But is gone from the sight in the glance of an eye;  
Like the cloud that is poised in the midsummer air  
And fades from the view while we gaze on it there,  
We silent and steadily, day by day,  
Like the dew-drop at morn are all passing away.  
The leaves of the forest in summer are green,  
They flutter at morn and they rustle at e'en,  
But the white frosts of autumn, that cover the lands,  
Dash the leaves from the tree as by magical wands;  
And withered, and faded, and dead they lie,  
On the bank of the riv'let that rippled by.  
We silent and steadily, day by day,  
Like the rainbow at even, are passing away.  
The flower looks up at the rise of sun,  
But is stricken down ere the day is done;  
And the spot by the rock, in the ancient wood,  
Is covered with thistles where the flower once stood;  
Choking many a blossom that is hovering nigh  
And tripping the feet of the passers by.  
We are silent and steadily, day by day,  
Like the cloud in the summer air, passing away.  
Old time rolls along, like the rushing wind,  
Nor looks on the wreck he has left behind;  
The sands in his hour-glass are wasting fast,  
And each moment that flies brings us nearer the last;  
While we're heedless and careless, as if we were sure  
That this frail, feeble being could always endure;  
While we silent and steadily, day by day,  
Like the moments that waste, are all passing away.

Ashfield, Mass.

#### OH NO! THEY'RE NOT SLEEPING.—A Dirge.

BY J. C. HAGEN.

Away with the sorrow,  
Away with the gloom,  
That fear falsely throws  
Round the death-bed and tomb.  
Death comes not with dread  
To the pure and the true,  
Not a life to destroy,  
But a life to renew!  
Bend not o'er the tomb  
With a cry of despair,  
For the loved and the lovely  
Are not sleeping there.  
Bring flowers, choice flowers,  
To strew o'er the grave,  
Where in freshness and beauty  
The evergreens wave.  
Believe them not perished  
Who seem to have fled;  
Oh no! they're not sleeping;  
Oh no! they're not dead.  
Oh no! they're not sleeping,  
They watch o'er us yet;  
The love they once bore us  
They ne'er can forget.

And we'll greet them again  
When life's journey has sped;  
Oh no! they're not sleeping,  
Oh no! they're not dead!

#### TWILIGHT ON THE WATER.

See soft-footed twilight creep  
Into the bosom of the stream,  
Heavily the shadows sleep;  
Yonder oaks in voiceless dream.  
Bend as with a foud amaze,  
While another self they see,  
Leaf and twig of branching tree,  
Nodding to their nodding gaze;  
Only on them broods the change  
Of a stillness fixed and strange.

Silently the wondrous past  
O'er the forms of faded life  
Doth its twilight shadows cast;  
All its care and wind-tossed strife  
Are reflected here again,  
Real as in days gone by;  
Yet in softened hues they lie,  
Painless images of pain,  
Steeped by that unearthly charm,  
In a trance of holy calm.

Oh! sweet world of memories,  
Gleaming in the peaceful heart;  
Passing time the shadow is,  
Thou our truer being art;  
Loves and joys, though seen no more,  
In clear depths below the wave.  
As the sea-nymphs in their cave  
Built on the ocean floor,  
An unwrinkled, deathless race,  
Have their blissful dwelling place.

#### THE DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

I had a dream at midnight;—  
My false one stood by me,  
And then my vows I plighted,  
And wish'd his bride to be;  
But from my hand that false one,  
The troth-ring faithless drew;  
And breaking it, a pearl-band  
Like crystal, to me threw.

I next went to my garden,  
To see the myrtles bright,  
That were to form a garland  
Upon my wedding night;  
And there I lost my pearl-band—  
Ah me! it brake in twain  
Till every pearl was scattered,  
Not to be found again.

Long sought I then, in sadness,  
My pearls again to see,  
But chang'd was all the garden—  
My myrtle rosemary.  
That vision was an omen  
To shadow forth my wo;  
And useless is the dream-book,  
Or arts that sybils show.

'Tis past! the dream has vanish'd  
And, false one, for thy sake,  
The pearls are wept you gave me;  
Now let this fond heart break!  
For in my plot of myrtles  
The rosemary has grown,  
Poor heart! to form thy garland,  
That death may have his own.

GEO. W. ROGERS.

#### TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

BY ZELIA GERTRUDE OREY.

Thoughts come to my heart in the still hours of night,  
Of childhood's dear days, when our earth-dreams were bright;  
Heaven then seemed as near as the bright vault of blue,  
And the white clouds were angels pictured forth to our view;  
Rare garlands of wild flowers we oft twined with care,  
Round the brow of our sweet pet, and mid her brown hair.  
In my heart is enshrined her sweet face even now,  
Ever changing the light on the fair, childish brow,  
'Till my heart forgets that she is not of earth,—  
How we miss her loved form round our now lonely hearth!  
Ah, since those bright hours how many have died,  
Rich buds in their beauty, and flowers in their pride;  
While the angel of death bids us still linger here,  
On their green graves to shed affection's pure tear.  
O, those hours of love, I will cherish them yet,  
Dear days of our childhood, I can never forget!  
Sorrow's dark blight had not then on us fell,  
Then we never had whispered a saddened farewell!  
Unconscious, we tread the young pathway of life,  
Regardless the ills with which it was rife;  
But time bids us yield with its cold, silent sway,  
Ridely tearing the veil from our hearts quite away.  
In my memory's page thy name ever shall be,  
Dear friend of the days when my wild thoughts were free;  
Good angels watch over thy life even yet,  
Ever shine friendship's gem in thy wild, young heart set



## TO THE DEPARTED.

BY CHARLES M. TENLEY.

I loved thee,—oh, how fondly!

Vain words can never tell;  
But death's cold chill came o'er thee,  
And I have breathed farewell!

Thou wert to me a beacon,  
Whose true rays never failed;  
But since its light has faded,  
A darksome track I've sailed.

They've laid thee down to slumber,  
Deep in the cold, cold ground;  
And planted roses o'er thee,  
And violets all around.

And oh, I love those flowers,  
Wherever they appear;  
And yet I cannot view them,  
Without a burning tear.

I loved thee,—oh, how fondly!  
Vain words can never tell;  
But death's cold chill came o'er thee,  
And I have breathed farewell.

But, though from me thou'rt severed,  
'Tis only for a time;  
Ere long we'll be united,  
In yonder glorious clime.

Then—blest anticipation!  
We'll live and love again,  
Where death can never harm us,  
Or cause the parting strain.

### OLD LETTERS.

Came they from sinner or from saint,  
Cast them in, for the fire is faint;  
The fire is faint, and the frost is strong,  
And these old letters have lived too long.

How welcome once it matters not:  
Their worth away with time has sped,  
The love is over, the hope is dead,  
And the old friend has forgot.

Cast them in! they're hard to keep,  
And will not let one's memory sleep,  
For hints of age, and tales of change:  
Oh, but the turns of life are strange!

The world whereof they speak is gone—  
How bright they came, and how dim they part,  
These passing ages of the heart,  
While life and we wear on.

Cast them in! why should they last,  
When the light we read them by is past,  
And never again will gild our days?  
Up like a banner goes the blaze:

It is waste paper, and nothing more;  
Some have been treasured up for years,  
Some are blotted with heavy tears,  
And some our dreams read o'er.

These are sprinkled with many a vow—  
That love was never as warm as now;  
Those by a trusty hand were penned:  
Woe is me for that friendship's end.

There goes a page of boyish rhyme!  
That was a sheet of good advice;  
We took our own way on the ice,  
And learned the worth of it all in time.

One glossy curl of wavy gold  
Was hid in this burning letter's fold;  
'Tis long since that golden head grew gray,  
And the grave where it rests is far away!

Up in its might the broad flame flashes,  
And there they lie, in what all our aims,  
Seeking, and striving, hopes and schemes,  
Must come to—dust and ashes!

ANGER.—Plato was about to strike his servant, and while his hand was in the air, he checked himself, but still held it in that menacing posture. A friend of his took notice of it, and asked him what he meant.

"I am now," said he, "punishing an angry man."

So that he had left his servant to chastise himself, for he thought it was not fit that a servant should be in the power of a man who was not his own master.

SPORTING MEN.—St. Louis must be a great place for horse-racing. One of the papers of that city informs us that one of the steamboats plying between that city and New Orleans, was recently detained a whole day for want of a pilot—all these gentlemen have gone to a horse-race!

### COURTING IN STYLE.

We found the following a 'waif and stray' on the highway of newspaperdom, and did we know where to give credit for its paternity we would certainly do so. Here goes, however, to give it to our readers, and let them have as hearty a laugh over it as that which caused our sides to ache for an hour or more:—

'Get out you—let me alone or I'll tell your ma!' cried out Sally, to her lover Jake—who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jam:

'I ain't techin' on you, Sal,' responded Jake.

'Well perhaps you don't mean to, nuther—do yer!'

'No, I don't.'

'Cause why, you're too scary—you hain't got a tarnation bit of sense; get along home with you.'

'Now, Sal, I love you, and you can't help it, and ef you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy will sue youn for that cow he sold him tother day—he said he'd do it.'

'Well, look here, Jake—if you want to court me you had better do it right—not set off that as if you thought I was pizen.'

'How on earth is that, Sal?'

'Why, sidle right up here, and hug and kiss me as if you had some of the bone and sinner ef a man about you. Do you suppose a woman's only made to look at, you fool you! No, they're made for practical results as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss, and sich like.'

'Well,' said Jake, drawing a long breath, 'if I must—I must—for I do love you Sal,' and so Jake commenced sidling up to her. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, we thought we could hear Sal say—

'That's the way to do it—that's acting as a sensibul man orter.'

'O! Jerusalem a-n-d pancakes,' exclaimed Jake; if this ain't better'n any apple sass ever inarm made, a darned sight; buckwheat slapjacks and 'lasses aint nowhere long side you!'

Here their lips came together and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's foot out of the mire.

KILLING WIT.—A Hibernian was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke one of Russia's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat cocks his eye up to it and quietly said, "There goes a boy on duty, and, by jabs, hear how he whistles!"

Some men are courageous, and others are not; but we would like to see the man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her baby.

Who, according to Shakspeare, was the greatest chicken butcher? Claudius, "who did murder most foul."

## THOU HAST WOVEN THE SPELL.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Thou hast woven the spell that bound me  
Through all the changes of years;  
And the smiles that I wore when I found thee  
Have faded and melted in tears.  
Like the poor, wounded fawn from the mountain,  
That seeks out the clear silver tide,  
I have lingered in vain at the fountain  
Of hope—with a shaft in my side!

Thou has taught me that Love's rosy fetters  
A pang from the thorns may impart;  
That the coinage of vows and of letters  
Comes not from the mint of the heart.  
Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,  
And warbles in bondage her strain,  
I have struggled to fly thy dominion,  
But I find that the struggle is vain.

### SCOTCH ARGUMENT FOR MARRIAGE.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor,  
Yet we will wed—so say no more;  
And should the bairnies to us come,  
As few that wed but do have some,  
No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,  
And bread, as well as children, send;  
So fares the hen in farmer's yard,  
To live alone she finds it hard;  
I've known her weary every claw,  
In search of corn among the straw;  
But when in quest of nicer food,  
She clucks among her chirping brood,  
With joy we see the self-same hen  
That scratched for one, could scratch for ten.  
These are the thoughts that make me willing,  
To take my girl without a shilling.  
And for the self-same cause, you see,  
Jenny resolved to marry me.

### WE SHALL BE HAPPY YET.

Fear not, beloved, though clouds may lower,  
Whilst rainbow visions melt away,  
Faith's holy star hath still a power  
That may the deepest midnight sway.  
Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,  
Our love can neither wane nor set;  
My heart grows in trust—Mine Own,  
We shall be happy yet!

What! though long anxious years have passed,  
Since this true heart was vowed to thine,  
There comes for us a light at last  
Whose beam upon our path doth shine.  
We who have loved 'midst doubts and fears,  
Yet never with one hour's regret,  
There comes a joy to gild our tears—  
We shall be happy yet!

Ah, by the wandering birds, that find  
A home beyond the mountain wave,  
Though many a wave and storm combined  
To bow them to an ocean grave—  
By summer suns that brightly rise  
Though erst in mournful tears they set,  
By all Love's hopeful prophecies,  
We shall be happy yet!

### AUTUMN:

Sweet Sabbath of the year;  
While evening lights decay;  
Thy parting steps methinks I hear  
Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent flowers  
'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell;  
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers  
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies  
Their glories melt in shade,  
And, like the things we fondly prize,  
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak  
Thy dying leaves disclose:  
As, on Consumption's waning cheek;  
'Mid ruin, blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings  
Of beauty in decay;  
Of fair and early faded things,  
Too exquisite to stay;—

Of joys that come no more;  
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;  
Of farewells wept upon the shore;  
Of friends estranged or dead;—

Of all that now may seem,  
To memory's tearful eye;  
The vanished beauty of a dream,  
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

light wind and pleasant  
scent from the water a ship and a brig saw  
some fine backs and black fish



### An Unexpected Death.

[Lines suggested by the sudden death of Mrs  
Lucilla P. Doane.]

"They've shrouded her, they've buried her."  
Oh, how those accents fall  
Upon the anxious, startled ear:  
And, like a funeral pall.  
They cover up the saddened heart.  
They stir the soul's great deep:  
They've shrouded her, they've buried her,  
She's sleeping her last sleep.

The brain, so lately running wild  
In Fancy's fairy land,  
Has suddenly been brought to rest  
Beneath the tyrant's hand:  
The visions bright, and goblins dark  
Alike are vanished now:  
And death unfurls a victor's flag  
Upon her marble brow.

The eyes, that shone so brightly once,  
Are sunk in endless night:  
The tongue, that spoke so lovingly,  
Has felt the tyrant's blight:  
The lips, so lately wreathed in smiles,  
Are robbed of all their charms,  
For death has claimed her for his bride,  
And folds her in his arms.

And yet the great world glides along,  
Unmindful of our tears:  
Grim Death will claim his victims still,  
And mock at all our fears:  
In vain our hearts will heave and sigh,  
In vain we mourn and weep:  
They've shrouded her, they've buried her,  
She sleeps her last long sleep.  
New Bedford, Mass. —J. C. HIXON.

### OUR SAVIOUR.

[Dedicated to the Boston Ladies' Aid Society, with others contributed, from which their publishing committee may select for their forthcoming undenominational Hymn and Tune Book.]

BY JACOB EDSON.

The essential Christ, our Saviour,  
The love of good in man,  
Unfolds, refines and rectifies  
Itself as best it can.

Beliefs, though wrong, have served their turn  
To lead us in the way,  
To ope the Christ, the hidden path  
To the immortal day.

Scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites,  
Believe and fear and tremble;  
It is the working of the law,  
Its Christ they now dissemble.

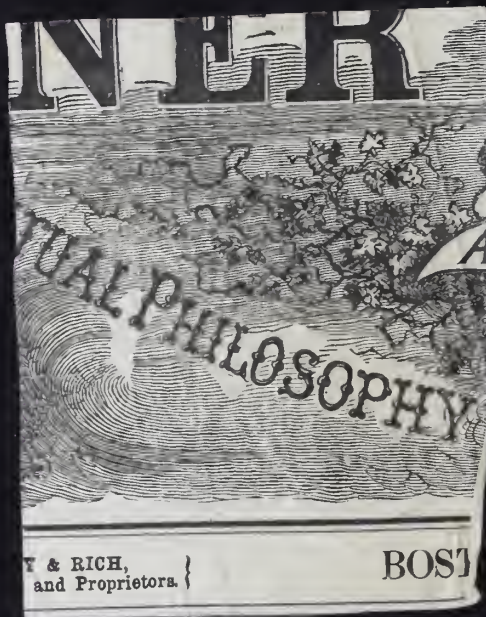
Beliefs are buds, are flowers of truth;  
Faith is the corn that grows;  
Our Father's house the granary;  
His son the soul that sows.

The historic Christ, our Jesus,  
The light that ope the way,  
Will aid, unfold and lift us  
Up to the perfect day.



# STANDARD, NOVE

William Br... 8 months: 25th. Dwelly T  
Smith.  
In Taunton, 1st ult., Henry F., son of Henry  
F. Bassett, 2.  
In Dighton, 25th ult., David Briggs, 84.  
In Berkley, 25th ult., Abigail, wife of Adon  
ram Cummings, 61.  
In Somerset, 16th ult., Susan G., widow of  
Capt. S. F. Sample, 39.  
In Somerset, 19th ult., James Wilson, 79.  
In Seekonk, 25th inst., Miss F. Melinda Fo  
lett, 52.  
In Attleboro, 26th ult., Leon C., son of E  
ward German, 15 days: 26th. Ethel May, daug  
ter of Edwin Bartonwood, 1; James H. Snow  
56; Sarah S., daughter of O. W. Hawkins,  
months; 24th. Thomas McCambridge, 25.  
In Whitinsville, 31st ult., Timothy Drisco  
formerly of this city, aged 68 years.  
In Dodgeville, 26th ult., Maria A., daught  
er of Maria Robillard, 4 months.  
In Middleboro, 23d ult., Martin T. Jeffe  
son, 57.  
In Bridgewater, 30th ult., William, son of  
Bart Flynn, 5.  
In East Bridgewater, 21st ult., Olive B  
wife of Samuel R. Newhall, 79.  
In Brockton, 25th ult., Ellis Packard, 67.  
In Brockton, 26th ult., Harriet H., wife  
of Isaac H. Hartwell, 70; 27th. Olly Louis  
daughter of A. J. Schlegel, 10 months.  
In Whitman, 23d ult., Michael Conway, 5.  
In Plymouth, 25th ult., Andrea, daughter  
Sophus Larsen, 4 months.  
In Kingston, 21st ult., Caroline M., wife  
Jonah Wilks, 30.  
In Sagamore, 8th ult., a daughter of Dan  
Blagden, formerly of Hyannis.  
In Barnstable, 22d inst., Elijah Loring, 82.  
In Harwich, 29th ult., Solomon Thacher, 7.  
Joseph M., son of Nathan B. Walker, 8 month  
In Harwichport, 29th ult., Alexander Nick  
son, 31.  
In Harwich, 24th ult., Norman F., only son



**THE INNER**

TUAL PHILOSOPHY

T & RICH,  
and Proprietors.

BOSTON



A WITTY POEM. Has it ever been noticed how many wits have been clergymen? Sidney Smith, Dean Swift, Robert Hall, and others are familiar illustrations. Perhaps one of the wittiest men of the present day is Rev. Charles Tisdall of Dublin, Ireland. He is but little known on this side of the Atlantic, except as an exemplary divine, for his modesty has, as yet, kept him from publishing. But in social and literary circles abroad he is well known. We have before us a copy of some verses, sent by him to a friend, which are capital in their way; and they have never before appeared in print.—*Peterson's Magazine*.

### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY WASHERWOMAN.

NOT IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD AND (NOT) BY GRAY.  
Farewell, old friend, to memory ever dear,  
Thy toil and labor in this world are o'er,  
Let every friend to merit shed a tear.  
The faithful Mulligan is now no more!  
In humble cot she pass'd a useful life,  
Unmindful of the world and all its ills,  
A tender mother, a devoted wife,  
Perfection—in her doing up of frills.  
Oh! ha! I seen her, on a summer's day,  
Pror o'er her task, unmindful of the heat,  
With sleeves tuck'd up, she'd stand and scrub away,  
And then on hedges spread her work so neat.  
Each closing week, at eve, she took the road,  
With caps, chemises, handkerchiefs and frills,  
Stockings and vests, in wicker-baskets stow'd,  
Bound to the huddles were—her little bills.  
For many a votary at Fashion's shrine  
Owed half his beauty to her starch and iron.  
From gents who sport their shirts of cambric fine,  
To little boys with collars a la Byron.  
One day I chanced to pass her cottage by,  
And wonder'd where its occupant could be;  
I saw a heap of clothes neglected lie,  
Nor at the tub, nor at the hedge was she.  
Returning home I saw upon the ground  
An empty basket, with a letter tied;  
I broke the seal, and to my anguish found  
That morning Biddy Mulligan had died.  
Adieu ye spotless vests of white Marseilles,  
So white ye give me pleasure to put on,  
Ye snowy-bosomed shirts a long farewell—  
Alas! poor Biddy's "occupation's gone!"  
Not all the symmetry of Hosbach's suits,  
Nor bats by Morgan exquisitely glossed,  
Nor Asken's ties, nor Parker's jetty boots,  
Console me for the treasure I have lost.  
Oh! Mulligan, thy shirts perfection were.  
Now I ne'er put one on but feeling pain.  
And closing up my waistcoat in despair  
Feel I can never show their like again.  
Death's ruthless hand hath laid thee out at last,  
Thy mangle's done, his is a mangleing trade.  
Thou'rt bleaching in the chilly Northern blast,  
Pale as the shirts o'er which thy fingers stray'd.  
Nymphs of the tomb! attend the fun'ral throng,  
Plant (mangold) mangle wurzel near where she  
Laid,  
And scatter snow-drops as ye pass along,  
Fit emblems of the whiteness of her trade.

### THE EPITAPH.

Let no bombastic verse be carv'd in stone,  
No high-flown eulogy, no flatter'ing trope.  
Be then the plain inscription—this alone—  
"She never yet was badly off for soap."

Let no bombastic verse be carv'd in stone,  
No high-flown eulogy, no flatter'ing trope.  
Be then the plain inscription—this alone—  
"She never yet was badly off for soap."

Lay her where the long grass sweepeth  
On the bank of many a tree,  
Where the lonely willow weepeth  
Like a mourner by the sea!  
She was lovely, and was gentle,  
As all gifted spirits be;  
Folded in a gifted mantle,  
Slumbering near the sighing sea;  
We have left her,  
Ever left her,  
Our fair Ella!  
Our young Ella!  
Our lost Ella!  
Ella Lee!

### Thou Hast Wandered.

NOT from rectitude or duty  
Thou hast thou wandered for a day,  
Nor from sorrow didst thou ever  
Turn thy gentle eyes away,  
But thy looks to me are alternate,  
For thy smile is not the same,  
For its softness all hath vanished,  
And thy friendship's "but a name."  
I have looked to thee in sorrow,  
I have looked to thee in joy;  
I have looked to each pleasure,  
I have looked to each annoy;  
Of each thought that did annoy,  
But that feeling now has altered,  
It can be as fresh like a vapor,  
And all friendship's "but a name."  
Still, when twilight softly gathers,  
And I wander forth at eve,  
My heart in silent sadness  
For olden times doth grieve;  
And I ask me if forever  
The silence is river:  
An spirit whisper ever answers,  
"It will unite in Heaven."

## At Sea.

The night is made for cooling shade,  
For silence and for sleep;  
And when I was a child, I laid  
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,  
And sank to slumbers deep:  
Childlike as then, I lie tonight,  
And watch my lonely cabin light.  
Each movement of the awing lamp  
Shows how the vessel reels;  
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,  
And all her timbers strain and cramp  
With every shock she feels,  
It starts and shudders, while it burns,  
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,  
It almost level lies;  
And yet I know, while to and fro  
I watch the seeming pendule go  
With restless fall and rise,  
The steady shaft is still upright,  
Poising its little globe of light.  
O land of God! O lamp of peace!  
O promise of my soul!  
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,  
Amid the roar of sniting seas,  
The ship's convulsive roll,  
I own, with love and tender awe,  
Yon perfect type of faith and law!  
A heavenly trust my spirit calms,  
My soul is filled with light:  
The ocean sings his solemn psalm,  
Two wild wind chants: I cross my psalm,  
Happy as if tonight,  
Under the cottage-roof, again  
I heard the soothing summer rain.

### NOTHING INSIGNIFICANT.

ONE drop of water helps to swell the ocean, and one grain of sand helps to keep it in its place—a spark of fire helps to give light to the world. You are a small man—passing amid the crowd, you are hardly noticed; but you have a drop, a spark within you that may be felt throughout all eternity. Do you believe it? Set that drop in motion—give wings to that spark, and behold the results! It may renovate the world. None are too small—too feeble—too active, O, teacher! Life is no trifle. A Persian fable mentions a drop of water, which had been disengaged from a cloud, and was falling into the ocean, as deploring its fate, and saying, "I shall soon be absorbed in the world of waters, and lose all my consequence forever." It happened, however, that this drop of water fell into an oyster, and there very shortly became a pearl.

### WHICH WILL YOU TAKE?

SELECTING books is, in one way, like culling flowers. We are quite likely to be deceived by bright colors and showy qualities. Some of the least fragrant flowers have the richest hues, and those that charm the eye may poison the blood. A single false sentiment taken into the mind from an attractive annual or picture story, may mislead us all our days.

Let our young friends, or those who select for them, be careful that what they cull from the various flower gardens they may visit is as safe and valuable as it is gaudy. Poisonous leaves have many gilt edges.

NEVER be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

ORIGIN OF AN OLD SAYING.—Among the ancient warriors, it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battles by presenting them with a feather for their caps, which, when not in armor, was the covering of their heads; and no one was permitted this privilege who had not achieved victories. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has effected a meritorious action, "That will be a feather in his cap."

## THE STORM AT SEA.

BY WILLIAM EARLE RINDER.

I.

'Twas night, and o'er the boundless sea,  
Our gallant vessel sped,  
And myriads of burning stars,  
Shone brightly overhead.  
The sea was calm and placid,  
Undisturb'd its mighty breast,  
And save the watchful mariners,  
All aboard were seeking rest.

II.

Perchance some dream'd of that dear home  
Beyond the wide, wide sea,—  
And wonder'd in their gentle sleep  
How soon they there should be;  
Whilst others saw the well-lov'd forms  
Of friends they'd left behind,  
And hoped in other lands they might  
Again such true hearts find.

III.

The lady of her lover dream'd,  
(Such things are sure to be;)  
The lover saw the face of her  
He longed the most to see.  
The wife slept on her husband's breast,  
Unconscious of all ill,  
For when she sought her little couch,  
The sea was calm and still.

IV.

But a fearful crash aroused them  
From their sweet and halm sleep,  
And then they knew the fierce Storm King  
Was riding on the deep.  
With a shriek of wild and dread alarm  
Unto the deck they rushed,  
But at the scene which met their gaze,  
Each voice was still'd and hushed.

V.

The sea was white with froth and foam,  
The waves ran mountains high,  
And with a fierce and angry shriek  
The wild winds whistled by.  
Amon some monstrous wave would lift  
Our good ship high in air,  
And the wild wind, with demon shout,  
In shreds the sails would tear.

VI.

Then came the thunder's deafening roar,  
And hearts beat wild and fast,  
And each succeeding moment seem'd  
As if 'twould be our last.  
Then o'er the darken'd sky would play  
The lightning's vivid flash,  
And to the deck the great mast-fell  
With a terrific crash.

VII.

But still our good ship huddled on,  
Though smote on every side,  
And like a giant in his might,  
The waves and wind defied.  
On, on she sped through wind and wave,  
With headlong, jealous haste,  
And like an arrow from the bow,  
Shot through the sea's great waste.

VIII.

Men mutter'd of the fearful end,  
That soon would come to all;  
And some crouch'd down with childish fear,  
And some on Heaven did call;  
The wife clung to her husband's breast  
In wild and deep despair,—  
And one great shriek above the din,  
Rose loud upon the air.

IX.

But God was merciful to us,  
And calmed the angry wave,—  
And once more to each fainting heart  
Its former courage gave.  
The wind had lull'd, the din was hush'd,  
The thunder ceas'd to roar;  
The lightning's vivid flash was gone—  
The fearful storm was o'er.



A Virginian, on his way to Missouri, was passing through Ohio with two women and their children, held by him as slaves. The elder of the women had been separated from several of her children, who were left behind in Virginia in slavery. One of them, a helpless blind boy, her master sold from her for *one dollar*. The following lines were written by a lady of Washington, in reference to this incident:

Come back to me, mother! why linger away,  
From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day?  
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,  
And wonder my mother should leave me alone.

There are voices of sorrow, and voices of glee,  
But there's no one to joy or to sorrow with me;  
For each hath of pleasure and trouble his share,  
And none for the poor little blind boy will care.

My mother, come back to me! close to thy breast,  
Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed:  
Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,  
And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak.

O, mother! I've no one to love me—no heart  
Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part:  
No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind—  
Oh! none like a mother can cherish the blind.

Come back to me, mother! Why linger away,  
From thy poor little blind boy the long weary day?  
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,  
And wonder my mother hath left me alone.

Poor blind one! No mother thy wailing can hear,  
No mother can hasten to banish thy fear:  
For the slave-owner drives her o'er mountain and wild,  
And for *one paltry dollar* hath sold thee, poor child!

Ah! who can in language of mortals reveal  
The anguish that none but a mother can feel,  
When man in his vile lust of mammon hath trod  
On her child who is stricken and smitten of God!

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,  
She hears in her anguish, his piteous moan:  
As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain,  
To catch the loved tones of his mother again.

The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall  
On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,  
And his gain like a midew shall blight and destroy,  
Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy.

**HOT WATER UPON TREES.**—At a Farmers' Meeting, Solon Robinson read a letter from the Rev. J. S. Weishampel, sen., Baltimore, Md., upon the use of hot water to kill insects upon trees. He alludes to a letter read some weeks since, about scalding wheat, and then says:

"This scalding process destroys the egg of the fly, and the same process has been known to destroy the eggs of, and the grubs themselves, that injure the peach, plum and other trees so greatly. Scald the stem of the tree well, letting the hot water get well into the ground around the tree, where the grubs do most harm, and a destruction of both eggs and grub follow; and in addition to this, the scalding appears to add to the vigor of the trees.

"An old lady in Berks County, Pa., had a plum-tree that for many years bloomed and brought forth crops of fruit till half ripe, and then shed them. She often besought her husband to remove the tree, but he still pleaded "let it stand another year." At length one Spring, after she had boiled her soap, she heated the kettle-full of refuse lye to a boiling degree, and pour it all down the stem of the tree, intending to "scald it to death," as she said. It soon blossomed more abundantly, and bore a profuse crop of plums which it brought to the greatest perfection, which greatly pleased the old lady. This same principle could be applied to the destruction of every kind of destructive insect upon the various choice fruit-trees, either by pouring boiling water upon the limbs and stems, or by conducting a stream of steam from a hose or pipe, from a moveable boiler, to kill both eggs and insects."

"Prof. Mapes—I have used hot water on peach trees, and I am satisfied myself that a peach tree cannot be injured by hot water.

"Lately a rich Frenchman of Paris ran off with the fascinating wife of an American gentleman, to Switzerland. The unfortunate husband, instead of following up the absconding parties, installed himself immediately in a magnificent chateau owned by his rival, and wrote him the following letter, as an explanation of the extraordinary step he had taken: "You have appropriated my wife, and I have taken possession of your chateau. I hope you will have an agreeable journey in the land of William Tell, although it is somewhat cold during the midst of the Helvetic Glaciers. My wife, I hope, is taking lessons *de chant*. I have had your favorite hot-house of oranges removed, because it obstructed my view of the beautiful little lake. I think that you will appreciate my position, while you are enjoying your own."

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Adieu!" Father Winter said  
To the world when about to quit it;  
With his old white wig half off his head,  
As if never made to fit it.

"Adieu! I'm going to the rocks and caves,  
To leave all here behind me;  
Or perhaps I shall sink in the northern waves  
So deep that none can find me."

"Good luck! good luck to your hoary locks,"  
Said the gay young spring advancing;  
"Go, take your nap 'mid caves and rocks,  
While I o'er the earth am dancing.

"There is not a spot where your foot has trod,  
You hard, old, crusty fellow,  
Nor a hill, nor a field, nor a single sod,  
But I have got to mellow.

"And then I shall spread them o'er the grass,  
That will look so fresh and cheering,  
None will regret that they let you pass  
Far out of sight and hearing.

"The fountains that you lock up so tight,  
When I shall give them a sunning,  
Will sparkle and play in my gladdening light,  
And the brooks will set off a running.

"I'll speak in the ground to the hidden root,  
While you have kept it sleeping,  
And bid it send up the tender shoot,  
And set the wild vine creeping.

"The boughs that you caked all over with ice,  
'Till 'twas chilling even to behold them,  
I shall stick them all around with buds so nice—  
My breath alone can unfold them.

"And when the tree is in blossoms dressed,  
The bird, with her songs so merry,  
Will come on its limb to build her nest,  
By the sign of the future cherry.

"The air and the earth, by their joyfulness,  
Shall show the good I am doing,  
And the skies beam down with their smiles to bless  
The course that I am pursuing."

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. LASELLE.

It is her right to watch beg a  
The bed of sickness and of pain,  
And when the heart almost despairs,  
To whisper hopes of health again;

Her right to make the hearth-stone glad,  
With gentle words and cheerful smile;  
And when man is with care oppress'd  
His wearied spirit to beguile.

It is her right to train her sons  
So they may Senate chambers grace—  
Thus is she with more honor crown'd  
Than if herself had filled the place

It is her right to be a friend  
By every generous family heart;  
When with true dignity and grace,  
She teacheth well a woman's part

She hath a dearer right than this;  
'To be in one true heart enshrined—  
Who, though the world may all forsake,  
Will cherish still, and still be kind.

And there is still a higher right,  
Which also is to woman given;  
'Tis hers to teach the infant mind  
Those truths divine which come from heaven.

What would she more, than to perform  
On earth, life's holiest, sweetest tasks?  
When you a perfect woman find,  
No other rights than these she asks.

A country clergyman, opposed to the use of the violin in church service, was overruled by his congregation, who determined upon having one. On the following Sunday the parson commenced the service by exclaiming, in long-drawn accents—"You may f-i-d-d-l-e and s-i-n-g the fortieth psalm."

If you cannot have friends without continually irritating them, the crop may not be worth the ble.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

I know thou hast gone to the house of thy rest,  
Then why should my soul be so sad!  
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,  
And the mourner looks up and is glad!  
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,  
The stain it had gather'd in this:  
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,  
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred  
With the beauty that dwell in thy soul,  
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,  
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal:  
I know thou hast drank of the Lethe, that flows  
Through a land where they do not forget—  
That sheds over memory only repose,  
And takes from it only regret.

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,  
I believe thou hast visions of mine,  
And the love that made all things a music to me  
I have not yet learnt to resign:  
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,  
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,  
And my spirit lies down and is still!

Mine eye must be dark, that so long has been dim,  
Ere again it may gaze upon thine,  
But my heart has revelations of thee and thy home,  
In many a token and sign.  
I never look up with a vow to the sky,  
But a light like thy beauty is there—  
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,  
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,  
I am wrapp'd in a mantle of care—  
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom,  
Is not the black grief of despair:  
By sorrow reveal'd, as the stars are by night,  
Far off a bright vision appears,  
And Hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,  
Is born—like the rainbow—in tears.

## The Little Reformer.

One morn'g, when the sun was clear,  
And brightly did it shine,  
I stepp'd into the village store,  
To get my daily wine.  
A little girl came trembling in,  
With faded dress and hood,  
And pass'd without observing me,  
To where the merchant stood.

She gazed into his bloated face,  
And tided in vain to speak;  
Her keen emotion seemed to burn,  
Like fire upon her cheek.  
Oh, never, never had I seen,  
Since men's mark'd my years,  
A gem so lovely as the smile  
That play'd amid her tears.

"What will you buy of me to-day?"  
The merchant gaily said,  
But sighs came from her little heart,  
And bitter tears she shed.  
"Oh! sell my father no more rum!"  
She said in misery's tone,  
"For mother begs of him in vain,  
To let the cup alone.

My father is as kiod a man  
As ever blest a child:  
But when he's begun to visit you,  
His eye is always wild.  
Oh! sell my father no more rum,  
'Tis all I ask of you;  
And I will bless you in my prayers,  
And God will bless you too."

"How old are you, my little girl?"  
The merchant said with glee,  
"I shall be five next August eir,  
And brother will be three.  
I had a birthday present once;  
A dress and bonnet fine;  
But father sold them both to you,  
And took his pay in wine."

"Here, have some gingerbread to eat,  
And then go right along;  
I would not sell your father rum,  
If I supposed it wrong."  
"I'm hungry, sir, but cannot eat—  
For mother's hungry too,  
And little brother cries for bread—  
Oh, dear! what shall we do!"

My mother toils both day and night,  
And spins and knits and sews  
To buy herself and children food,  
And keeps us all in clothes;  
But father often takes her work,  
And to your store he'll come,  
And trade away our daily bread,  
And take his pay in rum!"

"Begone from me," the merchant said,  
"I will not be denied."  
"Oh, sell my father no more rum!"  
The little girl replied.  
I heard no more—my eye grew dim—  
My brain began to whirl:  
I sprung and clasped her in my arms—  
My own sweet little girl!

My dearest Jane, my darling child,  
So tender, yet so brave,  
You've saved me from the deadly bowl,  
And from a drunkard's grave!  
"What, you her drunken father, then?"  
"He thinks I hear you say—  
I was—but never have I been,  
Since that delightful day.

NELLIE NAMELESS.



A husband, residing in a small village in the interior, thus announces the departure from his "bed and board" of his dearly beloved: "My wife, Anne Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As for trusting her, any body can do so who sees fit—for as I never pay my own debts, it is not likely that I will lay awake nights thinking about other people's."

## THE WAR AND ITS INCIDENTS.

### Stand by the Flag.

Stand by the flag!—its stars, like meteors gleaming,  
Have lighted Arctic icebergs, southern seas,  
And shone responsive to the stormy beaming  
Of old Arcturus and the Pleiades.

Stand by the flag!—its stripes have streamed in glory,  
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe.  
And spread, in rhythmic lines the sacred story  
Of Freedom's triumph over all the globe.

Stand by the flag!—on land and ocean billow,  
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true,  
Living defended—dying, from their pillow,  
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag!—immortal heroes bore it  
Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat and armed  
defence,  
And their imperial shades still hover o'er it—  
A guard celestial, from omnipotence.

Stand by the flag!—it is a holy treasure;  
Though wrong may dim some stars which should  
be light.

A steady, gentle, and persistent pressure,  
Kindly exerted, yet will make them bright.

Stand by the flag!—though death shots round it rat-  
tle,  
And underneath its waving folds have met  
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,  
The quivering lance and glittering bayonet.

Stand by the flag!—all doubt and treason scorning—  
Believe, with courage firm, and faith sublime,  
That it will float until the eternal morning  
Pales, in its glories, all the lights of time!

### From the Atlantic Monthly. Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline.

She has gone—she has left us in passion and pride—  
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!  
She has torn her own star from our firmament's  
glow,

And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
We can never forget that our hearts have been one;  
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,  
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame.

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;  
But we said,—"She is hasty—she does not mean  
much;"

We have scowled when you uttered some turbulent  
threat,  
But friendship still whispered, "Forgive and forget."

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown  
cold?  
Has the curse come at last which the fathers fore-  
told?

Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain  
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with  
their spoil,  
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,  
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their  
caves,

And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the  
waves!

### For the Boston Cult Brother Russ.

Why, brother Russ, what makes you mar?  
Why don't you with your brother tarry?  
Hear what I say, 'tis my belief,  
'Twill cause you many an hour of grief.

Why, Russell Hyatt, you must be mad,  
To leave for Sarah so kind a dad,  
To forsake for wife so good a mother,  
And leave alone your friendly brother!

I once, like you, did verily think,  
From connubial bliss I'd take a drink;  
I was very young at that time, though—  
And most young people think just so!

I fear for this I ahn't get paid,  
As doubtless now the bargain's made;  
You both agreed, the seal to set,  
Till one of you shall "pay the debt!"

If such the case, oh, bless thee, boy!  
May life and health be your's 't' enjoy;  
May Sarah prove the better half,  
And you to her a good strong affa!

It may, perhaps, make a good match,  
As you can plough, and she can patch;  
Yet I much fear, as does your sire,  
You'll hop from frying-pan to fire!

I wish the members of the band,  
Would take my brother by the hand  
And tell him what he'd best  
So now I'll stop as I've

Virginia.  
Lay thy hand on thy lip, and thy lip in the dust,  
Thou traitor to honor, to faith, and to trust!  
Thou hast blackened to darkness the glorious light  
That guided the nations and led them aright.

Thou hast rent with base hand the proud flag of the  
free,

That flew like a meteor o'er land and o'er sea;  
That wherever it floated, where'er was unfurled,  
Was honored, respected, beloved by the world.

The ashes of Washington, sacredly urned,  
With thy parricide feet thou hast wantonly spurned,  
Thou hast scattered the fire on the altar that lay,  
And the sacrifice flung to the vile birds of prey.

Thou hast trampled thy honor all recklessly down;  
Thou hast torn from thy brow its once glorious  
crown;

Thou art fallen, oh morning star! never to rise,  
Like Lucifer fallen, plunged down from the skies.

Thou fairest, thou proudest, thou honored of all!  
How low thy abasement! how abject thy fall!  
How prone in the dust dost thou groveling lay?  
All noble, all true hearts turn mourning away.

Go, blot out thy name from the rolls of the free,  
Or, blackened and blasted, there still let it be;  
It matters not—hissing, and byword, and scorn,  
To the nations that are, and the nations unborn!

CAROLINE FRANCES ORNE.

### The Star-Spangled Banner.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last  
gleaming;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the  
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly  
streaming;

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still  
there.

O say, does the star-spangled banner still wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the  
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
reposes;

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering  
steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first  
beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;  
'Tis the star spangled banner, O long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'  
pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;  
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave:

O thus be it ever where freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and war's desolation;  
Bless'd with victory and peace may the Heaven-  
rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



I am going far away, far away to leave you now,  
To the Mississippi River I am going :  
I will take my old banjo,  
And I'll sing this little song,  
Away down my Old Cabin Home.

#### CHORUS.

Here is my Old Cabin Home,  
Here is my sister and my brother,  
Here is my wife, she's the joy of my life  
And the child in the grave of its mother.

I am going to leave this land,  
With this our darkey band,  
To travel all this wide world o'er,  
And when I get tired,  
I will settle down to rest,  
Away down in my Old Cabin Home

When old age comes on us,  
And my hair is turning gray,  
I will hang up the banjo all alone.  
I'll set down by the fire and I'll pass the time away,  
Away down my Old Cabin Home.

'Tis there where I roam away down on the old farm,  
Close by the side of the Old Cabin Home,  
Where all the darkies am free.  
O, merrily sound the banjo for the white folks round the  
room,  
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

#### JOHN AND --

BY MARY G. HALPINE.

"Ah ha!" cried Johnny Bull, in glee,  
"Thus bursts the glittering bubble!  
And brother Jonathan, d'ye see,  
Is in a heap of trouble.  
And now, my subjects, think of this,  
When murmuring thoughts assail you,  
Your's is a state of perfect bliss,  
Democracy a failure!"

The power of this, my ancient foe,  
Is gone, you may depend on't,  
I always said 'twould turn out so,  
And now you see the end on't!  
With dangers hedging in his way,  
And ruin hanging o'er him,  
Now is the time for me to pay  
The grudge I always bore him."

"He used to be a saucy boy,  
His tricks I've not forgotten,  
And then, my profits to destroy,  
I shall be short of cotton!"  
Quoth he, "Good brother Jonathan,  
What's this that you are doin'?  
The way that you are going on  
Will bring my trade to ruin.

From purely friendly motives, I  
Propose an arbitration;  
And really think you ought to try  
A peaceful separation.  
You've taken to your generous breast,  
With little hesitation,  
The poor, the homeless and oppressed  
Of every clime and nation."

"To you my outcast children flee—  
It cannot be forgotten;  
But Jonathan, what's that to me,  
When I am short of cotton!"  
"No doubt you wonder much that I,  
Who've preached emancipation,  
Deemed that a sin of darkest dye,  
Which cursed so long your nation;—

Called it of every ill the worst,  
The sum of human knavery,—  
Should sympathize with those, who boast  
Their heritage is slavery.  
Perhaps you can remember when  
I played the missionary;  
You see, 'twas for my interest then,—  
But circumstances vary."

"As years to you experience bring,  
My simple-minded brother,  
You'll find that *talking* is one thing,  
And *acting* is another!  
Self-government is but a sham,—  
Be honest now, and own it;  
Disguise, deny it, if you can,  
Experience has shown it."

Says Jonathan, "Hard words don't kill  
This universal nation,  
A little shaky now, is still  
Ahead of all creation!  
I thank you; for your anxious tone,  
But, not the least mite fearful,  
Will manage yet to hold my own,  
And more, if you're not keeferful.

If you'd my purpose know, in fine,  
'Tis this, and nothin' shorter,  
To make these headstrong boys of mine  
Behave as they had order.  
For years these rebel sons have been  
My sorrow and vexation;  
Contrived to keep my household in  
A ceaseless agitation.

And, spite of all your sage advice,  
And insolent direction,  
I shall proceed to give to them  
A fatherly correction.  
Each well-directed stroke will serve  
To make the conscience tender:  
A punishment they well deserve  
And which they'll long remember!"

Says brother John, "It may be so,  
Tho' I'm inclined to doubt it,  
But seems to me you're rather slow,  
Why don't you be about it?  
Still busy with your own affairs,  
You seem to have forgotten,—  
Bearing a nation's toils and cares—  
That I'm in want of cotton!"

Says Jonathan, "Don't you git riled,  
You chap across the ocean,  
You cannot hurry this ere child,—  
You've got to wait my motion.  
That you should be so meddlesome  
Is what I can't agree tew,  
I think you'd better look tew hum;  
You've plenty there to see tew!"

"I'm equal to this work of mine,  
However you may view it;  
But I shall surely take my time,  
And my own way to dew it.  
The states that God has joined as one  
No mortal power can sunder!  
The train is slowly moving on,—  
You'd better stand from under!"

"For, spite of all this long delay,  
And the thunders hanging o'er it,  
When it once gets fairly under way,  
'Twill crush down all before it!  
Trust me, no parricidal hand  
That sacred bond can sever;  
Firm as the eternal hills they stand,  
One now, and one forever!"

## Nantucket Persons, in the Army, and

NANTUCKET ROLL OF HONOR.—We publish below a list of the citizens of Nantucket who are engaged in fighting the battles of their Country. We have made exertions to get the whole up to the present week. If there are any omitted, we would thank any person to give us the names.

### ARMY.

Tristram C. Allen, Alex. C. Hinekey,  
Edward F. Alexander, George L. Imbert,  
Leander F. Alley, Henry B. James,  
Joseph Austin, William S. Jones,  
Geo. W. Andrews, Henry Jones,  
Thomas Allen, Albert Killey,  
David R. Ames, Timothy Killey,  
George R. Bailey, William P. Killey,  
Charles H. Baker, John Keinan,  
Alexander Barker, Francis B. Keen,  
Charles D. Barrard, Samuel Lowell,  
Charles F. Barnard, Charles G. Macy,  
Wm. H. Barrett, George N. Macy,  
Wm. F. Barnard, William H. Macy,  
Lemuel F. Bassett, Edward Marshall,  
Wm. R. Bunker, Wm. M. McCleave,  
Orlando W. Briggs, Andrew Mitchell,  
Thomas Bennett, Peleg Mitchell, 2d,  
Wm. M. Barrett, 2d, David Myrick,  
Charles F. Barnard, Edward B. Macy,  
James H. Barrett, Franklin B. Murphey,  
John F. Barnard, Josiah F. Murphey,  
Fred'k W. Barnard, William H. Myrick,  
Ervin H. Backus, Charles A. Morris,  
George A. Backus, Charles F. Nickolson,  
William A. Barrett, Geo. W. Nickolson, 2d,  
Chas. W. Cartwright, Edward P. Orpin,  
Ed. G. W. Cartwright, Albert C. Parker,  
Wm. H. Cash, George H. Paddock,  
Benj. S. Cathcart, Thomas E. Paddock,  
Braddock R. Chase, Benj. P. Pease,  
Edward P. Chase, David B. Pierce,  
John B. Chase, William A. Potter,  
George S. Cleveland, George C. Pratt,  
John B. Coffin, Charles H. Pierson,  
Thomas E. Coffin, James Ramsdell,  
George B. Coggsall, Wm. A. Raymond,  
David B. Coleman, Wm. J. Reynolds,  
Patrick Conway, Thomas Riddell,  
Henry P. Cook, Patrick H. Robinson,  
David B. Chase, George F. Ryder,  
Samuel Christian, Thomas J. Russell,  
George H. Coffin, Alonzo M. Rivers,  
Freeman R. Cottle, William E. Randall,  
James F. Cathcart, E. W. Randall,  
Samuel C. Crocker, Charles H. Raymond,  
Albert C. Coffin, Arthur M. Rivers,  
George W. Chadwick, James B. Skinner,  
John W. Davis, Alvin C. Smith,  
Wm. B. Drake, Charles H. Smith,  
Caleb L. Depung, Albert W. Starbuck,  
Daniel C. Easton, George M. Starbuck,  
Obed H. Ellis, John W. Summerhayes,  
John B. Eno, Charles B. Swain, 3d,  
Charles B. Ellis, Clinton Swain,  
Andrew Ellis, Henry P. Stackpole,  
Zenias Fish, Jr., Alex. J. Smith,  
Charles F. Folger, Charles F. Swain,  
Charles G. Folger, 2d, William C. Swain,  
Isaac H. Folger, William H. Swain,  
Charles C. Folger, 3d, George H. Sandford,  
Hiram Fisher, George C. Snow,  
Henry Folger, William K. Swain,  
Henry C. Farnham, William F. Swain,  
Reuben S. Folger, Jacob Swain,  
Joseph P. Gardner, George W. Thomas,  
Benj. S. Gibbs, John B. Thomas,  
Charles H. Gibbs, 2d, George H. Tracy,  
Edward J. Godfrey, Orestes A. B. Tracy,  
Edward P. Green, Benj. H. Whitford,  
George W. Gifford, Edward B. Wilson,  
Charles F. Green, Shub'l M. Winslow Jr.,  
Charles H. Hickmott, William H. Wood,  
Jonas G. Holden, George G. Worth,  
Albert B. Holmes, James H. Wyer,  
Jared M. Hunter, Nelson Waterman,  
George C. Hussey, James A. Wilcomb,  
William P. Hiller, William H. Wilcomb,  
Frederick Hoog, 2d, William H. Winslow,  
Alvin Hull, William M. Wyer.

Rowland Hill said once to some people, "Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak, but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella." That was an *ingulfing*, young mind that asked the schoolmaster where all the figures went to when they were rubbed out.

#### GOLD AND SILVER COIN. LEGAL TENDER.

Act of Congress, June, 1834.

American Eagle coined prior to July 31, 1834, 270 gr. is,	French Napoleons, 4 dwt. 21 gr. is, 386
Half Eagle, 135 gr. is,	Spanish Dollar, 17 dwt. 7 gr. is, \$1.00
Do. coined since July, 1834, and parts in proportion.	5.33 Mexican Dollar, 17 dwt. 7 gr. is, 1.00
Doubloon, 17 dwt. 8 gr. is,	Peruvian Dollar, 17 dwt. 7 gr. is, 1.00
Half Johannes, 9 dwt. is,	Chili Dollar, 17 dwt. 7 gr. is, 1.00
British Sovereign, 5 dwt. 31 gr. is, 4871	Central America, 17 dwt. 7 gr. is, 1.00
	Fr Five Franc Piece, 16 dwt. is, 93

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Benjamin Alley, Obed H. Harris,  
 Charles B. Abrams, Wm. H. Hilliker,  
 Charles G. Arthur, John Holmes, Jr.,  
 Geo. S. Andrews, Edward B. Hussey,  
 John L. Beekman, William T. Hines,  
 Thomas H. Barnard, Wm. Johnson,  
 Francis J. Briggs, Obed S. James,  
 Franklin S. Barnard, Charles Killeen,  
 Oliver S. Brock, William King,  
 Wm. H. Baldwin, John Lemon,  
 Geo. S. Brown, George S. Long,  
 Samuel N. Brayton, John G. Mitchell,  
 John S. Chase, David Morrow,  
 Rutus Coffin, Peleg W. Morgan,  
 Henry F. Coffin, Samuel B. Meader,  
 Alfred Coleman, Albert W. Morse,  
 William S. Cogg, Wm. H. Maxcey,  
 Peter F. Coffin, Chas. F. Mendall,  
 Zimi Cleveland, Jr., Joseph Maxcey,  
 Rowland F. Coffin, Benj. F. Morris,  
 Philip C. Coffin, Joseph Mackey,  
 Benjamin A. Coffin, John Nickerson,  
 And. B. Colesworthy, Nelson Provost,  
 Stephen Easton, Jr., Sampson D. Pompey,  
 Elisha B. Ellis, Benj. F. Raymond,  
 Nathan F. Fish, William P. Ray,  
 James Folger, Henry C. Russell,  
 Henry W. Fitch, Benj. F. Ray,

Joseph Mackey, Andrew W. Reed,  
 Benj. H. Folger, Samuel G. Swain,  
 Wm. H. Gibbs, William H. Swain,  
 Thomas M. Gardner, Edward M. Swain,  
 Frances C. Gardner, Cyrus Sylvia,  
 James Gifford, Joseph Sylvia,  
 Wm. H. Gruber, George W. Sylvia,  
 Chas. R. Gruber, Howard Vincent,  
 Charles Godfrey, Wm. H. Vase,  
 Rowland C. Gardner, George G. Wilson,  
 Wm. Galispie, Geo. W. Wing,  
 Alex. Gammon, Edward H. Wing,  
 John C. Gifford, John H. Williams,  
 Charles P. Gardner, Geo. H. Worth,  
 Alex. F. Gardner, James Wilson,  
 Wm. R. Hathaway, Moses F. Wilcomb,  
 Joseph S. Hussey.

**THE NINE MONTHS QUOTA.**—Since our last the following persons have enlisted in the service of the United States for the period of nine months. Old Nantucket has done nobly thus far, and it is to be hoped that the second quota will be filled without subjecting the town to a draft.

Albert M. Hussey, Arthur H. Dagget,  
 Albert P. Fisher, Geo. K. Robinson,  
 Oliver Cushman, John M. Lamb,  
 Alex. Barney, Wm. C. Marden,  
 Alex. P. Moore, Charles F. Ray,  
 Charles F. Briggs, Charles Reynolds,  
 Davis Hall, Geo. Robinson,  
 William B. Ray, Henry Brown,  
 Wm. D. Clark, John M. Rand,

#### COMMODORE TUCKER.

I remember well—says an American writer—hearing this venerable man relate his receiving his first commission in our navy. He was at Marblehead, soon after his return from England, and at the time Washington was at Cambridge. Tucker, then a young man, was cutting wood before his mother's door, when a gaily dressed officer rode down the street. It was in the dark of the evening, and the officer, seeing Tucker thus employed, rode up to him and asked him if he could inform him where the honorable Samuel Tucker resided. Tucker, astonished, answered him in the negative, saying, "There is no other Sam Tucker in this town than myself." Immediately on hearing this the officer raised his beaver, and, bowing low, presented him his commission in the navy.

Frederick the Great, in surveying one evening some of the advanced posts of his camp, discovered a soldier endeavoring to pass the sentinel. His majesty stopped him, and insisted on knowing where he was going. "To tell you the truth," answered the soldier, "your majesty has been so worsted in all your attempts, that I was going to desert." "Were you?" answered the monarch. "Remain here but one week longer, and if fortune does not mend in that time, I'll desert with you too."

**THE LAST OF OUR QUOTA.**—The last squad of Nantucket's share of the three years volunteers left Monday morning in the boat. There are sixteen enlisted of the nine months men. This is doing well for a Quaker town.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Upfold of Indiana has been passing a few days at Nantucket. He held a service in the Episcopal church while here. He expressed great satisfaction with his visit and intends coming again another season.

A Washington paper states that on Wednesday, Secretary Seward sent for eight volunteers just raised for the District, and gave each of them a fifty dollar Treasury Note.

Parson Brownlow has already cleared \$17,000 by the sale of his book.

**TAKING BEAMS OUT OF THE EYE.**—The Springfield Republican is advising the "anti-slavery" people of Massachusetts to remove some of the beams out of their eyes that they may see clearly to take the motes out of their neighbors' eyes. It says:

"Notwithstanding all our boasted regard for human rights, notwithstanding our theory that the negro is a man all the powers and prerogatives of a man, notwithstanding all our horror of slavery as practiced upon the black man, we practically proscribe the whole race, and treat it with all the indignity which our laws will permit. We do not treat the negro as a man. The street cars of New York city, which carry the advertisement 'colored people allowed in this car,' is a busy record of our shame. The black corners in our burial grounds and the negro pews in our churches, the social proscription, the political proscription—the laws in some States which forbid a negro to come into the State at all, the prejudice against color which every where prevails, and which refuses to see a negro received into society in any capacity but that of a servant—all these things show how little we believe in the doctrines which we profess touching the inhumanity and the rights of the African. Nay, all these things show that our sin against this unfortunate race does not differ materially in its nature from that of the slaveholding power of the South.

"But good anti-slavery men—good, we mean, as the world goes—will start back from this thought of the equality of the black race with a shudder. There is many a man in Massachusetts to-day, howling about the Government because it will not immediately do what lies in its power to abolish slavery, who turns up his nose at a 'nigger' with the most inhuman disgust. We have no very great amount of respect for the benevolence or the sincerity of these men. They profess to believe that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. They profess to believe that Christ died equally for the white man and the black man, but they account themselves almost infinitely above the black man, and would not for the world be caught in the street in intimate converse with one. Massachusetts is an anti-slavery State. It has a kind feeling toward the negroes who are in bondage, but it is neither a negro loving nor a negro respecting State."

#### MOTHERLESS HOME.

Desolation and anguish must have entered that house wherein a mother's voice no longer makes joyful the hearts of youth and childhood. The footprints of grief and sorrow's downcast eye too plainly speak the truth of this surmise. Alas! that mother's form is hid from mortal gaze, and all is dark within.

## For the Cause of Freedom.

Patriot, on, where duty leads!  
 Onward, for thy country bleeds!  
 Dare for her in noble deeds,—

Be not faithless now:  
 Hearts of true men beat for thee,  
 Thousands bend the prayerful knee,  
 Wait to shout when victory  
 Crowns thine ample brow.

"Freedom" be your battle cry,—  
 Let it flash from every eye—  
 Lift your glorious banner high,  
 In the strength of God:  
 He who op'd the roaring sea,  
 That his chosen ones might flee,  
 Will your mighty helper be:  
 Humbly take his rod.

Many hopes may sink and rise,  
 Many clouds o'erspread the skies,  
 Faithful hearts grow faint with sighs,  
 Ere the happy morn:  
 But a star bespeaks it near,  
 See oppression's coward fear!  
 Soon the bondman's joyful tear  
 Shall usher in the dawn!

For a day, though tempests lower,  
 Virtue bleed, and vice devour,  
 Tyrants triumph for an hour,  
 Yet an end shall come;  
 Ruffians bruise the honored head,  
 Strew the plains with noble dead:  
 God will watch the martyr's bed  
 Till that day of doom!

#### PRINCE OF WALES.

As this distinguished individual will visit America within some short period of time, it may be interesting to some to know the various titles with which the young prince is distinguished.

ALBERT EDWARD, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, was born Nov. 9, 1841, and consequently was eighteen years old last November. As a Prince of England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany, he has, by birth and by letters patent, the following titles:

1. Prince of Wales, by patent, 1841, English.
2. Duke of Cornwall, by birth, "
3. Earl of Chester, by patent, "
4. Great Steward of Scotland, by birth, Scotch.
5. Duke of Rothsay, by birth, "
6. Earl of Carrick, by birth, "
7. Baron of Renfrew, by birth, "
8. Lord of the Isles, by birth, "
9. Earl of Dublin, by patent, 1849, Irish.
10. Duke of Saxony, German.
11. Prince of Coburg and Gotha, "

#### A BRIDLE FOR THE TONGUE.

A young nobleman, who had just arrived from his travels, full of the follies of youth and the vanities of his rank, was rattling away at a great rate one morning at the Smyrna coffee-house. He, in particular, took great pains to let the company know of what consequence he was abroad, by the number of valuable presents made him at the several courts of Europe. "For instance, now," says he, "I have got a *bridle* given me by the king of France, so exceeding rich and elegant, that, upon my soul, I do not know what use to make of it." "A *bridle*! my lord?" said an old gentleman, who sat in the corner. "Yes, sir," says his lordship. "Why, then, I think the least you can make of that is, to put it about your tongue."



# HIT AT THE TIMES.

Written by MART TAYLOR, and Sung by him at the  
AMERICAN THEATRE, San Francisco, on  
THURSDAY EVENING, July 3d, 1856.

Dear friends, I never did pretend  
To be much on the vocal,  
But sometimes for variety—  
I sing a ditty local.  
I ask indulgence for my voice,  
I never could command it,  
But I will try and sing my song  
So you can understand it.

I hope that none who hear my song  
Will deem me as provoking,  
I'll try and tell the truth of all,  
Without a thought of joking.  
Like any honest Tattler, I  
Will try my best and fit you,  
And when I can an item get,  
I'm very sure to hit you.

When "Law and Order" had the sway  
I feared to come among you,  
And you lost many a local song  
Dear friends, I might have sung you.  
But now, I'm not at all afraid  
To tarry in your city.  
For we are all protected by  
The Vigilance Committee.

Those claps whom you have sent away  
For years had been contriving,  
To carry out their private plans—  
Until they all were thriving.  
They laughed at "Order," scoffed at "Law"  
And every day grew bolder,  
Said you do this, and you do that,  
Because we're from the shoulder.

And times had got to such a pass  
That every knave or villain,  
Who could not stand the truth when told,  
Was ready 'en for killing.  
They didn't fear the Law at all,  
As served in California—  
Each had his partner in a Judge  
A Sheriff or Attorney.

And lately, friends, it has been proved  
That often at Election,  
The people tried their best to make  
A very wise selection.  
They voted for some honest man,  
But presto change, by stuffing,  
The "magic patent ballot box,"  
Turned out a knave or ruffian.

Thus things went on till people saw  
They must be "up and doing,"  
Or else the "Law and Order" men,  
Would bring the State to ruin.  
They therefore took the case in hand,  
And for their rights contended—  
They drove some villains from the land,  
While others they suspended.

A certain Judge at once declared  
The Vigilants in error,  
Called them a mob, and said they wished  
Another region of terror.  
He seemed to fancy, he could stab  
A man and save his bacon—  
But very soon he found that he  
Was Terry-bly mistaken.

There's one you to the Ishmians sent.  
Found business would not pay there.  
And getting rather discontent,  
He thought he wouldn't stay there—  
He came part way, but I have heard  
It rather checked his glory—  
When taken and directed back  
On board the Sonora.

"The General" thought the miners would,  
Moved by his words and pity,  
Come down, and with him try and take  
The Vigilance Committee.  
He traveled through the mining towns,  
No Major e'er talked finer—  
But to his great surprise he found  
He couldn't get a miner.

The Governor sent down some arms—  
He thought it would be pleasure,  
Unto the Law and Order men  
To take them at their leisure.  
They fell in the Committee's way,  
Who could not well refuse them;  
They captured both the men and guns—  
And they know how to use them.

Go on, ye honest Vigilants,  
You'll never be molested,  
Until you've banished all the rogues  
Who have our land infested.  
Go on—we bid you all God speed,  
Search out these cunning foxes,  
And stuff them on some foreign brig—  
As they have stuffed your boxes!

## WAIT FOR The Wagon.

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear, to yon blue mountain free;  
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come rove along with me,  
It's ev'ry Sunday morning when I am by your side,  
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

CHORUS.

Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon,  
And we'll all take a ride,

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet,  
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat.  
Come listen to my story; it will relieve my heart.  
So jump into the wagon, and off we all will start.  
Wait for the wagon, &c.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike with all his wealth  
Can make you half so happy as I with youth and health?  
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig, and cow,  
And you will mind the dairy while I do guide the plow.  
Wait for the wagon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat,  
All braided up with dahlias, and holyhocks so sweet.  
It's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I am by your side,  
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.  
Wait for the wagon, &c.

Together on life's journey we'll travel till we stop,  
And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the happy top.  
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,  
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.  
Wait for the wagon, &c.

### THE HUSKING.

The Quincy Patriot publishes a description of a  
New England corn husking done into rhyme by F.  
M. Adlington, of Weymouth, from which we take  
some of the choicest portions. After giving a de-  
scription of the preparations at Deacon Symon's  
farm for the occasion, the poet says:

Old Symon's barn was long and wide,  
And num'rous tenants there reside,—  
His horses, oxen, cows, and sheep,  
Well hous'd and fed in quiet sleep;  
But startled by th' unwonted sound,  
They look with staring eyes around;  
And well they might, for such a din,  
But once a year was heard with in.  
Before his guests a lofty pile  
Of corn awakes the Deacon's smile,  
And seated round, each girl and boy  
Prepares both work and sport to enjoy.  
Now, Deacon, fix the lantern right,  
For husking needs but little light,  
And well 'tis known to every spark,  
A kiss is sweetest in the dark.  
Now crack your jokes and work and play,  
And mirthful pass the time away.  
But stop,—my lass—a forfeit here,  
Don't hide it, 'tis a bright red ear  
Of corn, and you, my charming miss,  
By husking laws—must pay the kiss—  
Or, if you will not pay the stake,  
A dozen kisses I must take.  
The deacon cries, put by that ear,  
I'll plant it out the coming year;  
For like produces like, 'tis said,  
And zounds, I wish one half were red.  
Now long and loud the laugh goes round,  
Another bright red ear is found,  
And forfeits fly around the stack,  
Till e'en the Deacon gets a smack.  
At length the lofty pile is down,  
The husks are on the scaffold thrown;  
By willing hands the yellow corn  
Is swiftly to the gran'ty borne.  
And now the fiddler tunes his strings,  
Each lad to meet his partner springs,  
And all for dancing, wide awake,  
They make old Symon's rafters shake—  
And pranks and capers here ensue.

Block Island pilots are but poor pilots this side  
of Gay Head. We trust therefore, that if our  
correspondent is not misinformed, and if in-  
deed a flotilla should come this way from  
Adrian Block's far-famed isle, they may be  
caught on the Middle Ground, intercepted by  
the Hedge Fence, and shattered to a nonentity  
on Squash Meadow. But lest some should  
escape these perils, and succeed in reaching  
Nantucket, would it not be well to issue letters  
of marque to Commodore Burgess, authorizing  
him to sink, burn and destroy all suspicious  
craft. Meantime, the funds now in the post-  
office should be removed to the powder-house,  
or some other place equally safe, and a swift  
sailing Cape boat should be stationed near  
Tuckernuck Shoal, to bring the earliest possi-  
ble intelligence of the approach of the enemy.  
Should they however come through Muskeget  
Channel and land on Smith's Point, and se-  
cure a foothold, then Collector Allen should  
send his Deputy in the Thorn, Commander  
Eldridge, to collect the revenues off Coatee,  
from all inward-bound foreign vessels. But  
here is the letter:

BLOCK ISLAND, Jan. 19th, 1861.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As your telegraph is not in  
working order,\* I thought I would take the next  
best way to inform you of your impending danger.  
I suppose that you have heard of Fort Adams hav-  
ing been taken by the United States troops without  
consulting the inhabitants of this Island, conse-  
quently they have decided to secede and send a  
fleet to take Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket,  
and blockade the coast from Cape Cod to Long  
Island. Their plan is to run into the harbors in  
the night with men enough to seize the vessels in  
port, and put to sea, leaving gun-boats enough in  
the Sound to cut off all communication from the  
main land, until they have time to arm them; then  
they will stop all foreign vessels, collect the reve-  
nues, and defy the United States to interfere with  
them at their peril. More particulars in my next.  
ONE WHO IS ALARMED FOR YOUR SAFETY.

\*Our correspondent is mistaken in regard to the  
telegraph. It is now, and has been for some time  
past, in good working order between this place and  
the Vineyard.



To the memory of Major-General Kearney, killed  
at Chantilly, Sept. 1st, 1862.

[BY REQUEST.]

Hush! the muffled drum is sounded,  
Sow y comes yon mourning throng,  
Bearing one whose heart has bounded  
For his country and its wrong.

Now he comes, alas! but borne  
Lying lifeless in the shroud:  
For how many patriots mourn  
Sighs of anguish deep and loud.

Yes he comes and bears bright laurels  
That he won so brave and well  
For amidst the hottest contests,  
Gallant Kearney fought and fell.

And in battle oh, none bolder;  
Facing dangers everywhere  
Here he comes our union soldier  
Who would not that glory share?

Cheering on that gallant army  
To the rescue of the brave;  
Fearing nought, but facing danger  
Noble Kearney found his grave.

Brightly shines the star of glory  
That so bravely he has won,  
From the field of battle gory  
From the scorching southern sun.

Now no more the musket's rattle,  
Shall arouse that patriot true;  
Nor his troops arrayed for battle,  
March before their leader's view.

Other sounds of peace celestial  
Now break on his raptured ear  
Sweeter far than aught terrestrial  
Kearney now has nought to fear.

In a land of Heavenly beauties  
Dwelling now among the blest,  
Free from all his soldier duties  
That brave spirit is at rest.

From the Carpet-Bag.  
THE TRICKS OF TRADE.

BY EUNICE.

"There are tricks in all trades," says the  
worthy divine.

"But professions are held to be free,  
And mine is a holy calling: at least  
They can find no fault with me."

Then other men's sermons are preached as  
his own,

And the author no credit is paid:  
Of course it is only a sad mistake,  
But it looks like a trick of trade.

'Tis the tricks of trade and the gift of gab  
Fills the lawyer's purse with gold,  
And little he cares, if 'tis gain to him,  
Though a hundred hearts are sold.  
He can take the poor, honest widow's last  
mite,

And the orphan's last loaf of bread,  
And still his conscience, (if any he has,)  
With, "it is only a trick of trade."

The skillful M. D. some patient has  
Who is gaining in strength each day—  
'Tis a pity, sighs he, such a chance to lose  
In a family able to pay;

So I'll give him this powder to weaken him  
down,

And his friends will all think he must die,  
And I'll visit him often, till on my books  
His father stands pretty high.

I can easily raise him at any time,  
And 'twill add to my practice, I'm sure,  
For the case will be told of for miles around  
As a most miraculous cure.

What matters it if by some schemes of mine  
Some few in the graves are laid?  
They only take their chance with the rest—  
It is only a "trick of trade."

So goes the world. I know a young man  
Who is worth his thousands to-day,  
And thousands more will be added to that  
When an uncle steps out of the way.  
I scraped an acquaintance the other night,  
And siege to his heart I laid,  
And if I win it, you may rest assured  
It is only a trick of trade.

From the Eastern Argus.

[The ship Abeona from the Clyde, employed  
as a transport to carry settlers to the Cape of Good  
Hope, was on the 25 h of December last destroyed  
by fire, in lat. 5 deg. N. long. 25 degrees, W.  
The whole number of persons on board were 161,  
men, women and children, of whom 112 were lost.  
The remaining 49 escaped in boats, and were for-  
tunately taken up the next morning by a Portu-  
guese ship, which carried them to Lisbon. The  
following lines from our correspondent exhibit a  
lively picture of this melancholy catastrophe.]

Destruction of the Ship Abeona.

The night was clear and mild,  
And the breeze went softly by,  
And the stars of Heaven smil'd  
As their lamps lit up the sky,  
And there rode a gallant ship on the wave—  
But many a hapless wight  
Slept the sleep of death that night,  
And before the morning light  
Found a grave.

All were sunk in soft repose,  
Save the watch upon the deck;  
Not a boding dream arose  
Of the horrors of the wreck,  
To the mother, or the child, or the fire;  
Till a shriek of wo profound,  
Like a death knell, echo'd round,  
With a wild and dismal sound,  
Crying fire!

Now the flames are spreading fast—  
With resistless rage they fly,  
Up the shrouds, and up the mast,  
And are flickering to the sky;  
Now the deck is all a blaze; now the rails—  
There's no place to rest their feet;  
Fore and aft the torches meet,  
And a winged lightning sheet,  
Are the sails.

No one heard their cries of wo  
But the sea-bird, that flew by;  
There was hurrying to and fro,  
But no hand to save was nigh;  
Still before the burning foe they were driven—  
Last farewells were uttered there  
With a wild and frenzied stare;  
And a short and broken prayer  
Sent to Heaven.

Some leap over in the flood  
To the death, that waits them there;  
Others quench the flames with blood,  
And expire in open air:  
Some, a moment to escape from the grave,  
On the bowsprit take a stand;  
But their death is near at hand—  
Soon they hug the burning brand  
On the wave.

From his briny Ocean bed  
When the morning sun awoke,  
Lo, that gallant ship had fled!  
And a fable cloud of smoke  
Was the monumental pyre, that remained;  
But the sea gulls round it fly  
With a quick and fearful cry;  
And the brands that floated by,  
Blood had stained.

MEMNON.

A BLACK MAN PITCHES INTO PARKER PILLS-  
BURY.—At the anti-slavery meeting in New York,  
on Wednesday, Parker Pillsbury was fairly shelled  
out of his position by Jeff Davis's coachman.  
Parker had been declaiming against President Lin-  
coln, and said that he did not vote at the last elec-  
tion and would not now vote for Lincoln, when the  
ex-coachman got up and said, "Mr. Chair, I s' want  
to be heard." Having obtained liberty, he is re-  
ported to have spoken as follows:

Mr. President—I s' want to say a leetle on de  
question. The last gemman say Mr. Linkum was  
a good man. He say he did not duty. Now, the  
gemman who didn't do his duty, for he didn't  
vote, he says, and I s' don't want anybody to talk  
about others not doing their duty, when they  
doesn't do it demselves (great applause and laugh-  
ter.) Mr. Linkum he be very slow coach; pray de  
Lord they might never have a slower coach; but  
he drives him fast and sure (applause). He drives  
just as fast as de people let him. (Applause.) Tell  
him to go faster, and he go.

If he send down General Jackson with millions  
men de rebels fall on dere knees and takes de oath  
of 'logience (laughter), and de black man be a  
slave again. He work slow but sure. Den if he  
took Mister Fremont's advice, 'bout de Proclama-  
tion, the rebels would return to keep their niggers.  
So he goes right straight along, and he is the best  
friend of the black man. (Applause.) I s' a citi-  
zen, I s' going to vote for Mr. Linkum next time.  
(Great applause and laughter.)

THE LAWS OF SIASCONSET.

A BALLAD,

Proposed with a pipe of tobacco, as an even  
amusement to Fishermen.

To the true Republicans of Siasconset, an  
all who wish well to the cause of simplicity  
plain-dealing, in society, one with another, (w  
characterized the golden age of the ancients,  
humble tribute is respectfully inscribed

BY PHILO-SIMPLICITAS.

Wide in the East, on Naxos's Isle,\*  
Where roars the wild surf louder,  
Ascends to view the happy vill,  
For freedom fam'd and Choudre.†  
Fresh from the wave they take the cod,  
To feast the soul that wants it;  
Its air is pure, its water good;  
Its name is SIASCONSET.

Old Saturn's‡ reign is here begun,  
The Orient of the nations;  
Here kings and compliments are done,  
And all your Boston fashions.  
The song, the jest, the smile serene  
Amuse the friend that haunts it;  
Here old simplicity is seen,  
In ancient dress, at 'SCONSET.

Its pump the lymph oblivious¶ pours,  
To drown despite and treason;  
Its purer air at once restores,  
To liberty and reason.¶  
When erring virtue asks excuse,  
'Tis free good nature grants it,  
And that which else would be abuse,  
Is wink'd by laws of 'SCONSET.

And should your fault incur a grudge,  
Our court\* you must attend, sir,  
Your Speaker's Conscience, Reason Judge,  
Your Jury is a friend, sir.  
This court guards well our dearest rights,  
And when the country owns it,  
Lawyers will starve with all their wits,  
And curse the laws of 'SCONSET.

Hygieia‡ here her reign resumes,  
The hyp'd and crazy healing,  
Restores old wounds, dispels the glooms.  
And brings the callous feelings.  
Then let Religious maniacs prate,  
And on the treaty bounce it,  
Here INVALIDS in church and state,  
Are all made whole at 'SCONSET.

The mind with priestcraft long beguil'd,  
May choose, with freedom handy,  
Good Moses with the SPIRIT fill'd,  
Or Thomas Paine with BRANDY.‡  
And thus will I, though POPZ and SECT,  
With bulls and zeal denounce it;  
My reason's mine to think and act,  
Like thee, friend SIASCONSET.

The souls of once too rude a form,  
Receive a softer moulding,  
Here Jacobins forget to storm,  
And wives leave off their scolding.  
The wight in town,¶ who swells with pride,  
Or like Cleippus‡ vaunts it,  
The paltry coxcomb lays aside,  
And wears the man at 'SCONSET.

Should party zeal the bosom rile,  
'Tis here nor felt nor seen sir,\*  
For choudre well corrects the bile,  
And dissipates the spleen sir.  
Then when with B\*\*k the wild heart swells,  
Some GENIUS bids renounce it,  
For no revenge nor malice dwells,  
With thee, O SIASCONSET.

Now let the fair one share her part,  
Sweet village in thy candor,  
Safe to disclose her feeling heart,  
Nor fear the Scorpion, SLANDER.†  
Thus the fond maid shall find excuse,  
If first she makes the onset;  
Her soul's elect her hand may choose,  
By laws of SIASCONSET.

Should Polygons‡ and Catspaws¶ ask  
My judgment of the V'LENCE,  
This law I'll claim to wear the mask,  
And answer them in silence.  
Thrice happy Vill, extend thy reign,  
Till every nation owns it;  
Thus shall the world its glory gain,  
Beneath thy laws, O 'SCONSET.







Little Harry Lee.  
Had a little cousin once,  
His name was Harry Lee;  
And through the long bright Summer days  
We played so merrily.  
Beside the busy babbling brook  
He'd build a house for me,  
While I would gather shells, and flowers,  
For little Harry Lee.  
At night he'd say his hymn, and prayer,  
Beside his mother's knee;  
For never lived a better boy  
Than little Harry Lee.

And in the morning, blithe and gay  
As any lark was he,  
For when I heard a merry laugh,  
I knew 'twas Harry Lee.

But Autumn came—and every leaf  
Grew yellow on the tree,  
And through the naked branches swept  
The wind—so cheerily.

And then, alas! no cousin came  
To gather flowers with me,  
But every day I climbed the hill,  
To look for Harry Lee;

But still throughout the weary day  
No Harry could I see,  
And when I called his name,  
Would answer—"Harry Lee."

At last, beside the very brook  
Where he had played with me,  
I found a little grassy grave,  
Where rested Harry Lee.

And on this little lowly grave  
My tears were falling free,  
When from the sky I heard the voice  
Of little Harry Lee.

My cousin Mary, cease to shed  
Those bitter tears for me,  
For Jesus Christ once died to save  
Poor little Harry Lee.

And in his arms for evermore  
Safe sheltered I shall be;  
He loves me more than you could love  
Poor little Harry Lee.

And then I wiped my falling tears,  
And smiling turned to see  
If I could find the cherub face  
Of little Harry Lee.

The clouds around the setting sun  
Were sailing bright and free,  
And weaving 'er the eastern sky  
Their golden drapery.

But far beyond the rainbow clouds  
That dance with fairy glee,  
And far beyond the setting sun  
Was little Harry Lee.

I knew that to the Saviour's breast  
The timid dove might flee,  
For I had heard that Jesus said  
"Let children come to me."

So on my cousin's lowly grave  
I bowed the trembling knee,  
And prayed that I in heaven might live  
With little Harry Lee.

[ORIGINAL.]  
MARY'S GRAVE.  
I'm kneeling by thy grave, Mary,  
The dark and lonely grave  
Of thee I loved, but whom, alas!  
No human power could save.

The sun shines bright on hill and vale,  
Gay dowers perfume the air,  
But in thy grave my hopes and joys—  
All, all, are buried there.

We're taught that God is merciful,  
And to his creatures kind;  
Oh, would! He had not match'd thee hence  
And left me here behind!

Ah! when shall this sad heart find rest,  
And death relieve its pain,  
That I may lie down by thy side,  
And be with thee again?

There to enjoy that sweet repose  
For which I hourly pray;  
And sleep till God shall summon us  
To realms of endless day.

T. C. S. C.

Each one some treasure takes,  
Each one some blossom breaks,  
And leaves it dying;  
The chill dark night draws near,  
Thy sun will soon depart,  
And leave thee sighing;  
Then moans rejecting heart,  
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart,  
The hours fly fast,  
With each some shadow dies,  
With each some sorrow flies,  
Until at last  
The red dawn in the east  
Birds weary night depart,  
And pain is past.  
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,  
The hours fly fast!

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

The following, by Richard Christian, has often been printed, but cannot be presented too often:—

Have thou no other gods but me:  
Unto no image bow thy knee:  
Take not the name of God in vain:  
Do not thy Sabbath day profane:  
Honor thy father and mother too,  
And see that thou no murder do:  
From vile adultery keep thee aloof;  
And steal not, tho' thy state be poor;  
Bear no false witness,—shun that blot;  
What is thy neighbor's covet not.  
Write these thy laws, Lord, in my heart,  
And let me not from them depart.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

We step on earth, we look abroad over it, and it seems immense; so does the sea. What ages had men lived, and knew but a portion! They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass, and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter compared with which this great globe itself becomes an impendible grain of dust. And so to each of us walking along the road of life, a year, a day, an hour, shall seem huge. As we grow older the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

—Job L. having fulfilled the philosopher's moral injunction, "know thyself," enables us to record his natural, and highly satisfactory

BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I've been a fool, yes, all my days  
(I'm now a fool sometimes),  
I've been a fool in various ways,  
And, if you'll hear my rhymer,  
I'll tell you wherein I've done wrong,  
That you may be more wise;  
So listen to my simple song,  
And take warning from my case, and always  
through life "look before you leap,"  
for, as Mr. Pope remarked: "There all the honor lies."

Where to begin I hardly know—  
I've always been a fool;  
When I was young (some time ago)  
I would not go to school.  
To make me go my parents tried,  
But I cared not a straw  
For what they said; and when they'd chide,  
Like a great many boys of the present day  
I would not take their admonitions, I  
would give them back my "jaw."

When I to man's estate had grown,  
And sported a moustache,  
I thought if I could only own  
A horse, I'd cut a dash;  
So all my money I laid out,  
And purchased a fine bay,  
And for awhile I dashed about,  
But I soon came to the determination  
to try something else, for I found out  
the horse business wouldn't pay.

My horse I sold—a watch I bought,  
And thought I'd court a girl;  
Soon, very soon, my heart was caught  
In Cupid's net, and—oh!  
What joy, what ecstasy I felt  
When I was near my fair—  
In lover's attitude I knelt  
And expressed my feelings in the most ardent  
terms—quoting lots of poetry;  
Finally, she said my lot she'd share.

I then got married; what a fool,  
To give up liberty,  
And thus submit to woman's rule—  
A rule of tyranny!  
I'll not complain, though hard my lot,  
Since there is no redress;  
I hope my friends, that you are not  
Found in the same predicament; but, if  
you are so unfortunate, I can truly  
sympathize with you in your distress.

I've done some other foolish things,  
Which I will not now name—  
For mention of them always brings  
A feeling fraught with shame.  
I've been a fool, as you have been,  
In various ways through life;  
But the biggest fool I've ever been  
Was when I gave up my state of stoic  
blissfulness (as yet which I shall ever  
regret), and took to myself a wife.

—We present the excellent excerpts prepared by Miss ANNIE LINNERS COOMBS, being another of the ever-acceptable series entitled:

CATHERED GEMS.

"Closed the good lies in the darkness  
'E'er it quickens to green leaves,  
And within the vale of shadows,  
Life its angelhood receives."  
"A just consciousness of self is nobleness of spirit."  
"Society is a strong solution of books: it draws  
the virtue out of what is best worth reading."—AT-  
TACHE OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.  
"Peace above all earthly dignities—still and quiet  
conscience."—SHAKESPEARE.  
"Sincerity adorns the intellect and ennobles the  
heart."  
"Music resembles poetry; in each  
Are numerous graces which no methods teach,  
And which a master-hand alone can reach."—FORZ.  
"Love is but another name for that inscrutable  
presence by which the soul is connected with human-  
ity."

"We count the broken lyres that re-  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber;  
But o'er their silent sister's breast,  
The wild-flowers, who will stoop to number?  
A few can strike the magic string  
And noly Fame is proud to win them  
Alas! for those who never sing  
But die with all their music in them!"  
—THE ARCTIC.

"Midnight is not a mere effectual shroud for the  
landscape, than unbelief for divine things, when it  
interposes between them and our souls."  
"The stern and heroic qualities of man, demand for  
their support that profound lowliness of spirit which  
is, to some people, opposed to the grandest develop-  
ments."  
"The grief which yields to despair over the tomb of  
the departed—immolating all remaining ties—is not  
the Christian's grief, nor is it acceptable to the Father  
who sees fit to chastise his erring children."

"If we would turn a deaf ear to the tale of scandal,  
breathe the spirit of charity from our lips; and from  
our hearts let the rich gustings of human kindness  
swell up as a fountain, the 'golden age' would be-  
come a fiction, and the island of the blessed bloom in  
more than Hesperian beauty."  
"—LA DESTINE," a fair Gossamer, furnishes as  
a conclusion on a pleasant little incident, which  
we trust may call the attention of the fair sex to  
the fact that water is an excellent medium for  
navigation, for all vessels; the "weaker vessel"  
included.

HOW NAN LEARNED TO SWIM.

A few evenings since, a neighbor (we live in the  
country, dear Gossips) was entertaining us with some  
amusing anecdotes of her favorite sister—said sister,  
being at the time, not a thousand miles off. When  
they first came to this country, being in humble cir-  
cumstances, they never let an opportunity pass un-  
improved that could honestly add to their frugal store  
of necessities. And Nanette being an intrepid lassie,  
used to spend hours catching drift-wood from the  
swollen bosom of the Ohio. On one occasion, taking  
her iron-hooked stick, Nanette left the cottage; and,  
to her mother's warning: "Nannie, thee'd better not  
be gone to the water, thee'd surely be drowned!" she  
gaily replied: "Nay, mother, I was no born to be  
drowned!"

A few moments after, incautiously leaning too far  
over the embankment, Nanette found herself very un-  
expectedly enjoying the luxury of a cold bath in the  
swollen waters. Her first thought was audaciously ex-  
pressed: "Swim, Nan, or thee's gone a-sinker!" And  
with remarkable presence of mind, she commenced  
padding her way through waves and timber, and  
succeeded in scrambling up the bank just as the dis-  
tracted old lady reached it; the latter wringing her  
hands, cried:  
"O! Nannie, Nannie! I told thee, thee wad be  
drown'd!"  
"Nay, mother, I'm na drown'd, but I ha got a dook-  
in!" said Nannie, apparently but little disconcerted  
by her plunge in the turbulent waters of the mighty  
river.  
The incident being true, and told without embellish-  
ment, caused us to look with more than our usual ad-  
miration on the fair and really pretty face of the  
courageous Nannie.

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

BY WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

Ho! pretty page with dimpled chin,  
That never has known the barber's sheen,  
All your aim is woman to win—  
That is the way that boys begin—  
Wait till you come to forty year.  
Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,  
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
Under Bonnybell's window panes—  
Wait till you come to forty year.  
Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;  
Grizzly hair the brain doth clear;  
Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Oaco you have come to forty year.

Fledge me around, I bid ye declare,  
All good fellows whose hearts are gray,  
Did not the fairest of the fair  
Common grow, and wearisome, ere  
Even a month had passed away?  
The reddest lips that ever have kissed,  
The brightest eyes that ever have shined,  
May pray and whisper, and we not list,  
Or look away and never be missed,  
Ere yet even a month was gone.

Gillian's dead, heaven rest her bier,  
How I loved her twenty years ago!  
Marion's married, but I sit here  
Alive and merry at forty year,  
Dipping my nose in Gascon wine.

BURY THE HATCHET.

A dark and savage warrior band,  
Held council in that far off land,  
Where sinks the pretty sun to rest,  
In flower-gem'd prairies of the west.  
The pine-branch blazed; its ruddy light  
Showered chief with spear and plume of white;  
And lit the brow of such an old,  
Whose days an hundred years had told.  
"Give us thy blessing,  
And let us go,  
To lay in dust  
Our pile-fused foe."

Out spake the patriarch gray and old;  
The love of war in his heart was cold;  
"I heard in midnight's whispering breeze,  
In the low murmuring of the trees,  
And in the war-bird's chastened cry,  
A mighty voice from yonder sky;  
'Man lives but once, the spirit said;  
Pale Peace is brother to the Red.'  
Bury the hatchet,  
Bury it low;  
Under the greensward,  
Under the snow."

Answered the warriors brave and strong,  
"Behold, O sire, our shame and wrong!  
We gave the white a brother's hand;  
We shared with him our home and land;  
Back with a traitor hand he came,  
Our fields and wigwams bathed in flame;  
Our fathers slain for vengeance cry."  
Still did the sachem old reply:  
"Bury the hatchet,  
Bury it low;  
Under the greensward,  
Under the snow."

And shall that dark-souled Indian sire  
Grown old mid strife, and blood, and fire,  
Love's lesson hear in Nature's voice,  
And in the Spirit's will rejoice,  
While he who avell beneath his wing,  
Who sing the song that angels sing,  
Strive with each other fierce and long,  
Battling for right with spirit wrong?  
Bury the hatchet,  
Bury it low;  
Under the greensward,  
Under the snow! J. D. C.

OH! COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME.

Mrs. Swisshelm says that the following is the best  
anti-bacchanal song she has ever seen—and we presume  
she has seen a good many. From Anacreon down to  
Moore, the songs of the poets have flowed in praise  
of wine. In our day the bards are silent on that  
theme, but they have not yet got inspired on cold win-  
ter. There are few temperance songs whose moral  
is not decidedly superior to their poetical merit:

SONG.

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Oh! comrades fill no glass for me  
To drown my soul in liquid flame;  
For if I drank, the toast should be—  
To blighted fortune, health and fame.  
Yet, though I long to quell the strife  
That passion holds against my life,  
Still boon companions may ye be,  
But comrades fill no glass for me!

I know a breast that once was light,  
Whose patient sufferings need my care—  
I know a heart that once was bright,  
But drooping hopes have nestled there.  
Then, while the tear-drops nightly steal  
From wounded hearts that I should heal,  
Though boon companions ye may be,  
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me!

When I was young, I felt the tide  
Of aspirations undimmed;  
But manhood's years have wrung the pride  
My parents centred in their child.  
Then by a mother's sacred tear,  
By all that memory should revere,  
Though boon companions ye may be,  
Oh! comrades fill no glass for me!

When I was young, I felt the tide  
Of aspirations undimmed;  
But manhood's years have wrung the pride  
My parents centred in their child.  
Then by a mother's sacred tear,  
By all that memory should revere,  
Though boon companions ye may be,  
Oh! comrades fill no glass for me!

COUNTRY WORK-SONG.—BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

Up and away!  
The sun shines bright;  
Work in the day,  
Sleep in the night.  
While sluggards sleep  
The rank weeds grow;  
Harvests they reap  
Who plough and sow.  
Drones increase sorrow;  
Lazily they  
Leave till to-morrow  
Work of to-day.  
Wretched the shirkers!  
Joyous are we—  
Happy the workers,  
Healthy and free.

Farmers go singing  
Forth to their farms,  
Glad they come bringing  
Sheaves in their arms.  
Hoping, the sower  
Soweth the seed;  
Joyful, the mower  
Moweth the mead.  
Sneethly the plough  
Turns the sod over,  
Row after row,  
Covering the clover.  
Soon the corn springs,  
(Law is not fickle),  
Soon the heart sings  
Plying the sickle.

Borne on the gales,  
Sound, clear and sweet,  
Threshers' loud flails  
Threshing the wheat.  
Threshers keep time  
Steady and strong,  
Flailing the rhymo  
Of a rustic song.

Laughing, the grain  
Leaps from the sheaves,  
Falls as the rain  
Falls on the leaves.  
Hark! how the mill,  
Sunshine or rain,  
Works with a will,  
Grinding the grain!  
Round goes the wheel  
Covered with foam,  
Out comes the meal  
On its way home.

Smiles the old miller  
In the mill door,  
Fills up the tiller,  
Thinks of the poor.

THE BOYS ARE GONE TO THE WAR.

BY M. L. DURNES.

The sun shone forth in his splendor,  
And pleasant and clear was the day,  
And it will long be remembered,  
As the day our friends went away.  
'es, went to uphold the old banner,  
We must hold every broad stripe and star;  
ow dry your tears, mother, don't murmur,  
Though the boys are gone to the war.  
id you press your warm lips to his forehead,  
And whisper "God-speed you! good bye!"  
r picture the battle and carnage,  
And say, "my boy surely will die!"  
id you think of our national emblem,  
That waves over the blue sea afar,  
nd say, "though hard is the struggle,  
I will not hold you back from the war."

the days of the old revolution,  
Few Liberty our forefathers fought;  
nd shall we not sustain the old standard,  
By the blood of our ancestors bought?  
hall the flames of rebellion spread o'er us,  
And tinge our broad land wide and far?  
o, never, while heaven's above us,  
If the boys all go to the war.

hen hold not your boy back, mother,  
Let him not see the tear in your eye;  
He will stand by the old spangled banner,  
Or upholding it, nobly will die.  
And when this rebellion is over,  
And sweet peace is sounding afar,  
May it please an Almighty Father,  
To return you your boy from the war.

RESIGNATION; OR, LABOR AND FORGET.

BY W. BRIDGES, ESQ.

We are too angry with our ill, and stay  
Out of the record to proclaim our grief,  
As if the human heart could find relief  
In every weary woe and idle lay.  
We underrate our strength, and seem a  
prey  
To hapless anguish, past all men's be-  
lief.  
This is the worst of sorrow, and the  
chief  
Sad stumbling on our short and toilsome  
way.  
It were a far more noble part to bear  
Our suffering meekly, even as we know  
The gentle birds will work and persevere,  
When cruel hands have wrought the  
overthrow  
Of home and love. To labor and forget!  
Shows higher nature than to pine and fret.

GOOD MANNERS, GOOD WILL, AND SOCIABILITY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

We should be glad to see a distinctly  
American school of good manners, in  
which all useless etiquettes were thrown  
aside, but every politeness adopted or  
invented which could promote sociabil-  
ity and easy exchange of good will and so-  
ciability. . . . Good sense and kind  
consideration for others should be the  
basis of every usage of polite life that is  
worth regarding. . . . Indeed, we  
have long thought that our country was  
old enough to adopt manners and et-  
iquettes of its own, based, like all other  
politeness, upon benevolence and common  
sense. To get rid of imported etiquettes  
is the first thing to do for American polit-  
eness.

LOVE OF QUIET.

Fortenelle says of Newton: "He was  
more desirous of remaining unknown, than  
of having the calm of life disturbed by  
these literary storms which Genius and  
Science attract about those who rise in  
valence."

ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Any proposition of acquaintance from  
one respectable American to another is a  
compliment to the receiver.

FIVE IMPORTANT FACTS, WORTH THE PRICE OF ONE THOUSAND ALMANACS.

A firm faith is one of the best dyna-  
mies; a good life is the best philosophy;  
a clear conscience the best law; honesty  
the only true policy; and temperance the  
best physique.

OH, WOULD THAT I HAD POWER TO CURE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, would that I had power to calm  
This throbbing heart of mine;  
The patience that would make me hear  
My griefs—and not repine;  
For from its deepest, secret coil,  
A whispering comes in mine,  
That tells my sad and dreary soul  
I nothing am to thee.

They tell me I am falling fast,  
And yet they know not why;  
They cannot think what 'tis that dims  
The lustre of mine eye;  
But, ah! I hear one, upon thy ear  
The painful truth must fall,  
I am not loved of thee, whose heart  
I prize above them all.

Ah me! how well a sunny smile  
A breaking heart may hide;  
How much of grief may be concealed  
Beneath a glance of pride;  
And often when they hand I clasp,  
This throbbing heart of mine  
Prays fervently for strength to bear  
Its griefs—and not repine.

So kind to thy mother—for to her  
My traces of sorrow be seen;  
Oh, pray, may I see her again,  
For joyous and kind hath she been.  
Remember, my mother—for now her is old,  
With a heart of God's love her breast;  
Be kind to thy mother, then, wherever her love  
Be kind to thy mother, then, wherever her love  
Be kind to thy mother, then, wherever her love  
Be kind to thy mother, then, wherever her love

Be kind to thy mother—for to her  
My traces of sorrow be seen;  
Oh, pray, may I see her again,  
For joyous and kind hath she been.  
Remember, my mother—for now her is old,  
With a heart of God's love her breast;  
Be kind to thy mother, then, wherever her love  
Be kind to thy mother, then, wherever her love  
Be kind to thy mother, then, wherever her love  
Be kind to thy mother, then, wherever her love

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

And thou must sail upon life's sea, a  
bucc,  
Eventful voyage. The wise may suffer  
wreck,  
The foolish must. Of ten, but be early  
wise!  
Learn from the mariner his skillful art,  
To ride upon the waves, and catch the  
breeze,  
And dare the threatening storm, and trace  
a path,  
Mid countless dangers, to the destined  
port.  
Unerringly secure. O! learn from him  
To station quick-eyed Prudence at his  
helm,  
To guard thy sail from Passion's midday  
blasts,  
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,  
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,  
Points to the light that changes not, in  
hours.

PATIENCE.

"I remember," says the celebrated Wes-  
ley, "bearing my father say to my mother,  
'How could you have the patience to tell  
that blackbird the same thing twenty times  
over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told  
him but nineteen times, I should have lost  
all my labor.'"

A SUMMARY EPICURUM.

Theodore Hook once, upon seeing a  
tax-collector, whose name was Winter,  
approach the jury he was with, got off  
the following homologue:  
Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;  
I advise you to give him whatever he asks;  
I advise you to give it without any flun-  
nery,  
For, though his name's WINTER, his ac-  
tions are SUMMERS.

IN A DILEMMA.

"Stranger, which is the way to—  
village?"  
"There's two roads," responded the  
 fellow,  
"Well, which is the best?"  
"An't much difference; both on 'em  
very bad. Take which you will, afore you  
get half way, you'll wish you'd tuck  
'other."

SPEND YOUR TIME WELL.

Spend your time in nothing which you  
know must be repented of. Spend it in  
nothing on which you might not pray for  
the blessing of God. Spend it in nothing  
which you could not review with a quiet  
conscience on your dying bed. Spend  
it in nothing which you might not safely and  
properly be found doing, if death should  
surprise you in the act.

AND WORK.

And work.  
And held the slave as me.  
Now holds him, at the market is  
On a plantation in Kentucky!  
Tom Knox, who swore in such a tone  
It fairly might be doubted whether  
It really was himself alone,  
Or Knox and Erben together,—  
Thus grown a very altered man,  
And, changing oaths for mild entreaty,  
Now recommends the Christian plan  
To savages in Otaheite!

Aha, for young ambition's vow,  
How various Fate may overthrow it—  
Poor HARVEY is in Congress now,  
Who struggled long to be a poet;  
Sum curves (quite well) memorial stanzas,  
Who tried in vain to make the law go;  
HALL deals in hides; and "Pious Jones"  
is dealing fare in Chicago!  
And, sadder still, the brilliant HAY,  
Once honest, manly, and ambitious,  
Has taken latterly to ways,  
Extremely profligate and vicious;  
By slow degrees—I can't tell how—  
He's reached in last the very groundsel,  
And in New York he figures now,  
A member of the Continuum Council!

Be kind to thy father—for he'll soon  
Be kind to thy father—for he'll soon  
Be kind to thy father—for he'll soon  
Be kind to thy father—for he'll soon

Be kind to thy father—for he'll soon  
Be kind to thy father—for he'll soon  
Be kind to thy father—for he'll soon  
Be kind to thy father—for he'll soon











## THE NEW PREACHER.

The advent of a new preacher in a village community is always an important event to the people under his charge, and his first visits among the families of his congregation are looked forward to with great interest. When he enters a house the family is called together to be introduced; all the children are brought to him, as in our illustration on page 324, for the friendly word of greeting and kind admonition; and before he leaves all are made to feel that they shall love and trust him.

The life of a preacher, especially in the country, is always one of labor, and almost always one of self-sacrifice to others. If faithful to his high trust, he bears the burdens and shares the sorrows of his flock, after the great example of the Divine Master whose servant and follower he is. His task is to relieve in suffering, comfort in distress, uphold the weak, reclaim the erring, and to guide and instruct all. To how many thousands of such good men, whose life is passed in working for others, may be applied Goldsurn's exquisite description of a faithful country pastor in *The Deserted Village*:

"A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

Beside the bed where pining life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns displayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."





MARRIED.

In this town, 15th inst., at the North Congregational Church, by Rev. Louise S. Baker and Rev. F. Bowler, Mr. Arthur J. Clough, of Boston, and Miss Sarah C. Robinson, daughter of Henry D. Robinson, of this town.  
In San Francisco, 10th inst., Henry Mac Lean Martin, of Boston, and Carrie Colton Cook, daughter of the late David Colton, Esq., of San Francisco.  
In Boston, 17th inst., by the Rev. O. P. Gifford, Mr. Charles L. Crawford and Miss Grace Lavina Cobb, daughter of Mr. Oliver Cobb, all of Boston.

DIED.

In this town, 15th inst., Frank A., son of John, Jr., and Nellie W. Williams, aged 8 years, 11 months, 12 days.  
In this town, 17th inst., Charles C. Macy, aged 75 years, 8 days.  
In San Francisco, Oct. 27th, Mary Louisa Mitchell, wife of Samuel H. Mitchell, and daughter of Moses Barnard, a native of Nantucket, aged 36 years, 3 months.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

MARRIED.

In this town, 8th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by J. J. Sullivan, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. L. S. Baker, W. Frank Hayward of Falmouth and Emma F. Chinery of this town.  
In Hopedale, 3d inst., by Rev. Charles M. Hall, Mr. Thomas N. M'Can, Jr., of Milford, formerly of this town, and Miss Lizzie Gilman, of Hopedale.

DIED.

In San Francisco, 14th ult., Isabell F., wife of W. B. Higgins, a native of Nantucket, aged 45 years and 7 months.  
In Campello, 4th inst., Josiah W. Kingman, aged 83 years.  
In New Bedford, 9th inst., Florence C., only daughter of George W. and Isabel F. Pinkham, aged 2 years and 5 months.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

DIED.

In this town, 2d inst., Charlotte C., wife of Thomas Ray, aged 56 years.  
In Boston, 25th ult., William M. Dunham, formerly of this town, aged 53 years.  
Lost overboard, March 13th, from schooner Matthew Turner on way from San Francisco to Alaska, Ferdinand A., son of the late Joseph P. and Mary Sylvia, aged 34 years, 3 months, 27 days.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

MARRIED.

In this town, 25th inst., by Allen Coffin, Esq., Benjamin F. Burdick and Susan R. Ellis, both of Nantucket.  
In Philadelphia, 18th inst., by Rev. J. Herold, Mr. Ellery B. Folger and Miss Ada W. Huntzinger, both of Philadelphia.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

GENEROUS.—New pulpit furniture for the Pleasant Street Baptist Church has been received by the society, the centre chair having been donated by Frank A. Brown & Co., of 87 Union street, Boston, and two handsome black walnut chairs being the gift of Webster, Folger & Co., 41 Washington street, Boston. Mr. F. S. Rollins, who recently contributed substantially to the church's adornment, was instrumental in securing the gifts, which are highly appreciated by the society.

DIED.

In this town, 29th ult., Nancy, widow of Jonathan Freeman, aged 79 years.  
In this town, 29th ult., Harriet, widow of Cyrus Peirce, aged 90 years, 3 months, 3 days.  
In Newport, 23d ult., Anne Maria, wife of Charles L. Stanhope, and daughter of the late Capt. Lewis Adams, of New Bedford, aged 55 years, 3 months, 26 days.  
At Richfield Springs, N. Y., 27th ult., Mary G., wife of Charles B. Hatch, of New York, aged 69 years, 6 months.  
In Milford, Mass., 29th ult., Lydia P., wife of Samuel H. Gardner, formerly of this town, aged 49 years.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1884.

MARRIED.

In Boston, 23d ult., by Rev. D. M. Wilson, M. Lewis Crosby to Mary W. Turner.

DIED.

In this town, 30th ult., Edward C. Morris, aged 72 years.  
In Fall River, 26th ult., at the residence of her sister, of consumption, Annie Caril, wife of Charles D. Coffin, of Boston.  
In New Bedford, 27th ult., Wallace Allen, son of Lydia H. and the late William H. Farnham, aged 33 years, 8 months.

NOVEMBER 8, 1884.

MARRIED.

In this town, 29th ult., at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. Henry Bond, Albert M. West, of Boston, and Lynda S., daughter of the late Timothy Kelloy, of this town.  
In this town, 1st inst., by Rev. H. F. Bond, at the parsonage, John R. Sylvia and Amelia E. Phelan, both of this town.  
In this town, 4th inst., by Rev. F. Bowler, Alonzo D. Fisher and Margaret MacQueen.  
In this town, 6th inst., by Rev. F. Bowler, assisted by Miss L. S. Baker, Mr. George N. Hall, of New Bedford, and Miss Lillian M. Allen, of this town.  
In this town, 6th inst., by Rev. D. Round, Edward A. Harris, of Fitchburg, Mass., and Lizzie S. B. Ray, of this town.  
In New York City, 23th ult., at the Church of the Messiah, by the Rev. Robert Collyer, Francis Newberry Holbrook and Julia Macy, daughter of Josiah G. Macy, Esq., all of New York.

DIED.

In this town, 4th inst., Lydia Maria, aged 7 years, 7 months, 7 days; 5th inst., John Murray, aged 3 years, 8 months, 6 days; children of James O. and Sarah E. Francis.  
Their hands have clasped a golden lyre,  
Their feet have passed the pearly gates;  
And we, with weary, fainting hearts,  
Press onward where our loved ones wait.  
In New York City, 31st ult., Mrs. Virginia L. Farragut, wife of the late Admiral Farragut, aged 51 years.

DIED.

In Quartz Mountain, Sonora, Cal., Mrs. Charlotte H. Morgan, daughter of the late George Murphy, of this town, aged 61 years.  
In New Bedford 25th ult., Mary C., widow of Henry C. Chase, aged 90 years, 7 months.

MARRIED

In Ukiah City, Cal., Oct. 18th, Mr. James B. Morse, formerly of this town, to Miss Sarah Eliza Quisenberry of Iowa.  
In Pittsfield, Mass., Thursday, Nov. 8th, at First Congregational Church, by Rev. Jonathan L. Jenkins, William H. Talcott, of New York, to Mrs. Mary H. Macy, of Boston, formerly of this town.

DIED.

In this town, 12th inst., Emily Jane, daughter of George H. and Eunice A. Fisher, aged 6 years, 10 months, 21 days.  
In this town, 14th inst., Mr. William H. Myrick, son of William C. and Mary W. Myrick, aged 40 years, 4 months, 6 days.  
In this town, 14th inst., Winnie, daughter of Charles C. and Clara C. Taher, aged 3 years, 2 months.  
In this town, on Thursday evening last, James P., son of Patrick and Lizzie Keane, aged 4 years, 8 months and 9 days.  
In Buffalo, N. Y., 4th inst., Mrs. Mary Macy, widow of Hon. John B. Macy, aged 79 years, 8 months. They removed from here to New York City in 1824; from there to Buffalo, and formed the forwarding house of Smith & Macy, doing an extensive business with western merchants as likewise with those in eastern cities. This was in 1836.  
In South Boston, 8th inst., Lydia C., youngest daughter of Charles C. and Elizabeth M. Myrick, aged 20 years. The remains were brought to the island on the 29th inst., for interment.  
In Boston Highlands, 9th inst., Harrison Barker, youngest child of Alfred and Cordelia M. Barker, aged 7 years and 5 months.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

MARRIED.

In New Bedford, 16th inst., by Rev. S. Wright Butler, Edward P. Damon and Miss Minnie E. Gardner, both of that city.

DIED.

In this town, 21st inst., Martha A. Hull, widow of the late Alexander Hull, aged 80 years, 10 months.  
In Providence, 15th inst., suddenly, William H., youngest son of the late Timothy G. and Betsey Coffin, of New Bedford, in his 55th year.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1884.

MARRIED.

In St. John, N. B., 7th inst., by Rev. G. O. Armstrong, rector of St. Mark, Mr. Henry J. Derby, of Boston, and Miss Alice M. Voysey, of St. John.

DIED.

In Taunton Hospital, 9th inst., Henry Holmes, of this town.  
In this town, on Saturday last, Mr. Benjamin Chase, aged 90 years, 2 months.  
At Siasconet, on Tuesday morning last, Judith, widow of the late Hon. Barker Burnell, aged 86 years, 9 months.  
In this town, 16th inst., Mary Jane, wife of Thomas F. Sandshury, aged 45 years.

DIED.

In this town, 30th ult., Alice, infant daughter of Judah and Mary E. Nickerson.

Lat 42° 58' 9" N. Long 70° 55' 9" W.  
Saturday the 10  
and pleasant sailing  
saw the land at daylight  
at high tide, drifted to the wind heading  
off shore  
Lat 42° 58' 9" N.  
Sunday the 11  
Light winds and calms saw the harbor  
of Bayta at daylight











Bark Sea Queen in Port  
Wednesday the 21  
Pleasant Weather employ'd getting  
potatoes on Board so ended

Pleasant weather employ'd painting Larboard  
Watch came on Board.

Friday the 23  
Cloudy Weather employed getting potatoes

Saturday the 24  
Pleasant Weather at 4 P.M. got underway  
and stood out to sea by the wind

Sunday the 1<sup>st</sup>  
Pleasant weather Steering by the wind  
Land in sight & wore Ship at 5 P.M.

Monday, the 26<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather, the Captain on Board  
of the Elford Wayne  
Here on the 27<sup>th</sup>

Pleasant Weather at 11 AM saw the Ship  
 Edward Carey come to anchor at 1 PM. We saw  
 a Man of War of our lee bow at 4 PM the Capt  
 Went in to get the two Men that run away  
 but could not get them at 5 Stood off Shore

Congaree,  
Monday the 25  
Pleasant weather Steering by the wind  
Spoke the ship Congaree of New Bedford  
W M<sup>th</sup> 400 bbls

married  
the party.  
fully: "Talk  
are not in it! I  
will supply 18 gro  
many children with all the  
they eat." Mr Howel  
out and make a visit by  
to the community o  
cents a day.

... has an odd system  
 ... cards. The a ... ge ra  
 ... atch the ... new  
 \$2 ... est  
 ya ... 326.87 ... 1 in w  
 \$24 ... d 1 ... e) ...  
 ... 4



TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1898. 2021

## STIRRING MONTH.

February Events Came  
Crowded Close.

Each Day Has Cost Lives, Suffering and Money.

First Was the Blizzard in  
New England.

Boston Firemen Died Five  
Days Later.

De Lome Departed and the  
Maine Went Down.

February, 1898, will long linger in memory as a remarkable month. Born amid a snowstorm and gale which blockaded this city, destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of property on land, sank ships at sea and sacrificed the lives of many sailors, it has just expired with the nation threatened with war with a foreign country. Not a day of the 28 has passed without the recording of some tragic event or some incident bordering on the sensational. A bare statement of facts in their sequence is sufficient to strike public attention without any flowery description. No reference is made under the different dates to the great cotton mill struggle in New Bedford which started in January and is still going on with the advent of March.

Feb 1—Boston was in the grasp of the most tremendous storm of a decade. Theater parties and dancers had spent the previous night in street and steam cars stalled in huge drifts. Communication by rail and wire was completely cut off. Vessels had been driven ashore and the bodies of the crews were somewhere in the surf. The money loss was conservatively estimated at \$1,500,000.

Feb 2—Twelve dead sailors were picked up at Baker's island, four at Gloucester and five at Nahant.

Two wrecks were reported at Plymouth, but they were without loss of life.

The Globe substituted all day for the New York "tucker," and furnished quotations to the Boston stock exchange.

Feb 3—An early morning train from Concord, Mass., crashed into a Stoneham local on the southern division of the Boston & Maine railroad at Winter Hill station. Two cars were telescoped and 140 passengers received injuries more or less serious.

William H. Bird, for 11 years bookkeeper of the Framingham savings bank, was arraigned on a charge of embezzling \$10,000.

Feb 4—The Ayer express crashed into a local train on the Fitchburg railroad at Porters station, injuring two passengers.

Mysterious suicide of "Miss L. S. Petterson" of New York by inhaling gas at Young's hotel; the mystery was cleared away after several days of investigation.

Annie McBride, station agent at Fresh Pond, on the Watertown branch of the Fitchburg road, looked into a revolver while a colored man robbed the till. The woman was threatened with death if she moved.

Feb 5—That day occurred the most appalling fire that this city has seen in years. Six Boston firemen, including a district chief, a captain and a lieutenant, fell with the floors of the burning building on Merrimack st. and five hours later were taken dead from the ruins. Several members of the department were injured so that their removal to the hospitals was necessary.

Feb 6—The Globe announced that it had started a fund for the widows, the children and the dependent mothers of the dead firemen, which has since mounted high into the thousands of dollars.

The Highland Park hotel at Aiken, S. C., was burned in the early morning, the 150 guests, among whom were many New England residents, barely escaping in their night clothing.

Feb 7—Zola's trial began in Paris. Alfred C. Williams, charged with the murder of John Gullo, was placed on trial at Salem.

Rudolph New, aged 16, hanged himself on the fire escape of the Webb building in Roslindale.

Feb 8—Masses of requiem were said in the churches for the dead heroes of the Boston fire department.

Mason of Illinois introduced a resolution in the U S senate asking the president to notify Spain that the war in Cuba must be ended at once.

Hon James E. Hayes died.

Feb 9—Decision reached to take official notice of the letter written by Senor de Lome, the Spanish minister, in which he accused the president of the United States of duplicity and termed him a petty politician.

Announcement of the assassination of Jose Maria Reina Barrios, president of Guatemala.

De Lome having cabled his resignation in a hurry, the government at Washington demanded that the government at Madrid recall him.

Biggest fire in the history of Pittsburgh resulted in the sacrifice of 16 lives and

more than \$1,000,000 in money. A score or more persons were injured.

Feb 10—De Lome's resignation was accepted by the Spanish government.

Feb 11—A burglar gave his pursuers an exciting chase in Dorchester, firing shots at civilians and officers in the course of his flight.

Williams found guilty of murder in the first degree at Salem.

Feb 12—First news of the sinking at sea of the Veendam of the Holland-American steamship line. Half a thousand persons were taken off by the St Louis.

Patrolman Horton shot in the back by a stranger in Dorchester.

Feb 13—James Stevenson, millionaire real estate operator, died at Old Point Comfort.

Feb 14—Thirteen New England railroad employes were locked in the city prison on warrants charging them with obtaining money under false pretenses.

Car on the Lynn & Boston street railway crashed into a freight train at the grade crossing of the Boston & Albany in Chelsea and two passengers were injured.

The Spanish government disavowed the De Lome letter and that incident was ended.

Feb 15—The U S battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, 250 American sailors being killed. The money loss was \$5,000,000. The news astounded and thrilled the whole world. Its echo is still to be heard in every breeze that blows. Was it an accident? Was it treachery? Does it mean war? Those questions were on every tongue and they remain unanswered at the present time.

Feb 16—Senor de Lome, the Spanish minister, sailed from New York for home aboard the steamer Britannic.

Two barges were wrecked off Chatham shores and the life savers could find no trace of their crews.

Feb 17—A colored desperado shot the station agent at Tower Hill, on the central Massachusetts division of the B & M, and robbed the money drawer. He was captured.

Heavy snowfall and wind blowing 60 miles an hour in many portions of Maine and Vermont. Trains were stalled.

Feb 18—Congress appropriated \$200,000 for the raising of the wrecked battleship.

Every policeman was ordered on duty in New York in anticipation of the arrival of the Spanish war vessel Vizcaya.

Miss Frances E. Willard, founder of the world's W. C. T. U., died.

Feb 19—Spanish battleship Vizcaya lay at anchor in the fog off Sandy hook, awaiting an opportunity to steam into the upper harbor.

State department at Washington declared that it would make the original and independent investigation as to the cause of the explosion at Havana. Gave out a refusal to grant a joint inquiry.

Billy Seelman, the sweet singer of the stage, died.

Feb 20—The Vizcaya went through the Narrows, Staten island, being saluted by one of the forts in New York harbor. Guard thrown about her day and night to prevent any possibility of another international explosion.

Feb 21—The photographs of the wreck of the Maine were shown in The Globe, giving the people of New England the actual details of the scene in the harbor at Havana.

The U S naval board of inquiry began to take testimony at Havana. Raining for hours in Boston, and so hard that locomotives, plowing through water, looked as if they rolled on rails laid on river beds.

Feb 22—George W. Simons, well-known Boston merchant, was found at his summer home at Little Nahant with a rifle ball in his heart.

Loss of the British ship Asia and 20 men on Great Round shoal, Nantucket, was reported.

Feb 23—Zola was found guilty in Paris and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. Talk in the U S senate of a threatened war with Spain.

Feb 24—Senator Proctor in Key West, supposed to be on a secret mission for McKinley.

Feb 25—The Spanish battleship Vizcaya left New York and the city and country breathed easier.

See Long admitted there was danger, saying that our relations with Spain were critical.

Unofficially given to the press that an indemnity of \$25,000,000 would be demanded of Spain.

Recruiting of seamen ordered at the Charlestown navy yard.

Frank H. Sleeper, another prominent Boston merchant, killed himself by shooting at his place of business on India st.

Feb 26—The Vanderbilts, Lorillards and Goellets started to remove their valuables from the palatial residences at Newport because of fear of war.

Three thousand workmen paraded and cried for work and bread in the streets of Salamanca, Spain.

Sec Long called on congress for more ships and more men.

La Champagne, the French ocean liner, with hundreds of passengers on board, several days overdue, reported to be drifting with a broken shaft on the banks of Newfoundland and towed into Halifax the following day.

Feb 27—Surviving sailors and passengers of the British steamer Legislator landed in Boston, bringing the news that the vessel was burned on the 13th, 700 miles west of the Azores, six of her crew having been drowned.

Feb 28—The coast defenses of the United States east and west being prepared for anything that may happen in the future.

The naval board of inquiry on the Maine wreck resumes the taking of testimony, this time in Key West.

### WHAT IT WOULD MEAN.

In its answer to a correspondent who declared that he was in a quandary as to the effect of free silver, the New York Herald summed up the case in this significant declaration:

"Free, unlimited and independent coinage at 16 to 1" would mean dollars worth only 53 cents. The wage earner and the man on salary would be paid in these, thus cutting his income down nearly one-half, and every debtor could pay his creditor with these depreciated dollars. If it ever became evident that the American people were so dishonest and so foolish as to adopt such a policy there would be a rush to anticipate its effects. The six hundred millions gold in the country would at once be hoarded or exported, and this enormous contraction would precipitate a panic, with all its dread sequel of prostrated business, idle industries and unemployed labor. In the crash and in the subsequent readjustment to the depreciated currency the rich would get richer, the poor would be poorer than ever, and it would require a generation of organized agitation to bring back wages to their present relative purchasing power.

Certain it is that the American wage-earner, more than any other, is interested in having the silver question settled right.

*Prer*  
*wincl*  
*tuck*  
*er*  
*xington*  
*ten*

*Backs*  
*the 9*  
*Co. by N.*  
*the 10*  
*E S E*



Remarks on Board Bark Sea Lween  
May

Tuesday the 11 1852

Pleasant weather Steering W by NW  
at 5 P.M. saw Spinn Whales off the lee quarter  
going to the windward very quick lowered and  
chased them until dark but did not get any  
Hoods Island in sight 4 points of the lee bow

Wednesday the 12

Rainy weather Steering by the wind to  
the S W saw a sail off the lee bow spoke  
the President off Antucket and a hog

Thursday the 13

Pleasant weather Steering S W gaming with  
the President saw Blackfish

Friday the 14

Pleasant weather Steering N E saw a  
sail off our weather bow

~~President~~ Saturday the 15

Pleasant weather heading S S W by the wind  
gaming with the President and Charles  
of New Bedford

Sunday the 16

Pleasant weather Steering by the wind  
nothing in sight

Monday the 17

Pleasant weather heading W by S  
Chatham Island in sight

Tuesday the 18

Cloudy weather with some squalls of rain  
at 11 A.M. saw a Ship Whaling run for her  
and saw the Whales coming to windward  
lowered for them but they got to windward  
of us and we did not get any the President  
struck one and lost him so ends these 34 hours



Cruising off, Hood's Island  
May 1852

Wednesday the 19

Pleasant weather two sails in sight on bent  
the mainsail to make it larger.

Thursday the 20

Pleasant weather wore ship at 9 A.M. and  
bent the mainsail

Friday the 21

Pleasant weather blowing fresh on bent the  
Sib and foresail to put two cloths in them  
bent them again at 5 P.M.

Saturday the 22

Pleasant weather gaming with the President

Sunday the 23

Pleasant weather gaming with the President

Monday the 24

Pleasant weather saw Chatham Island  
in company with the President

Tuesday the 25

Pleasant weather saw black fish and Hood's Island

Wednesday the 26

Pleasant weather nothing in sight  
broke out for beef and water

Thursday the 27

Pleasant weather gaming with the President  
and spoke a Spanish Brig

Friday the 28

Pleasant weather saw the President and  
run across her stern and spoke her but did  
not gam that night



Remarks On Board the Bark Sea Queen

Saturday the 29

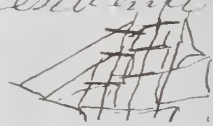
Pleasant weather steering by the wind heading  
S S W saw nothing

Sunday the 30

Pleasant weather steering by the wind to the Eastward  
saw nothing

Monday the 31

Pleasant weather gaming with the President



Tuesday the 1

Tuesday the 1

Appa

Pleasant weather gamed with the President and  
Appa Maria of Nantucket. Charles Island in sight

Wednesday the 2



Eugene

Pleasant weather off South head gaming with  
the Eugene of New Bedford Capt Wood

Thursday the 3

Pleasant weather ran down by South head  
and hefted her off. Barbara gaming with the Eugene

Friday the 4

Pleasant weather run off and sighted Redondo  
Rock at 5 P.M. hefted her off North head  
saw a sail to leeward

Saturday the 5

Pleasant with light winds and calms the  
the Rock about 9 miles off. lowered one Boat and  
went in a fishing was gone about five hours  
and catched a Boat load

Sunday the 6

Pleasant weather steering S E by E  
broke out for salt to salt the fish and filled  
the butt with water saw two sails



Cruising Around the Gallapagos Islands  
Sun the 7. 1852

Monday the 7

Pleasant weather Steering E by N  
Saw Abington Island off the weather beam

Tuesday the 8

Pleasant weather Steering E by N saw  
three sail gannet with the President

Wednesday the 9

Rainy weather Steering to the Eastward  
nothing in sight

Thursday the 10

Cloudy weather Steering to the Eastward  
nothing in sight

Friday the 11

Cloudy weather tacked Ship to Southward  
and Westward Nothing in sight

Saturday the 12

Pleasant weather Steering by the wind  
to the S. W. broke out for Flour and Water

Sunday the 13

Pleasant Steering to the S. W. nothing in sight

Monday the 14

Cloudy weather nothing in sight

Tuesday the 15

Pleasant weather saw Hood's Island off  
the lee bow gannet with the ship  
Harbinger of West Port lost the run of  
her in the evening and the Captain  
had to stay on Board of her all night



Harbinger







**MAINE DISASTER.**—At an early hour Tuesday morning Clark announced a three-masted schooner ashore near the Surf-side life-saving station, and in a short time people began to gather on the beach, eager to see or assist. But there was nothing for them to see except the noble vessel lying nearly high and dry on the sands, and assistance was not required, as the life-saving men had looked after the shipwrecked mariners hours before, and were hospitably entertaining them in their snug quarters but a few hundred yards away. The vessel was lying quietly at the time, the sea having subsided, though the raging surf on the rip just off shore gave a hint of the terrific rage that had prevailed.

At the station we gleaned the following facts concerning the stranding of the vessel and the rescue of her crew, which, it is evident, was one of the best pieces of shore work by a life-saving crew on record, and speaks well for the excellent discipline and cool-headedness of the men.

About 11, P. M., patrolman Eugene Olsby was returning from the western heat to the station, when his watchful eye detected a vessel's light through the mist in close proximity to the eastern end of Mineomet rip. He hastened to set off a warning light, but after two or three attempts failing to ignite it, and seeing he was losing valuable time, he hastened to the house and "called all hands," hurrying out again and setting off his light, but it was too late, as the unfortunate craft was then nearly upon the beach. The men quickly gathered, and ascertaining what their apparatus would be necessary, hastened to the station and hauled the hand-cart rapidly to the spot.

The surf was raging with terrific fury, completely enveloping the vessel at times, and the men in the black darkness were compelled to keep high upon the beach. The tall masts could be discerned, wringing and twisting, threatening to go over the side at any moment. After a time it was found that the crew had all taken refuge in the lee mizzon rigging, and Capt. Veeder then shot a line over the jib stay, throwing it thus far forward to avoid hitting any person on board. But none of the poor fellows in the rigging dared to leave to secure the line. Finally patrolman Williams, selecting a smooth time, rushed down with a hand-line, and succeeded in hauling it safely upon the bow.

The sailors were then made to understand this fact, and when the sea was calm for a few seconds, carefully made their way forward and secured the line, hauling it in and making fast. But they being at work with but the feeble lights of their side lanterns, could not see that a tail-block was fast to the line, and it again required much shouting to make them continue hauling. When the block came in sight, their quick sailor eyes apparently brightened, and they knew at once what should be done. Making it fast to the capstan, the word was shouted to those on shore, and it was but the work of a very few moments to whip off a hawser and arrange the breeches buoy for hauling the eager seamen. The sea rolled the vessel so that the hawser could not be kept taught, and as she would lurch

**NANTUCKET, Dec. 8.**—The summer visitors and the summer guests are gone. The tern, wiser than the tourists, lingered later. Through September and into October, even so late as November, their white wings waved about the wharves. Gulls and other visitors that went with August, made a mistake; we had little seasonable weather before September. And the later months have been as pleasant as the summer ones were all unlovely. Fog, drizzle and rain, when we should have had sun, but since then weather that could not have been better had it been made to order. Even the days of December have so far been brimming with a beauty that in vain you looked for in those of July. But only the winter gulls are with us now, wise, gray-headed old fellows, like myself, who know what is what and contrive to have a good time in a quiet way without cackling about it. For, for one, am not sorry that the summerers are gone. Their voices were cheerful and their plumage was gay, but they were always around picking up things, and they didn't like to be shot at.

The beauty of the island just now is in its loneliness; what spoils most places is people. I am always discouraged when the oldest inhabitant starts in on me with the inevitable: "You should have seen this place thirty or forty years ago, sir. The wharves which are now tumbling to pieces, were then insufficient to accommodate the shipping which lay in the harbor. What with teams and drays, you could hardly get through the lower part of Main street. We had twenty-five or thirty oil and candle factories, going then, and rope-walks and cooper's shops, lakeries for ship-bread; blacksmiths' shops, forging harpoons for the wharves, I don't remember which, and there was a brass foundry too." But I had rather than not be able to get through Main street when I want to. At present I have no need of a rope-walk—one can get all the rope he wants to hang himself with by a walk into Willie Mosier's! And I can get along on a pinch without a brass foundry. To one of a quiet and respectable turn of mind Nantucket must have been rather an unpleasant residence in what are termed its "palmy days"—why palmy I do not know, since sperm oil and not palm was then the popular product. Nantucket has ever been famous, several miles around, for the honesty of its population, but I fancy that in the days of its greatest prosperity one would have found a few cheating owners sending confiding seamen to sea in ill-provisioned and not too staunch ships for a rather insufficient "lay." And the sailors' dance-houses, which as well as Quaker meeting-houses, had then a heyday of prosperity—with drunken sailors streaming through the streets, and the driving of hoops and the pounding on anvils (worse than the Sherman Drum Corps) with the smell of oil and burned crackers and pies in the air, would never have made the Nantucket of that day attractive to me or to Martin Luther. As before remarked, I have no use for a candle factory, a rope-walk, a cooper shop, nor a laker's—most especially not for a brass foundry!

The other evening we walked over to Brant Point—about ten minutes from the real "town." The sun had scarcely set, and already the lighthouse was setting up a feeble opposition. The Nantucket—a new hotel opened there last summer—now shut up and deserted, lay low and silent on the sand like a stranded foundry. The cottages all were closed and some of them boarded up and in like locked and deserted. (I did not mean like that of Thurlow Weed Barre, who has fortified his charming little sea-villa against a possible attack during his absence in Europe, but since the thing, like the boy's whistle, has done itself, let it stand.) The only living thing to be seen, save the light, was a loon. That loon's solitude had gotten so near to the shore in his solo performances and prankings that he could not escape by diving, and so had to cut for it. How he did swim!—was very like flying! And not a soul was to be seen on the bay. The white cottages on the cliffs to the westward seemed children's playhouses set on a shelf. The jelly—that intermediate stone wall which the Government is building for no other object as I can see, but that Harry Breed and myself may get on the wrong side of it in a fog—formed a line to the northward. Coarse, opposite, extended a long, naked arm and shook a bony fist at our faces as "twere a skeleton hower. No use now to seek that shore in quest of steamed clams and other delicacies of summer. As I small closed his doors a month or two ago, and you'll now find him sitting round the stove in Henry Padwick's paintshop, claiming against all reason, that the goney and the allbloss are not the same bird. Looking up the harbor not an inch of canvas whitened the long stretch of waters. The boats are all in the basin and their skippers in Captain Adams's. Underhill's Point and Accomack Head showed out plainly, but principally in the gray of the gloaming loomed up that mysterious castle, which Cushman Chadwick is veyring for some shadowy personage "off the island," a building, by the way, which causes so much wonderment and speculation as it is the palace of my neighbor. And all around me, at my feet, bowed the sea patient and loud cumbering. Is it strange that Mrs. Browning's lines came into mind?

"And I sought to think God's greatness  
Flowed around our incompleteness—  
Royal our righteousness His rest!"

**BRANT POINT** has much changed since you saw it two summers since. There stood on its sands only the lighthouse, an old barn, and a cottage not much larger than Dickey's doll-house. Now you see the hotel I spoke of, with its bathing houses and modern inconveniences; on the extremity of the point a fine and roomy cottage belonging to Mr. White, of Philadelphia; then the lighthouse; next one of the most comfortable of cottages, built by Mr. Barnes, partly from an old house dating a century or so back, that he bought in town and moved there. (The rafters and all the beams and timbers being built into the new. "I don't know whose ancestors they were, but I know whose they are," says the old gentleman in the "Pirates of Penzance.") Then comes the Tiny Tim place lately spoken of, belonging to Mr. Edwards; next a little but effective cottage which the architect of the Point, Mr. Hammond, evoked out of the old barn of former times; and then the palatial residence of Commodore Henry L. Breed, of Taunton, Mass., and the noble yacht Hilewell. It has been remarked, by the way, that if this redoubtable navigator run his house as he does his yacht, "keeping her off a little" when a big sea threatens to board him, those who go over in the early forenoon will find him some fine morning industriously busy at the pumps. Brant Point, as you may have guessed, got its name from a species of geese that frequented it in old times. And the number of newly married that flocked to its new hotel last summer passes computation, they tell me.

Give me Nantucket stripped for the winter, as it now is. The thirst of greed is not on the town, and people will stand and talk to you on coarces. The old windmill on the hill has typically settled down to stolidness, sobriety, and a daily grinding of corn, instead of lazily whirling its ragged arms, as it does in summer, for five cents a head. Sweet's—where you generally go for a thing when you can't find it in "Clisby's"—still displays its stuffs (why not suit a few of the other summer visitors and spare the more innocent, much prettier and quite as useful gulls?), and blazes with holiday goods. Everything exists simply by comparison, and the stores here at Christmas time make as much show in their windows and indulge in as much competition and give you quite as much for your money, comparatively, as in New York or Boston.

Nantucket has a charm for him that is fond of being on the water, even now that boating is done, which is being out at ship at sea, especially at night, when the wind blows. When the shingles shake you think his conflagration. And you are not very certain about finding yourself still at anchor when you wake. Were it not for Nantucket, which is down as best as out of one end of the island, and the South Shore, which serves as a sort of stream anchor at the other, I do believe that long before this Nantucket would have drifted and dragged in to lower latitudes. For she belongs there. Her climate has neither the heat in summer nor the cold in winter that appertains to the mainland up hereaway. This fall, so far as weather is concerned, she might be an outlying part of Florida, the pleasantest part of it—say the Indian River region.

It has always been my intention to tell you of the churches of Nantucket, but being only an attendant at the North Congregational—I did not want to seem invidious by omitting mention of the others. Loth to lose one of Miss Baker's sermons, I have put off going the rounds until, I fear, for even the old skippers agree with me in one thing, viz., that the season is about ended. There are two Quaker meeting-houses—one orthodox strictly and one not—a Roman Catholic chapel, an Episcopal, two Baptist, a Methodist, a Unitarian, and my before-mentioned North Congregational Church. This makes nine, you see, which is pretty well for a place that isn't so very wicked after all! The Unitarian Church is distinguished as The Bell Tower. It is from there that the ridiculous town-crier blows his horn when he first lights the steamboat, and from thence the ever-potent watchman gives the alarm of fire. Queer that the church which does not seem to fear fire in the next world should be the alarm in this! This same Unitarian church has the gilded dome which you see glowing in the sunlight as you enter the harbor. Not always has it been thus gloriously golden. But as Boston reared a shining gold-headed-headed dome aloft, why should not Nantucket? So one of the juvenile dories (for the benefit of Tuckerarmers let me explain that this means "gilded youth" only and nothing worse) of the island who acquired a rapid fortune by getting into Oregon and Transcontinental, and not forgetting in the hurry of business to get out gave the money for this glorification. Can it be of him those oft-quoted lines were written:

"Th' aspiring youth who gilded the Unitarian dome  
Outlives to fame the pious fops who reared it."

To return to the North Congregational church, I was going to say that I had never before heard a woman preach, when it occurred to me that there is one woman whom I have never heard do

much else. But certainly I have never before known a woman to be established as permanent preacher in a pulpit. And here it is proved beyond question that a woman's sphere is simply to do whatever she can do well. The fitness of Miss Baker for this position I have never heard any one gainsay. Firstly, Nature has fitted her for the work. Possessor of a dignified and graceful presence, an earnest and thoughtful face, a pleasing and well-modulated voice and a most reverent manner, her sermons are as well constructed as they are impressively delivered. There is no floridity of style; no much of self-control and impression, if anything. Never does she forget the dignity of her calling. But it is pleasant to see her face light up as she unfolds some truth which to her seems fraught with hope and promise. Of buoyancy in the pulpit and notes to amuse, as you can well imagine, there is none—this is left to men. And I wish that some of the eminent divines given to such diversions could sit at this woman's feet and learn to be reverent and respectful in the presence of which they prevail.

Miss Baker is a native Nantucketer. I do not know that she has ever preached elsewhere, and certainly she did not step into this pulpit with the shining minims of any theological seminary round her brow. And here in the very outset she encounters a difficulty which I am not sure that all appreciate. "Twere one thing to come here as a woman preacher" under the endorsing and protective shadow of some previous pulpit, and as a stranger. But what is said of no prophet being without honor save in his own country holds even more true of the prophetess, I fancy. Can you not hear some elder, who perhaps has held her as a child upon his knee, say "that girl?" while some opponent of woman suffrage, stepping out from his favorite "Madison" with nose turned up to the air as though he suited something in the sky worse than his own snout, says, "that woman?" If it be difficult for a woman to preach to men old enough to be her grandfathers, what must it be to preach to a congregation the members of which were mostly boys and girls with her, and who with her have grown up? One's walk must have been very straight indeed. For our school-fellows, all through life, are our severest critics, and doubt as they do when all the rest of the world is ready to worship and believe. It is your school-fellow who insists upon thrusting his hand into the wounds and seeing the prints of the nails. And I have sometimes fancied that Judas as well as Thomas sat in Judea with the Saviour on the same school bench.

Though Miss Baker has for a number of years filled the pulpit of this church, it is only lately that she has been ordained. Permitted to whisper consolation to the dying, she could not join in marriage—though I do not know that it is forbidden her to whisper consolation subsequently. That Miss Baker should be regularly ordained was decided upon at a meeting of the church last summer—and I had the pleasure of being present at the ceremony and of extending the right hand of fellowship, though not, myself, one of the regular deacons. For the moment I wished I were. For I would much like to have the simple but well-chosen and forcible words in which Deacon Folger, who was delegated for the duty, addressed the newly ordained put down to my credit. And it was touching to see our deacon joy—an octogenarian and the oldest member of the congregation—come forward and hail as his pastor the very girl whom thirty years ago he may have helped across a mud-puddle as she toddled to school. There's some fun in being a deacon, after all.

Standing there in the pulpit, with her fine face all aglow, this "pastress" has seemed to me the very personification of faith. Yet I regret to say that in private life I have never found her possessed of sufficient faith to accept my invitation for a sail in the Black Lady of a summer afternoon. Even when there has been but the mildest breeze on the waters—a sort of subdued and mitigated Episcopalian zephyr, nothing ritualistic about it—not even under these conditions has she shown a sublime faith by soiling foot in my blessed Black Lady. And though persuaded of the truthfulness of my pastress, I have sometimes wondered whether there were indeed a prayer meeting or a gathering together of the deacons in the vestry set for those particular afternoons or evenings on which I happened to issue my invitations!

Before closing my sermon—beg pardon, it is hard for me to get away from the pulpit if I go anywhere near it—before closing these not brief but I trust not wholly inappropriate remarks, I would like to say that to Nantucketers—and here all summer visitors will sympathize—one of the most distressing results of the late lamented election in the postmaster's office of the place, for the past six years must acceptably filled by Mr. Paul F. Murphy. In an out-of-the-way place like this so much of one's comfort depends on one's mail that to get it promptly and regularly goes far to make life bearable and not a burden. The clean and well-appointed office of Mr. Murphy, and the polite and uniformly accommodating demeanor of that gentleman and his assistants, have won upon the public to that extent that I hope the Administration will see to it that his successor brings the same qualifications to the position and conducts the office similarly—if it should be so unwise as to make a change.

"Be honest all," is good advice,  
For wicked schemes of men and mice  
Will often fail.  
To warn young folks against deceit,  
It may be timely to repeat  
A Christmas tale.

He was an impetuous dude  
Who felt ennobled of, and wooed,  
The charming maid.  
A Christmas gift he wished to send,  
But having little cash to spend,  
Practised a fraud.

"That statuette would be so nice!"  
But fifty dollars was the price—  
Too much expense!  
A broken one, ah! happy thought!  
Inquiry proved that could be bought  
For fifty cents.

"Twas broken up,—not merely cracked,  
He ordered how it should be packed  
For the express,  
Each fragrant in its proper place,  
With full directions on the case,  
To Maude's address.

Well satisfied, he sent his case,  
Then hastened off by every train  
To Maude's papa's;  
To view with her his own love-tokens,  
And grieve because it had been broken  
While on the cart!

The package by express arrived,  
Maude's dash of pleasure was short-lived;  
Her abate-faced brow,  
O'erwhelmed by her contentment and scorn,  
Looked sad that he'd e'er been born.  
O rare tableau!

We know the fact,—and so do you,—  
That ignorant fellows often do  
Cut clumsy capers.  
Pat Flynn, who packed the broken thing,  
Had told each piece up with a string,  
In separate papers!

**A WISE CONNECTICUT CAT.**—A lady in Norwich concluded that her three cats were more than the household needed, and passed an edict of death on two of them—an old cat and her kitten. The question of the manner of death was settled and the chloroform was purchased. Days passed after the chloroform was in the house before the executioner could muster courage to execute the sentence. To facilitate matters the lady thought that some laudanum added to the cat's milk would produce a stupor that would make chloroforming more easy. The drug was put in the milk and tendered the old cat. She tasted the food, cast her eyes suspiciously about her, and refused to eat. The kitten rushed to the dish to partake of the milk and was violently knocked away by the old cat, who took a corner of a mat and covered over this dish to hide it from the kitten and prevent it from taking the "medicine." The lady could not believe it possible that the cat was intentional on the part of the cat, and uncovered the dish and again tendered the milk to her. She again knocked the kitten from the dish and covered it over more carefully than before. This repetition of the protective net gained the good will of the lady, and she gave up killing the cats.—*New Haven Register.*

**SWEET BUTTER FIFTY YEARS OLD.**—Fifty years ago the Jupp family, famous butter makers of the Hudson valley in those days, lived on the farm now occupied by James McChesney. Mrs. Jupp always packed her butter in peculiarly-shaped jars, and, before sending a jar to market, always lowered it into the well in the farmyard, where she left it submerged for several hours to harden in the cold water. One day in 1834 she lowered a jar into this well, and the fastenings which held it broke and it sank to the bottom. No attempt was made to recover it. A few days ago Farmer McChesney was cleaning out the well, which had become, for the first time in its history, almost dry, when he found the jar. In taking it from the well he accidentally knocked it against the wall and broke it. There were about two pounds of butter in the jar, as solid and sweet as it was when put up fifty years ago. Both jar and butter are now on exhibition at the McChesney farm.—*N. Y. Sun.*



Remarks On Board the Bark Sea Queen  
July the 5<sup>th</sup> 1852

Monday the 5<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather gaming with the President  
and Peru.

Tuesday the 6<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather gaming with the President  
and Peru give a cask of oil to the Peru

Wednesday the 7<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather with strong breezes raised  
breeches of the weather low chased them  
but they proved to be hump backs squared  
in and run down to the Peru and  
gamed with her

Thursday the 8<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather gaming with the Peru

Friday the 9<sup>th</sup>  
Cloudy weather saw a large school of  
Blackfish

Saturday the 10<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather saw Blackfish

Sunday the 11<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather saw blackfish lowered  
got one small one



Monday the 12<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather all hands employed  
beaking out Coopered 20 bbls of oil to  
flow down

Tuesday the 13<sup>th</sup>  
Pleasant weather all hands employed  
stowing down saw a sail off the  
lee quarter



### WHEN "SOMETIME" COMES.

(Nixon Waterman in Chicago Journal.)

When "sometime" comes then we shall taste  
the joys for which we long;  
The shadows will be sunbeams then, and every sigh a song.  
The sweet, dead hopes we cherish and within  
our breasts entomb  
Will all come back to life again and fill our  
hearts with bloom.  
The dreary waste of desert sand will blossom  
as the rose,  
And every brook will babble sweetest music as  
it flows;  
Our hungry souls that now exist on just the  
meager crumbs  
Will then sit down to princely feasts of love,  
when "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes then all the year  
will be a glad, sweet June,  
And all the music of our lives will be in perfect  
tune.  
The paths we tread will lead us on through  
blossom-scented dells,  
Where we shall ever listen to the chimes of  
fairy bells.  
The thornless roses all the day with dewdrops  
will be wet,  
And joy will come untangled in the meshes of  
regret.  
And time will flit as gladly as the wild bee  
when it hums  
Its drowsy song from honeyed flower to flower,  
when "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes then all of life will  
be a dream of truth,  
And we shall feel again the charms and innocence  
of youth,  
And sing the glad, sweet songs we sung in  
those bright summers when  
We played in careless joy, nor knew the weary  
thoughts of men.  
And all the friends we held so dear, the ones  
who loved us so,  
Will all come back to greet us from the happy  
long ago;  
The girls with dolls and dishes and the boys  
with flags and drums,  
We'll see them all together once again when  
"sometime" comes.



ound horses, consigned from Illinois, Ohio and Indiana, comprising a general assortment from gentlemen's driving to heavy draft varying in weight from 1000 to 1600 lbs. sold for the high dollar, with our usual guarantee. If not represented return them and get your money. Trial until Monday night at 4 p m. following sale. L. T. MAYNARD, Auct. 3t s3

## Auction Sales

M. MARQUIS,

40 State st, room 40, Auctioneer and Appraiser.

## Great Sale.

THIS IS WITHOUT EXCEPTION ONE OF THE GREATEST SALES OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, UPRIGHT PIANO, COLLECTION OF FINE OIL PAINTINGS, RARE BRIC-A-Brac, ETC. HELD IN BOSTON THIS YEAR. WILL BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION TUESDAY, SEPT 4, 10 O'CLOCK, AT THE ELEGANT RESIDENCE, 497 COLUMBUS AV.

This is a forced sale, everything must be turned into cash, everything must be sold; the house contains 2 fine brocatelle parlor suites, also suite in wilton rug, upright cabinet grand piano, mantel and parlor cabinets, rare bric-a-brac, bronze figures, fine gilt clock set, collection of fine oil paintings, onyx cabinet and tables, odd pieces of furniture, fancy tables, music box, plays 12 airs, lace curtains, rugs and portieres, rug and broc couches, massive oak sideboard, fine set of leather dining chairs, oak extension table, leather couch dinner, tea and breakfast sets in fine Carlsbad china, all silverware and glassware, massive oak and elegant bedroom suites, hair mattresses, feather pillows and bolsters, pictures, springs, bedding, fine carpets in good order; men will be in attendance to pack and remove goods; house open for inspection 8 o'clock morning of sale. Sun\*

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Grand opening special sale at our sales rooms on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Sept 5, 6 and 7, each day at 10.30 a m, consisting of concert grand piano, rosewood case, carved legs, oak chamber sets, oak and w. dressing tables and writing desks, brass and white enamel beds, w. w. springs, hair mattresses and bedding, sofa beds, brocatelle, plush and corduroy couches, French plate mirrors, elegant parlor sets in brocatelle, empire plush coverings (one set costing \$275), T. and Morris chairs, rocker rattan f.



Coast of Peru  
July the 14 1852

Wednesday the 14  
Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
heaving E by S saw blackfish hauled  
the boats but did not get any  
employd. making gaff to pails for the Boats

Thursday the 15  
Pleasant weather saw fin Backs blackfish  
and porpoises


Friday the 16  
Pleasant weather strong breezes  
sent down the fore royal yard to put a  
saddle on to it saw a Brig on the weather bow  
at five PM furled the main sail and reefed to four

Sunday the 17  
Cloudy weather steering by the wind  
to the S. W. Bound to Bayta Lat 602

Monday the 18  
Cloudy weather strong breezes saw great  
many Blackfish

Tuesday the 19  
Cloudy weather with strong breezes  
reefed the topsails and furled the main sail

Wednesday the 21  
Cloudy weather heading E by S by the wind

Thursday the 22  American  
Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
Blackfish in sight

Friday the 23  
Pleasant weather Spoke the American of Antuck

Saturday the 24  
Pleasant weather steering E by S



## Records for 1897.

We present below a list of the births, marriages and deaths recorded with the the town's records for 1897. There were 39 births, 22 marriages and 73 deaths, while last year's records showed 53 births, 17 marriages and 99 deaths.

### BIRTHS.

#### January.

2. Rose Hannah, daughter of Arthur B. and Catherine Collins.
13. John J., son of Wallace and Marion O. Gardner.
21. Dorothy Coffin, daughter of Reuben C. and Phebe H. Small.

#### February.

19. Francis Leroy, son of Edgar W. and Emma F. Wilkes.
21. William Dow, son of George H. and Lydia C. Chadwick.

#### March.

13. Edward Thomas, son of William W. and Margaret Burgess.
20. Carl, son of Edgar F. and Lillie W. Wyer.
22. Rieta, daughter of Orison V. and Margaret Hull.
24. Eleanor Backus, daughter of Arthur A. and Annie M. Norcross.

#### April.

5. Adrian, son of Willie F. and Alice Gibbs.
19. Frederick Murray, son of Benjamin B. and Eunice F. McCleave.
28. Alice, daughter of Joseph and Mary Terry.

#### May.

5. Walter, son of Joseph L. and Annie A. Sylvia.
21. Grace, daughter of John C. and Mary Ring.
22. Alice Pease, daughter of Charles H. and Mary C. Furber.
28. Albert Hussey, son of Charles C. and Etta Morris.

#### June.

8. Mildred, daughter of Arthur and Catherine Coffin.
12. Isaac, son of Isaac and Clara A. Hills.
13. Gladys Russell, daughter of George W. and Lizzie A. Burgess.
16. Mabel Hamilton, daughter of Arthur C. and Susan A. Eldredge.

#### July.

5. Forrest, son of Joseph K. and Anrelia Rogers.
14. Linwood Murray, son of Edgar L. and Florence B. Ellis.
17. Alfred Young, son of James Y. and Emily Frances Deacon.
24. Charles S., son of Charles S. and Emma F. Norcross.
21. Helen May, daughter of Frank H. and Clara J. Thurston.

#### August.

6. Barbara Patterson, daughter of Thomas B. and Emma E. Bickerstaff.
18. John Frederick, son of John C. and Sarah E. Jones.
21. Lesbia Josephine, daughter of George E. and Mary Thomas.
23. Margaret Caroline, daughter of Roland H. and Elizabeth Coffin.

#### September.

6. Lena Gloria, daughter of Frank T. and Mary G. Estivo.
12. Frank, son of John C. and Adelaide Mendonca.
28. Elsie May, daughter of Walter and Minnie M. Coffin.

#### October.

5. A son to George C. and Ada Chase.
11. A daughter to Herbert A. and Lydia G. Tobey.
29. Clara, daughter of John and Mary Brown.

#### November.

3. Clifton O., son of John E. and Sarah L. Thomas.
14. Emily Guild, daughter of Harry and Grace F. Gordon.
21. Hazel May, daughter of John E. and Hortense L. Backus.
24. Isabella Francis, daughter of William F. and Mary B. Worth.

### MARRIAGES.

#### January.

3. Joseph Brook and Hannah Kenney.
6. Benjamin H. Perkins, Fitchburg, and May W. Brown.

#### February.

9. George W. Rogers, and Selina Anderson, Boston.
24. John E. Backus and Hortense L. Currie.

#### March.

5. Chester H. Robinson, Tisbury, and Ennice O. Luce.

#### April.

8. Matthew Ellis and Grace M. Raymond.
12. George W. Francis, jr., and Etta Louise Wixon, Port Richmond, N. Y.

#### May.

2. Walter Coffin and Minnie Milne Borden.
25. Thomas H. Giffin, Cambridge, and Charlotte C. Nye.

#### June.

15. Joshua Blake Langley, Newton, and Anna Coleman Folger.
16. Herbert N. Giles, East Longmeadow, and Lillian M. Worth.
20. Charles I. Williams and Bridget McGowan.

#### July.

10. William A. Sulis and Mand Hamilton, both of Needham.

#### August.

19. Eugene S. Morris, and Mary E. Kiely, Boston.

#### September.

1. William P. Turner, Jersey City, and Hattie M. Chadwick.
1. John J. Adams, Stamford, Conn., and Elizabeth B. Keane.
8. Clifford M. Fisher, Edgartown, and Mabel W. Parker.
20. Frank L. Richrod and Clarabel Fisher.
27. Harry A. Tobey and Edith M. Hamblin.

#### October.

4. Frank E. Defriez and Mary Foster Coffin.
13. John A. Garland and Harriet B. Chase.

#### November.

17. Edgar W. Ramsdell and Lizzie Ella Sylvaro.

### DEATHS.

#### January.

3. Emily F. Mitchell, 48.
5. George W. Flagg, 80, 7.
7. Valentine B. Aldridge, 92, 3, 19.
10. \*Rebecca A. Crocker, 50, 6.
13. \*Alexander E. Drew, 74, 6.

#### February.

1. \*Mary W. Brown, 82, 9.
3. Susan B. Lamb, 92, 0, 7.
6. Leroy F. Williams, C, 6, 12.
6. Nathan H. Manter, 77, 8, 18.
11. Frederick W. Paddock, 84, 5.
12. \*Elizabeth C. Crosby, 81, 0, 10.
13. Charles C. Chadwick, 23, 10, 25.

#### March.

6. Margaret Cary, 81, 10, 12.
7. Dorothy King, 89, 4.
15. \*Charles A. Grant, 43, 6.
18. Charles Leford, 12, 4.
21. Louisa Long, 76.
30. \*Eliza Ann Gifford, 70, 8, 28.

#### April.

9. \*George A. Crocker, 19, 10, 5.

#### May.

3. Caroline E. Dunham, 72, 4.
6. Priscilla M. Almy, 78, 0, 21.
20. Lydia M. Folger, 75, 8.
22. Albert C. Bartlett, 73, 7.
31. Betsy P. Chase, 82, 5, 20.

#### June.

2. Freeman Lewis, 76, 9.
6. Augusta C. Dunham, 34, 4.
7. Peter H. Chase, 80, 9, 5.
8. Lanra A. Hinckley, 77, 0, 7.
9. Orlando Sylvia, 65.
16. \*Susan C. Veeder, 80, 10, 8.

#### July.

2. Charles A. Coon, 77, 1, 5.
6. John F. Brown, 57, 7, 15.
7. Nathaniel B. Macy, 56, 5, 5.
10. John E. Spicer, 46, 4, 24.
14. Roland James, 65, 0, 14.
17. Lydia S. Davis, 60, 5, 14.
17. Matthew Barney, 83, 4, 4.

#### August.

4. Ida A. Parker, 44, 10, 27.
14. Arthur C. Paddock, 41, 8.
15. \*Wm. H. Chadwick, 52, 10, 25.
23. \*George A. Veeder, 63.



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1875.

Again we chronicle the report of the death of Mr. Edward Coffin, who was on the sloop Tawamee so long.

COFFIN—In this town, Mr. Edward Coffin, aged 78 years.

APRIL 17, 1875.

COFFIN—In this town, at the Asylum, 14th inst., Joseph C. Coffin, aged 36 years, 3 months and 9 days.

Questions of the day—one l or two? s or c? able or ible? u in or u out?

St. Louis has ten thousand dogs. The natives wear a section of stovepipe on each leg during the mad dog season.

When a man gets a divorce from a strong-minded wife, the papers say, "Mr. So-and-so has resigned his position as husband for Mrs. So-and-so."

"Don't call on me for three days," is what an Ashland girl posted on the front gate, and she further added: "I'm going to eat some onions this week if I never have another beau."

Beancorn bought a cow a few days ago so they could bring up their adopted infant child by bottle and know the lacteal fluid came from one animal and was pure. His granger experience was small in the field, but then any one can milk a cow, so he invested in a fine looking one. He had examined her udder and knew that was all right, and supplied with the necessary quantity of teats, so he drove her home with stately mein. The cow wasn't a milk cow, but he didn't know she was dry, and forgot to ask that question. The next morning he was up with the lark—no, snow bird—and went out to milk the cow! He took a two gallon bucket, with him, having but faint idea of how much he should bring back. The cow was in a strange barn, and seeming uneasy Beancorn debated whether there was a right or wrong side to sit down on, finally decided that the outside of the cow was sufficient to answer his purpose, placed his stool directly behind her heels, jammed the pail between her legs and went to work. The door was directly behind him, and he knew if she kicked he could jump backward fast enough. Two drags at her teats were sufficient to suit that cow, and the next thing he knew was that he was describing gyrations through the door, the pail going over his head like a nine-inch bomb-shell. The pail had disappeared when he revived, and on mathematical friend, after calculating its rate of speed on a shingle, and ascertaining it would take eighty-three years, four months and eleven days for it to make the circumference of the world, bought a new one and hired a man to milk. He soon discovered that the cow was dry, and we expect that family will live on steak as soon as his shoulder and arm are sound enough for him to cut her up.

## "TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN."

Being troubled with a raging tooth, Patrick Murphy rushed into a dentist's office, the other day, muffling his howls of anguish in a dirty red pocket-handkerchief.

"Faix, docthor," he cried, drawing up his right leg, and drawing down his right shoulder, with an expression of ineffable torture, "I got a bloody bad griuder 'at's thyrin' to jump through the top o' my head; an' I see by yer sign 'at ye exthraact teeth widout p-a-p-a—"

"Without pain, sir, and on short notice," said the doctor; "will you sit down?"

"That I will; an' sure you're very kind, docthor, and ye may dig out the nasty stump as soon as iver ye like."

The tooth was out sooner than he could possibly have anticipated. He rubbed his eyes, and would not believe it was gone, till he had seen it in the dentist's instrument, and put his own dirty finger in the cavity.

"Ugh! the ugly divil!" he muttered, doubling his fist at the innocent tooth, "so I've got rid of ye at last! Cheap enough, too, and it didn't hurt a bit. Bless ye, docthor, ye're very kind! and when I have another such, shall I be afther throublin' ye again?"

"Certainly, at any time."

"Thank ye, docthor! Good day, dear docthor!"

"But," said the dentist, "I must trouble you for my fee."

"Your—hey?"

"My fee—fifty cents."

"Fifty cints?" cried Patrick, in astonishment. "Would I be afther givin' ye fifty cints? And what did I come here for, but 'at I'm a poor divil, widout fifty cints in the world, and ye advertise to exthraact teeth for nothing?"

"For nothing? What do you mean?"

"Faix, docthor, don't your sign read, 'Teeth exthraacted widout payin' (pain)'?"

The earnestness and simplicity of Patrick impressed the dentist so favorably, that, laughing at the blunder, he sent him away, without exacting his fee.

"Och! ha! ha!" said Pat, archly, when once in street, "I comed it over him this time, tho'! As if I didn't know the difference between payin' and pain! But payin' would 've been pain to me; so I calculate, on the whole, I got off cheap enough. Mike, will ye go and dhrink?"

A prisoner condemned to solitary confinement, secured a copy of the Bible, and, three years careful study, obtained the following facts:

The Bible contains 3,536,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word AND occurs 46,271 times. The word LORD occurs 1,855 times. The word REVEREND occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter J. The finest chapter to read is the 23d chapter of the Acts of Apostles. The 19th chapter of 11 Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 130th Psalm end alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

## THE SEXTON'S STORY.

"Now Grandpa, we've brought you your dinner to-day, and mother said Harry and I could both stay and play hide and seek for a while without fear—it does not seem lonely when Grandpa is here."

"And then—won't you tell us that story you told all about Robin Hale, who was winsome and bold, whose love was so strong, whose heart was so brave?" "Yes, child, by-and-by—when I've finished this grave."

"That will be three o'clock—but you will not know how fast on the grave-stones the shadows will go." "Oh yes, we've a dandelion clock, don't you see? We blow on it thrice—so—now it is three."

"About Robin Hale? Ah, well should I know that story by heart! It was four years ago since I saw him at first, on the old village green, where the lads and the lasses at even are seen."

"And I marked his dark eye, with its glances of fire, resting on Lucy Lee, only child of the Squire—watching long for one look from those sunny blue eyes—But his words, as he spoke, were all ended in sighs."

"For he was but poor—no houses nor lands He owed—only courage, and two honest hands. And Lucy, fair Lucy, an heiress was she—Too rich to be won by a lad poor as he."

"Then I saw him go forth—at the sunset he came To yonder white tomb-stone behind you (the name Only 'MORNER' thereon). A while he bowed low; Then, rising, he murmured, 'Dear Mother, I go.'"

"For there's no one to love me, and no one to care, Since you went to the grave—oh, would I were there! Dear Lucy I can not, no, never can win! He was gone—only shadows where he had just been."

"Then I met Lucy Lee, and I saw her grow pale When I spoke of the lad who had gone, Robin Hale; But she brushed down her tears, never guessing his heart, Or that love he deemed hopeless had bid him depart."

"Soon a new suitor came. She but turned her aside When he whispered his love and would make her his bride; Until weary of life—at her father's command—She gave to Ralph Vane—not her heart—but her hand."

"Wasn't that a brave wedding—the bride all in white?—But the guests never knew who had witnessed the sight—I hid him right well, in the old oaken pew In the church, when the bride and her train glided through."

"With affection undimmed, with a fortune hard won, Robin Hale had come back. Ere the pageant was gone He turned him away; and was never more seen In the church or the yard where the grave is so green."

The story was finished—but stealthy and still The children came close, pointing up to the hill: "See, Grandpa, she came with her baby a while, And leaned on the tablet, not far from the stile."

"And she cried when you told us about Robin Hale's And see, she lives yonder—that cot in the vale." "That house is Ralph Vane's—ah, yes, it is she: She has heard now too late how he loved Lucy Lee."

HINTS AND HOME QUESTIONS FOR 1875.  
"Geologically speaking," says Hood, "the rock upon which most hard drinkers split is quartz." — Do you cultivate an obliging disposition? It will keep you along amazingly, in your journey through life. — Though your dress may depend upon your outward circumstances, your address depends upon yourself; see that it is considerate, civil, and respectful to others. — Do you ever see an ill-dressed man or an ill-dressed dog in a house, without wondering what must be their feelings when let alone? — No man knows what he can do until necessity forces him to make the most of himself. — In order to be reliable and permanent, neither was always pleasant; the occupation of the very body should be kept healthy, and the work should be done under the influence of pleasant surroundings. — Punctuality is a virtue which should be taken off what you lose is lost by the people on others. — Are your buildings and tools in order? — House and outbuildings, and farming implements neatly painted, and all the things that are used in the household, should be kept in good repair. — The Scotch have a saying, "A man who is not tidy is not a man." — The Irish have another, that "You are never better than when you are clean." — The Spaniard says, "A man who is not tidy is not a man." — The Swiss says, "A man who is not tidy is not a man." — The Chinese says, "A man who is not tidy is not a man." — The Danish proverb says, "To-day is gold, to-morrow dust." — A Welsh one reads, "God arms the harmless." — A Latin one says, "Nothing is profitable which is dishonest." — A Polish one, that a man may teach another to speak, but none can teach him to hold his peace. — Be just and fear not.

The average Gorilla of Central Africa now points to Stanley and his band of explorers, and pathetically reminds his grand children that "it is what they may one day expect to come to."

The Providence Press says it never heard in funeral oration or sermon, and seldom in private conversation, the opinion expressed that a man with \$16,000 income had gone to hell.









"WHO SAT WITH HIM LONG AT HIS TABLE, AND EXPLAINED TO HIM WHERE HE STOOD."

**Uncle Sammy.**

Old Uncle Sammy one morning  
Lay down on his comfortable bed,  
And Death and he had a discussion,  
And Death came out asked;

And the fact that she failed to start him was only because he was dead.

The neighbors laid out their old neighbor,  
With homely but tenderest art;  
And some of the oldest ones faltered,  
And tearfully stood apart;

For the crusty old man had often unguardedly shown them his heart.

But on his face an expression  
Of quizzical study lay,  
As if he were sounding the angel  
Who traveled with him that day,  
And laying the pipes down aye for an argument on the way.

And one new-fashioned old lady  
Felt called upon to suggest  
That the angel might take Uncle Sammy,  
And give him a good night's rest,  
And then introduce him to Solomon, and tell him how to get on.

Then Sammy he charged down upon her  
With all of his strength and his wit,  
And many a dextrous encounter,  
And many a fair shoulder-butt,  
But vain were his blows and his blowing; he never could budge her a bit.

He hid down his premises round her,  
He scraped at her with his saws;  
He rubbed great facts upon her,  
And read her the marriage laws;  
But the harder he tried to convince her, the harder and bolder she was.

She brought home all her preachers,  
As many as ever she could—  
With sentiments terribly settled,  
And appetites horribly good—  
Who sat with him long at his table, and explained to him where he stood.

And Sammy was not long in learning  
To follow the swing of her gown,  
And came to be faithful in watching  
The phase of her smile and her frown;  
And she, with the heel of assertion, soon tramped all his arguments down.

And so, with his life-aspirations  
Thus suddenly brought to a check—  
And with the foot of his victor  
Unceasingly pressing his neck—  
He wrote on his face, "I'm a victim," and drifted—a logical wreck.

And farmers, whom he had argued  
To corners tight and fast,  
Would wink at each other and chuckle,  
And grin at him as he passed.  
And his ambitious old fellow, your whippetree's straightened at last.

The funeral services of Mrs. Nancy  
A. Smith were held Saturday at the  
residence of her daughter, Mrs. Seth  
N. Jones. Rev. S. B. Flagg pastor of  
the First Parish church officiated, and  
was assisted by Rev. A. C. Nickerson,  
of Exeter, N. H., a grand nephew of  
Mrs. Smith. The whole service was  
very tender and impressive. A large  
number of the relatives and neighbors  
were present. Among those from out  
of town we noticed Mrs. Lydia Brown  
of Westport; Wm. Smith and family of  
Boston; Thomas Simpson and family of  
New Bedford; J. Warren Phinney of  
Boston and Mrs. R. A. Hammond and  
daughter of West Harwich.

From Farm Ballads, by WILL CARLETON, just published by HARPER &  
BROTHERS.

at last.

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**Obituary.**

Mrs. Nancy A. Smith, the oldest resi-  
dent of Sandwich, and doubtless the  
oldest person on Cape Cod, passed  
quietly away on Thursday morning,  
April 11th, at the extraordinary age of  
98 years and 9 months.

Mrs. Smith was born in West Barn-  
stable, July 9, 1796. On the 19th of  
August, 1821, she was united in mar-  
riage with Joseph Smith, a veteran of  
the War of 1812. They were spared  
to each other for forty years, Mr.  
Smith dying in 1861. Their union was  
blessed with thirteen children, only  
four of whom, one son and three daugh-  
ters are now living.

There are also nine grandchildren  
and fifteen great grandchildren.

Mrs. Smith was a most remarkable  
old lady. Possessed of a quiet and  
cheerful disposition, life never became  
a burden to her; even though the  
weight of years rested upon her. She  
had been in gradually failing health for  
some time, but was still able to be up  
and around the house until last week.  
Had it not been for the accident which  
befell her, she might have lived to com-  
plete her century of existence.

We need make no comment on such  
a life as Mrs. Smith's. Always bright  
and cheerful, her family will miss her  
greatly. She leaves behind nothing  
but pleasant remembrances. Her rela-  
tives have the sympathy of the entire  
community in their loss.

The funeral services of Mrs. Nancy  
A. Smith were held Saturday at the  
residence of her daughter, Mrs. Seth  
N. Jones. Rev. S. B. Flagg pastor of  
the First Parish church officiated, and  
was assisted by Rev. A. C. Nickerson,  
of Exeter, N. H., a grand nephew of  
Mrs. Smith. The whole service was  
very tender and impressive. A large  
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were present. Among those from out  
of town we noticed Mrs. Lydia Brown  
of Westport; Wm. Smith and family of  
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The Mirror & Photo Engr. Mfg. & Pub. Co. Boston, Mass.

# THE DISHONORED SWORD!

The Sarcophagus Boat and put out another  
 one at sun down tacked Ship to the W



September.

2. Catharine Wood, 85, 1, 9.
2. Love Parker, 96, 9.
3. †Panline Dunbar, 23.
3. Walter Sylvia, 0, 4, 0.
3. Charles B. Macy, 13, 2, 3.
6. Eleanor B. Norcross, 0, 5, 14.
11. Walter S. Coleman, 2, 10, 6.
20. †Josie P. Houghton, 29, 1, 5.
21. Hepsabeth F. Coffin, 85, 3.
28. \*Alida Gardner, 49, 6.

October.

5. Charles M. Thomas, 62, 4.
9. Eva Folger, 35, 5.
10. Frank Mendance, 0, 1, 0.
16. Amos C. Hamilton, 43, 5.
20. Edward C. Morse, 79, 1, 3.
21. Rebecca F. Gardner, 85, 4, 6.
23. \*Everett C. Holmes, 21, 2, 5.
24. Lydia M. Brown, 49, 6, 8.
27. Benjamin A. Gardner, 80, 8, 18.
29. \*Mary E. Tinkham, 51, 7, 6.
30. \*Richard Mitchell, 48, 3, 1.

November.

11. Ann Edwards, 84, 4.
14. \*Christopher C. Hussey, 77, 5, 5.
17. \*Winnifred B. Coffin, 78.
19. Hepsie Coffin, 66, 11.
21. †Elizabeth J. McMillen, 73, 3, 19.
25. Mary A. DeWolf, 93, 4, 2.

December.

6. Robert B. Joy, 66, 4.
14. Lydia G. Wilber, 68, 5.
15. Phebe Cartwright, 73, 4.
21. \*Joseph E. Enas, 37, 9, 17.
23. Samuel S. Birl, 47, 9, 19.

\*Died Abroad. Interment at Nantucket.  
†Interment Abroad.

The town Clerk will be glad to correct any errors or omissions if handed to him before January 1st.

Later Details.

Private letters from members of his family to friends in Nantucket, give particulars concerning the death of Rev. J. R. Patterson in the Holy Land recently, as received through the United States consul. It appears Mr. Patterson, who was about ready to return home, took cold after bathing in the river Jordan, and it resulted in its attack upon his heart, which was weak, and he succumbed before the U. S. consul, who had been summoned, could reach him. He had however dictated a letter for that official, in which he requested that his body be sent to America for burial, but the physicians would not permit an embalming process, and the remains were laid away at Mount Zion, Jerusalem, the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church officiating at the funeral.

Mrs. Patterson, who lay unconscious for some time after receipt of the sad news, is somewhat improved, but is yet in delicate health.

f. Peru

August 4/ Lat 23-19  
Weather steering W by S  
porpoise and Dolphin

Weather steering W by S  
Blackfish Soends this Day

Pleasant weather steering W by S  
Nothing in sight

Pleasant weather steering W by S  
saw the President of Nantucket  
Island in the morning  
Whales off the starboard beam  
and sood towards their lower  
10 A.W and struck and killed  
dent struck one but their  
which carried their Boat down  
Whale with the Boat and  
ends this days work

Pleasant weather employ d cutting  
and commenced boiling  
afong side

Pleasant weather finished cutting  
the case employ d boiling  
in sight

Saturday the

Pleasant weather steering E N E  
Charles Island in sight employ d boiling  
soends this















Testimony of Alex. Alex. Lovett.

We engaged in pursuit of the murderer; took the route by Smithville, came to the house of Dr. Auld; asked him whether there had been any strangers at his house, he said there had.

At first he didn't seem to care about giving us any satisfaction, then he stated that on Saturday morning, at daybreak, two strangers came to his place; one came to his door and the other sat on his porch; that he went down and opened the door, that the other man got up his horse and came into the house; one had a pistol on him, and he had the other, he didn't know who the man was; both were strangers to him; he said they remained a short time in his house and then left on Sunday at daybreak.

At first he didn't seem to care about giving us any satisfaction, then he stated that on Saturday morning, at daybreak, two strangers came to his place; one came to his door and the other sat on his porch; that he went down and opened the door, that the other man got up his horse and came into the house; one had a pistol on him, and he had the other, he didn't know who the man was; both were strangers to him; he said they remained a short time in his house and then left on Sunday at daybreak.

Witness continued—He still didn't seem to care about giving us any satisfaction, then he stated that on Saturday morning, at daybreak, two strangers came to his place; one came to his door and the other sat on his porch; that he went down and opened the door, that the other man got up his horse and came into the house; one had a pistol on him, and he had the other, he didn't know who the man was; both were strangers to him; he said they remained a short time in his house and then left on Sunday at daybreak.

On the cross-examination the witness said he had seen Auld in the morning had much money; he said he had a considerable stock of greenbacks; he said he had seen Auld in the morning had much money; he said he had a considerable stock of greenbacks; he said he had seen Auld in the morning had much money; he said he had a considerable stock of greenbacks.

Witness continued—He still didn't seem to care about giving us any satisfaction, then he stated that on Saturday morning, at daybreak, two strangers came to his place; one came to his door and the other sat on his porch; that he went down and opened the door, that the other man got up his horse and came into the house; one had a pistol on him, and he had the other, he didn't know who the man was; both were strangers to him; he said they remained a short time in his house and then left on Sunday at daybreak.

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ANTECEDENTS OF THE PRINCIPAL CONSPIRATORS.

The public, who have been anxiously awaiting the developments of the great conspiracy, growing out of the trial of the principals in the horrible deed, will now have their curiosity gratified, as permission has been allowed the reporters to be present, and all proceedings not leading to defeat the ends of justice, will be allowed publicity. As it is interesting to know the antecedents of the accused, we publish the following, which is copied from the Washington Star:—

MRS. SURRATT.

Mrs. Mary E. Surrott was raised near Waterloo, on Culpeper's Manor, in Prince George's county, Maryland. Her maiden name was Jenkins. Her mother died when she was quite young. As she grew up she displayed considerable force of character, and expressed a desire to have a better education than was obtainable in her neighborhood, and she was sent to a female seminary in Alexandria.

Returning to her father's home, she became an acknowledged belle in Prince George's county, and was the object of the admiration of many suitors. She was a very strong-willed woman, and was not easily influenced by the opinions of others. She married Surrott about the year 1855, in the complete first estate at a place known as Condit's mill, near Chaptainsboro, (Giesboro) which property was inherited from an ancestor named Neal. After they had lived here a few years, the house was set on fire by the slaves who seemed to have been infuriated by some orally by which they were subjected through the imperious will of Mrs. Surrott. The Surrotts barely escaped from the fire with their lives.

Surrott afterwards engaged on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad as a contractor, and on finishing his work returned to Prince George's county, and bought a farm, on which he established the tavern known as "Surrott's," and afterwards was appointed Postmaster at that point, but he being an uneducated man, the duties of the office devolved upon his wife. They had three children, a daughter and two sons. One of the latter (Isaac) went south in the early part of the rebellion, and was killed in the Southern army. It is said that the other (John) stayed at home, spending his time in idleness, or worse. The father was known as a pro-slavery man, and a supporter of the South in the rebellion to some extent, but was not looked upon as an open secessionist. He was an industrious, well-to-do man, and was generally esteemed in his neighborhood. He died very suddenly about three years ago, and soon afterwards his widow leased the property and came to this city, where she opened a boarding house on U street, which house has since become notorious as the scene where was concocted some of the most stupendous deviltry of the world's history.

Surrott's (house and farm) is situated on the main route from Washington to Leonardtown, Md., and is twelve miles from Washington post-office, at the junction of the Marlborough and Pocomoke roads. The house is a comfortable two-story double frame building containing nine rooms, and on the front and one side are porches for the visitors to enjoy the fresh air during the early season. The farm is well adapted for gardening purposes, and though not very extensive is profitable for wheat and tobacco.

John M. Lloyd, the party to whom Mrs. Surrott leased the premises, came originally from Port Tobacco, Md., we believe, and he is well known in this city as one of what was known as the "Beret Police," of which force he never declared himself in favor of the Union. Since the rebellion we had lost sight of Lloyd until his late arrest. Last year he leased the Surrott house at a rent of \$300 per annum, and continued to keep up the old tavern. Lloyd was arrested after the assassination and taken to Bryanston and delivered to Provost Marshall Wells.

When the officers were on the trail of Booth and Harold, one of them who knew Lloyd and him under arrest, and remarked to him, "You have got yourself into a nice scrape." Lloyd replied, "Yes, I don't know how I did it, but I proceeded to tell that some time ago two carriages and some pistols were left at his house. The Friday before the assassination, Mrs. Surrott came to the house and told him to have the carriages and pistols ready, as two gentlemen would call for them. The night of the assassination Booth and Harold rode up to the door. Harold dismounted and went in and took a carriage and the pistols. Booth would not take his carriage on account of his lame ankle. They took something to drink and rode off.

A newspaper correspondent of a New York paper writes that "Surrottville," as he terms it, contains also or ten dwellings. The fact is that there are no dwellings there but those belonging to the tavern premises proper—the house, stable, barn, &c.

O'LAUGHLIN.

Michael O'Laughlin is a young man of 25 or thereabouts. In shape and some other particular he resembles Booth, with glossy black hair and black moustache, and rather gentlemanly appearance. He came from Baltimore. O'Laughlin was the first person seen on the night of the assassination, Mrs. Surrott, where it is said he surrendered himself to the military authorities.

Strong Hedges, standing by the river the Eastward a Brig and Ship

George A. Atzerott is short, thick-set, round-shouldered, of muddy complexion, with brown hair, light-colored mustache and goatee, aged about 33, and is a blacksmith by trade. He was born in Germany, but raised, we learn, in Charles county, Md., where he has spent most of his life. His character has stood none of the best heretofore, and for some years he had been living with a woman not his wife, named Port Tobacco, by which woman he has one child. For some months previous to the assassination he had been missing from Port Tobacco, and it is believed he had been engaged in black-knife running, and other traitorous practices.

SPANGLER.

Edward Spangler is a rough-looking, ordinary sized man, of about forty years of age, hails from Baltimore, and has for some two years past been employed as an assistant to Gifford, the stage carpenter at Ford's Theatre, he having worked with Gifford at house carpentering for many years in Baltimore. Spangler came originally from some interior town in Pennsylvania, but, we believe, learned his trade in Baltimore, where he was married. His wife died some years ago in Baltimore, since which time he has been of intemperate habits, and it is said that he appeared to be considerably under the influence of liquor on the morning of the day of the assassination.

He was the subject frequently of practical jokes by his companions behind the scenes, and in this connection an incident is mentioned that in the eyes of the spectators might be deemed to have an ominous meaning. During the winter of 1864-65, when some new scenery was being prepared, the scene painters were in the habit of displaying, the names of different employees of the establishment upon the backs of the various ships. Spangler remarked that his name had been neglected, when one of the painters, as a joke at his expense, painted on a piece of scenery designed to figure in connection with a prison yard, and which bore a representation of a galows. Upon this scene he is said to have been struck by a few broad strokes of his brush the name of Edward Spangler.

Spangler, it will be remembered, was the man who had charge of Booth's horse in the rear of the theatre, but who turned the animal over to "Peasant John" before Booth made his exit from the theatre. It is supposed that he may know something of the bar of wood fitted to the door in the rear of the stage box, and also that he had something to do with keeping a path clear for Booth behind the scenes, and with affording ready means of exit through the rear door. He has also mentioned served as a trace to keep the audience from entering the box while Booth was accomplishing his work, and the job of fitting it accurately to the position required was one in which Booth would need the aid almost certainly of some one connected with the establishment, and naturally one in the carpenter's department.

Of some other employees of Ford's, now in drama, the following may be of interest:—James Gifford, stage carpenter, is a large, square built man, approaching 50 years of age, with dark brown hair, smooth face, and is by trade a carpenter. He formerly was a house carpenter and built in Baltimore and vicinity, and as such built the house of Booth's father, near Baltimore, it is said. Several years since he engaged as stage carpenter at Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore, and has followed that line since. He was of an unpleasant temper and not generally liked by those under him. He has a fine family living in Baltimore. On the establishment of Ford's Theatre here he came to this city, and superintended the work of erecting the old Bank Church (later Theatre) and has been employed there ever since, and superintended the rebuilding of the Theatre after it was burnt. He is not a very loquacious man, but his sympathies are known to have been with the South throughout the war.

James Maddox is a young man well known about Washington. He was born at or near Dumfries, Va., is 26 years of age and has lived many years in the lower part of the Second Ward. For a long time he was an active member of the Franklin Fire Company. He is about 5 feet 6 or 7 inches in height, round and comely built, light hair and blue eyes with a ruddy complexion. He went to school at Howard's public school and after leaving it learned the saddle and harness making business, but has been employed about the theatres for about ten years. He was first at the National Theatre at Washington and for a short time was at Holiday street, Baltimore, but since Ford's Theatre has been in operation he has been constantly employed as the property man there.

He was married about two years ago to one of the actresses of Ford's company known as the Misses Maggie Burns. He has always been regarded as a worthy young man, his only fault being that he would get drunk occasionally; and he was looked upon as soundly loyal.

ARNOLD.

Sam Arnold was arrested at Fortress Monroe. He was a Baltimorean, and had been for a short time at Fortress Monroe as chief clerk and cashier of the sully establishment of J. W. Wharton.

PAYNE.

Or Lewis Payne Billo is known as yet. He was an apparently a free assassin dispatched from Canada to do a job of work. He is said to be an outlaw from Kentucky originally, and to have been a confederate in the St. Albans robbery and other schemes of devilry concocted in Canada.

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KINDNESS BEGETS KINDNESS.

There are some who suppose that the moment of feeling which also could be named Morris' speech, and learn an immediate response, is only a few among the educated and the rich. Little those who thus argue understand of the human heart. Kindness begets kindness and if superior will but think of the happiness, temporal and eternal of their inferiors—will but young that are considered as children of one common Father—there needs no equality of rank to create equality of happiness, or even of respect, because true feeling.

MANNERS OF THE TURKS.

FROM CARLISLE'S DIARY IN TURKEY.

"I think the Turks preeminently bred, and this attribute seems to be naturally to them, however elevated position may be which they begetal however mean or sordid that from they have emerged." "An the people there is a disposition to be of the same kind, and the Americans copy the despised Turk in admiring these respects."

FOREST SCENERY.

FROM DICKENS' CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

In the spring the leaves broke out on the buds; in the summer, flourished in full and made deep shades; in the winter they fell and lay on the ground. There it was covered with rich ferns, and in the morning dew so beautifully sparkled there were brooks where the deer came down to drink, and sunny glades, and open places, where but little light came through the rustling leaves.

HONOR AND DISGRACE.

FROM TUCKER'S SPANISH LITERATURE.

Truth is for certain and for fact. For truth it is, and truth exact. That never Honor and Disgrace Together sought a resting-place.

JUSTICE AND LAW.

Justice defines a court-house as a place where a penny's worth of justice is chased with a shilling's worth of law. It is only one thingless profitable than so people, and that is going their security.

AT THY GRAVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The midnight hours are tolling now As o'er thy grave I weep; And though the busy world now lies Asleep, I feel thy sorrowing tread Upon thy tomb to shed, As with myself, in bitterness, To be as thou art—dead.

The solemn shadows of the night Are clustering round me now; I feel this damp and chilly mist Upon my fevered brow; Yet in my soul and stricken heart There is a darker night, Contrasted with this earthly light, Is beautiful and bright.

I do not seek thy sculptured tomb In the broad glare of day; That little ours may mock thy grief, That ours may life away; Oh, no—but when the midnight stillness is brightly down on me, I seek thy grave, that none may say, My falling tears for thee.

The dawn is breaking in the East, Night's shadows flee away; I must go and join the world, And unto thee say: But, oh, there is a pang within, Which none may ever know; A pang that's crushing out my life—Thy hopelessness of woe.

MAANAKE HEDROGE.



At the corner of Little Rock and Second streets, Philadelphia, was situated the office of a man named Morris, who was a blacksmith by trade. He was a very strong-willed man, and was not easily influenced by the opinions of others. He married Surrott about the year 1855, in the complete first estate at a place known as Condit's mill, near Chaptainsboro, (Giesboro) which property was inherited from an ancestor named Neal. After they had lived here a few years, the house was set on fire by the slaves who seemed to have been infuriated by some orally by which they were subjected through the imperious will of Mrs. Surrott. The Surrotts barely escaped from the fire with their lives. Surrott afterwards engaged on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad as a contractor, and on finishing his work returned to Prince George's county, and bought a farm, on which he established the tavern known as "Surrott's," and afterwards was appointed Postmaster at that point, but he being an uneducated man, the duties of the office devolved upon his wife. They had three children, a daughter and two sons. One of the latter (Isaac) went south in the early part of the rebellion, and was killed in the Southern army. It is said that the other (John) stayed at home, spending his time in idleness, or worse. The father was known as a pro-slavery man, and a supporter of the South in the rebellion to some extent, but was not looked upon as an open secessionist. He was an industrious, well-to-do man, and was generally esteemed in his neighborhood. He died very suddenly about three years ago, and soon afterwards his widow leased the property and came to this city, where she opened a boarding house on U street, which house has since become notorious as the scene where was concocted some of the most stupendous deviltry of the world's history. Surrott's (house and farm) is situated on the main route from Washington to Leonardtown, Md., and is twelve miles from Washington post-office, at the junction of the Marlborough and Pocomoke roads. The house is a comfortable two-story double frame building containing nine rooms, and on the front and one side are porches for the visitors to enjoy the fresh air during the early season. The farm is well adapted for gardening purposes, and though not very extensive is profitable for wheat and tobacco. John M. Lloyd, the party to whom Mrs. Surrott leased the premises, came originally from Port Tobacco, Md., we believe, and he is well known in this city as one of what was known as the "Beret Police," of which force he never declared himself in favor of the Union. Since the rebellion we had lost sight of Lloyd until his late arrest. Last year he leased the Surrott house at a rent of \$300 per annum, and continued to keep up the old tavern. Lloyd was arrested after the assassination and taken to Bryanston and delivered to Provost Marshall Wells. When the officers were on the trail of Booth and Harold, one of them who knew Lloyd and him under arrest, and remarked to him, "You have got yourself into a nice scrape." Lloyd replied, "Yes, I don't know how I did it, but I proceeded to tell that some time ago two carriages and some pistols were left at his house. The Friday before the assassination, Mrs. Surrott came to the house and told him to have the carriages and pistols ready, as two gentlemen would call for them. The night of the assassination Booth and Harold rode up to the door. Harold dismounted and went in and took a carriage and the pistols. Booth would not take his carriage on account of his lame ankle. They took something to drink and rode off. A newspaper correspondent of a New York paper writes that "Surrottville," as he terms it, contains also or ten dwellings. The fact is that there are no dwellings there but those belonging to the tavern premises proper—the house, stable, barn, &c. Michael O'Laughlin is a young man of 25 or thereabouts. In shape and some other particular he resembles Booth, with glossy black hair and black moustache, and rather gentlemanly appearance. He came from Baltimore. O'Laughlin was the first person seen on the night of the assassination, Mrs. Surrott, where it is said he surrendered himself to the military authorities. Strong Hedges, standing by the river the Eastward a Brig and Ship









SIKLAUY - GIDRAN

SENATOR SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DECIDE AND ACT.  
 "Lose this day, loitering, 't will be the  
 same story  
 To-morrow, and the next more dithery  
 The undecided brings its own delay,  
 And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost  
 days.  
 Are you in earnest? Seize this very  
 minute!  
 What you can do, or dream you can, begin  
 Boldness has genius, power, and magic  
 In it  
 Only engage, and then the mind grows  
 heated;  
 Beasts if they work will be contented."

A NEW SOCIETY.

[illegible]

LUCK.

**SOME** people appear to be always lucky in whatever they do. They are successful in the stock market, in the secret list of names explained in our recent little book called *Hunter to Machine Gun*. The author says that generally they are successful because they are successful in their history, turn out to be those persons that knew what the right time was and how to do it in the right way. They know the right way to do things they work for; it is luck well earned. They keep themselves with the awake. They are successful because they are successful in their power, and always ready to move, and when a power or technique does turn out, it, and it is hard to be a blind luck infernal if we have not got toward and in the world.

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was answered for the opening of the ladies.  
 "Eng- in consequence of the discovery of a plot  
 said, "deputation of Parliament have waited on him  
 the inquiry, "How's your poor fist?"  
 make larger hit the following new recipe is given:-  
 a barrel and fill it with rain-water; put in one pair of  
 aye, a head of last year's cabbage, two short axes, a  
 of wormwood, and a little sugar. Keep it for a year,  
 then "dash out."  
 STED TO KNOW.-If the teeth of a stern ever hie:  
 as, is lightening the result? If a good view is to  
 be from the top of the morning? If the man who did  
 now a head of last year's cabbage, two short axes, a  
 can be said to be hair-raised?  
 Wood story is told of a rustic youth and a country girl,  
 sat feeling each other at a tea-party. The youth  
 n with the charms of the beautiful maiden, con-  
 red his eye, and now and then touched Patty's  
 under the table. The girl, determined to make the  
 express what he meant, said to him, "You are  
 here advances a little while in silence, when she cried  
 "Look here, if you love me, why don't you say so;  
 it dirty my stockings!"  
 oughable circumstance wooed took place upon a trial in  
 shire, where a Mr. Wood was examined as a wit-  
 Upon giving his name, Outward Wood, the judge,  
 using him, said, "Fray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell  
 name?" The old gentleman replied:  
 "O, double T,  
 I double U,  
 Z, double I,  
 double O,  
 double O,  
 D."  
 which the astonished lawyer laid down his pen,  
 that it was this man and his extraordinary name he had  
 ret in his life; and, after two or three attempts,  
 he was unable to record it. The court was con-  
 sidered laughter.  
 American paper publishes the following as a copy of  
 of an of an itinerant showman's:-  
 "A BATTLE OF THE MONKS!"  
 e history of this snail is as follows:-  
 as ketch on tongue mounting by a poor old man  
 (a large Fammely being sickly ever old, and weary  
 much is now in A books, and to cast fling nobody  
 Which is much, and to cast fling nobody  
 "Cause he Can't want To eat nothin' admittance  
 k Pests For them what please To pay it and thrip-  
 cents  
 does what Domi a Liberal redemption For Fam-  
 melows  
 more particularly please to caw on Old Dick  
 T. N. Take notice  
 as the poor man (and not the Snail) what had  
 large Fammely."  
 IN CONTEMPORANCE.-A young lady, newly married,  
 obliged to show her husband all the letters she  
 sent the following to an intimate friend:-  
 "I am not satisfied, my dearest friend,  
 at as I am in the matrimonial state,  
 I pour in your friendly bosom,  
 tell how ever lost in union with mine,  
 various sensations which swell  
 the liveliest emotions of pleasure  
 almost bursting heart. I tell you, my dear  
 friend, the most amiable of men.  
 I have not been married as many weeks, and  
 I never found the least reason to  
 regret the day that joined us. My husband is  
 in his person and manners, far from resembling  
 a cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous  
 "I can't but think, by what you write, "I am  
 "I am I is his maxim to treat as  
 "my friend . . . . . and not a  
 "thing or mortal slave, the woman  
 is choice . . . . . Neither party,  
 says, should always give implicitly;  
 each yield to the other by turns.  
 ancient maiden said, near seventy,  
 cheerful, venerable, pleasant old lady,  
 when I was with you; she is the de-  
 of both young and old, and is con-  
 to all the neighbourhood round  
 erous and charitable to the poor.  
 a convinced my husband likes nothing more  
 n he does me; he talks me more  
 business, and his conversation  
 "so I must call the excess of his love)  
 n makes me blush for the unworthiness  
 he object, and wish I could be more deserving  
 he man when name I bear. To  
 all one would . . . . . and to  
 on the whole . . . . . my former lover  
 ow my indulgent husband; my fondness  
 earned, and I might have had  
 ruce, without the selfish thing in  
 "I admit, my dear friend, as I am un-  
 so wish that I could be more  
 ppy!"  
 to the above letter is to read the first and then  
 come to the

## EMIGRATION.

WHERE TO GO, AND HOW TO GO.

**NEW ZEALAND.**—**AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL CAPABILITIES.** Considering the ease with which the New Zealand soil may ever after be cultivated when once broken up, and taking into account the profusion of water and water power, the forcing genial nature of the climate, and the fact that, owing to the wild herbage and the field grasses being almost equally rich and abundant at all seasons of the year, no winter provisions are necessary for stock as in England, Canada, and America, it is probably no exaggeration to say that scarcely any country in the world possesses such a combination of agricultural and pastoral capabilities as New Zealand, and those who predict that she is destined to become the great grain and food market of the Southern Hemisphere are probably not very wide of the truth.

Sir George Grey, the governor, no mean authority, has expressed an opinion that the islands of New Zealand are capable of supporting more stock and growing more corn than the whole of the continent of Australia. Every English domestic animal thrives and multiplies, and every English grain, grass, fruit, and flower, attains full development and perfection. Under the rudest farming crops of 40 bushels wheat per acre are by no means rare; whilst the farm pastures, which are not unfrequently fed and fattened five and six years through, Figa have been killed weighing five and six year-old steers, depastured on the wild herbage of the islands, will scale 1,000 lbs., and 26 lbs. per quarter a common weight for fat wethers. New Zealand merino wool has fetched 2s. 8d. per lb. in the London market; the annual breeding increase of a flock of merino ewes is full 75 per cent. The following is the testimony of a Somersetshire farmer:—

"On my way to Parangata, I had a most satisfactory sight in inspecting a beautiful flock of merino ewes, from 2,000 to 3,000, just ready to lamb. They were, as the phrase goes, rolling in fat. They had been in the milk-look about two or three years; and now I will mention an astonishing fact which I have just ascertained, concerning the unprecedented weight of loose fat on the inside of fat wethers of these pure breed, averaging 30 lbs. of fat each. This has nothing to do with the kidneys fat. The average of 103 lbs. each carcass is nothing extraordinary in weight; but the loose fat, 30 lbs. each, for 100 wethers, I think I may venture to say, is not on record in any part of the world. I took much pains to ascertain the truth of this assertion, and find it entirely on the veracity of the person who killed them. I have had sheep nearly double that weight, and I am remunerated for the fattest sheep at our agricultural meetings at home; but I have had sheep nearly lost anything to be compared to that; and I have seen some of them have measured six inches in diameter at the neck. It is a well-known fact that wool which only weighed two and a-half pounds a yard in New South Wales brought in New Zealand, the highest price of four pounds a yard. The wool of the 'droughie' in New South Wales, which would not grow where sheep are suffering either from want of food or water, reduces the fleece, weakens the staple, and of course lessens the value very considerably. All these things, put together, speak such for New Zealand."

"The New Zealand wild lands may be rudely classed to three chief sorts, viz., "Bush and timber," "fore and rangeland," "grass and flax." The former, though in Canada and America, is not so common as in New Zealand. The agricultural lands are seldom touched in New Zealand, owing to the slow process and the expense of clearing same. Almost all agricultural and pastoral pursuits are presently carried on the two latter descriptions of land, and the great object of the Government is to acquire, and the first cost of reducing these lands to "crop state," is in other words, of "breaking them up," varies from £2 per acre, to £100 per acre.

still speaking from a distance and her grandchildren a great deal, for what would such a woman be if she did not know a sharp, keen knock.

Of trying shoes, fitting baby shoes, and stringing pretty words that make no sense, and knowing full well into empty words.

"**AGE CANNOT WITHHER HER.**"

True wife to true man, I see her there across the gulf growing old at last, not quite so active and not so full of cure. Now, I want to study this picture with you to-night that we may note two things. First, how it reveals the true woman and wife of the old days, a person of whom we are apt to have a rather poor opinion; to note second what lessons open to us from this study, and so to end with the question, "I shall not ask, because I am a man, whether we have any great reason to be proud of her advance in these things that her long to the true wife in a true home after all our lambling about her progress and her attainments. It is the trouble with a great many women, as it is with a great many men for that matter, that they are of an exquisite goodness as far as they go, but it is so like the report we hear of some very rare wine—the worth takes up very little room and is apt to be hidden away in cabinets and only brought out on rare occasions. Some sad mishap has befallen them and has narrowed in their life, or the worth takes a narrow range, for so their minister tells them they must not do this and must not do that, until he has come near narrowing down their mission of the world to a loophole, or the conventions of their life are narrow and bind them in, and so at last they grow to fit their grooves. There is no such trouble we can detect about this good woman of the old days. It is a plentiful nature God has given her, and it not only fills the home completely, but is felt far and wide, and so while some are saying she is such a woman's wife when you ask about her, others are saying she is such a woman's husband. She has the quality in her also of which Mme. de Genlis boasted when she said that if she should fall on misfortune she had twenty accomplishments, by any one of which she could and would make a living.

**AN OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSEHOLD.**

In that busy life within the home where all things are done very much as they used to be done in New England a hundred years ago you feel sure there is not one thing she has to see to as mistress of the house she cannot do better than ever a maid. The homeliness in perfect order because her own presence pervades it from cellar to attic. "The body is the anchor ground of life," the wise German says. She knows that, too, and sees well to herself as one first condition of seeing well to her large and generous domain. When Anna, a chief in Tahiti, begged to be sent to some other island as a missionary, his fellow natives begged he might go, because he was what they called a two handed man. He has a good wife, they said, who will help him. She will teach the women to work and make their men garments and manage their children. Send Anna, he is two handed. So did this good wife make her husband two handed, and he would say if he was truly his salt, she was his right hand. There they are in the old home—busy as bees, working and learning as they work—these maidens who must also be mothers one day and have homes of their own, and she is not only mistress but missionary, and her great, plentiful nature overflows into finer uses than those which lie in bread and butter and home made cloth and yarn.

under the wooding







TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 1st, 1879.

## BRIEF SKETCH OF THE RESULT

### Shipwreck and Loss of Life.

Of twelve vessels seen to pass by 'Scout Monday, nine were discovered about 5 o'clock, P. M., to be riding out the gale under Sledadeer. Tuesday morning three of these had gone, and another had come to an anchor. Of the three missing, two were to be seen outside of Old Man shoal, where they had dragged during the night. Those remaining held to their anchorage until about 9 o'clock, when the wind veered to the west of north, when four got under way and headed around toward 'Scoutset. One of these was a brig, which at about 10.30, A. M., was run ashore upon Low Beach. 'Scoutset people were at hand, and by means of a blue-silk draf! got a line to the fated craft, upon which the crew were hauled in a boat-wain's chair, and taken to Sinsenset village, the captain leaving his vessel in charge of Mr. Robert B. Coffin. Under the tremendous pounding of the surf the vessel rapidly broke up, and in two hours only her bow and stern were to be seen, her masts, cargo of lumber, &c.,

Schooner Daniel Britain, Capt. B. G. Somers, 248 tons, from Boston for Philadelphia in ballast, went ashore on Great Point Monday morning, having lost sails, anchors and elmns. It is thought she will be floated.

The vessel is masted the Meuzanella, sailing from Ellsworth, Me., in command of Capt. John M. Rich. She was bound from Calais, Me., for New York, with 174,000 feet of lumber, consigned to ——— Merch, 83 Wall street. Left Sdem Sunday, and took the storm off Cape Cod light, about 6 o'clock Monday morning. There were about thirty vessels in sight at the time. Ran down the Cape shore, but failed to make Pollock Rip lightship; were well off to leeward, and thought it best to seek shelter at the south side of Nantucket, and anchored off Nohadver about 3.30 Monday. Sailed most of our sails. Tuesday forenoon vessel made bad weather of it, and perceived she was leaking, so slipped cables and started round for a better lee, the wind having veered. As the water continued to gain rapidly, decided it

## The Farmers' Clubs.

des Landschafts

Fuller details will be given in our issue of next Saturday.

[From the Providence Gazette, 1820.]

**OLD GAMES.**

Wene 28 1/2

We have spelled them as nearly right as we can, and if these are not enough, we will furnish more on application.—*Literary World.*

THE PHILADELPHIA DANDY.

I'd have you place this dandy.

held his hand. The desire to pay the joker off was strong; but he let it go, until after the close of the meeting, and then used his hand by telling the story, in the colonel's hearing, to all who were there to listen.

Of one thing be sure: Neither Sloman P. Hancock nor myself ever suffered ourselves after that to be sent off in company with Colonel L., who would have it expressly understood, at the outset, that he should speak last. — S. C. H.







In Paris they are very funny with their practical jokes. Here is one told with much satisfaction of Ronsseau. Ronsseau went into a grocery shop and said: "Have you any light candles?"

"Yes, sir; we sell a good many of them. You see there are more poor people than rich in the world."

"Ah?" said Ronsseau. "I see you are more than a grocer—you are an observer."

"Oh, sir," said the grocer, flattered, "then you want, sir—"

"An' a light candle, please."

"Only one, sir?"

"One to begin with; I'll see about more after-ward."

The candle was produced and Ronsseau said:

"Will you kindly cut it in two?"

This was done, and he then said:

"Now would you kindly cut the two halves into four?"

"Info four, sir?"

"Yes, for my purpose I want eight small pieces of candle."

"There they are, sir."

"One moment, would you kindly make a wick to each piece? And now can you oblige me with a match?"

This being done, Ronsseau struck the eight pieces in a line on the counter and lighted them.

"May I ask what you are doing?" said the grocer.

"Oh!" said Ronsseau, "it is a joke."

"A joke?"

"Yes; and having made it, I wish you good day."

As he left the shop, the grocer ran after him crying: "But you haven't paid for the candle!"

"If I did," replied Ronsseau, "where would be the joke?"

Only a Cape and Sword.

Napoleon I. never forgot anything—

least of all the days of his poverty, and the slights he then received. When he first paid court to Madame de Beauharnais, neither was rich enough to keep a carriage, and the young hero, who was deeply in love, often gave the charming widow his arm when she went to visit her man of business, a notary named Ragnidieu, Madame, who had great confidence in this legal adviser, who was a friend as well, went to see him immediately after her engagement. In Beauharnais, who, as usual, accompanied her, but, from motives of delicacy, did not enter the notary's cabinet, but remained in an adjoining room, where several clerks were waiting. The door being imperfectly closed, he heard nearly all that was said during the interview, and especially the arguments used by Ragnidieu to deter Madame de Beauharnais from the marriage she acknowledged herself about to contract.

"Mark my words, madame," said the notary, earnestly, "you are about to commit a great folly, of which you will bitterly repent. Why this man you are about to espouse has nothing in the world but a cape and a sword."

Eight years after, Napoleon, on the day of his coronation, as soon as he was invested with his imperial robes, said:

"Let them seek Ragnidieu. Have him come instantly. I have something to say to him."

The notary was brought, and stood much astonished before the Emperor, who, with his peculiar sardonic smile, said to him:

"Ah bien, monsieur, have I nothing in the world but a cape and a sword?"

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Brauer, the famous Dutch painter, was a peculiar character. He lived a life of reckless dissipation at Amsterdam, earning much but spending more, and thus accumulating such a load of debt that he saw no way to escape from his creditors save by flight, and accordingly secretly left the city for Antwerp. Being more acquainted with the vagaries of tavern frequenters than with the vagaries of government, he did not provide himself with a passport, and accordingly, when he reached Antwerp, was arrested as a spy (the war between Spain and the Netherlands then raging), and imprisoned in the citadel, where he found as a companion the Duke D'Arenberg. Brauer, taking the Duke for some one in authority, protested he was no spy, but only a poor traveling artist, and that, had he colors and canvas, he would prove the truth of his words. The Duke sent to his friend Rubens for the necessary materials, and Brauer began to work. Several Spanish soldiers were seated in the court playing cards, and the painter took them for his models. He painted the group with spirit and fidelity, carefully studying the expression, attitude and face of each player. Behind them is an old soldier, who is the judge of the throws; his face is a study, and between his half-open lips his two remaining teeth are visible. Never has Brauer painted with more fire and spirit, nor with greater success. The duke was delighted, sent for Rubens to come and examine the "dumb," and tell him if it were worth keeping. No sooner had the "master" glanced at it than he declared the painter must be Brauer, and placed the "dumb" at such a high valuation that the Duke exclaimed, "You rightly judge it is not for sale. I intend it for my cabinet, as much on account of the singular way in which I have obtained it as for its intrinsic value." Rubens secured the painter's release.

#### The Volunteers.

A young French volunteer summoned to perform his month's drill in the cavalry succeeds in convincing his venerable and unsuspecting parent that every soldier is compelled to furnish his own horse, and the old gentleman sends on the funds.

A companion, who serves in the artillery, encouraged by his friend's success, writes to the author of his, being that under the articles of war each artilleryman is bound to include a four-pounder field-piece in his kit, and the old gentleman sends on the funds.

The other day the second confiding parent reads in his paper that Herr Krupp has just finished a steel gun of large calibre at a cost of 1,200,000 francs.

"How fortunate," he cries, "that we are not in Alsace or Lorraine, where our poor, dear Alfred might be drafted into that battery. War is, indeed, a terrible thing!"

Drove Them Off.—A Californian farmer got considerable fun out of what had been an annoyance by placing a stuffed deer in his grain field. The hunters, after emptying a large amount of ammunition into the animal, and discovering the fraud, never trespassed again.

Our last issue contained the report of Wednesday's trial of the Walker divorce cases. We give below an abstract of the remainder of the proceedings:—

Upon the convening of the court Thursday, Nov. 11, the testimony of numerous witnesses, including the captains and employees of the Fall River steamers, in support of the charge of improper intimacy between Mrs. Walker and Tinkham, was here, when the case for the husband was rested.

Mr. Marston briefly stated his case. Mrs. Walker, driven to desperation by the conduct of her husband, sought sympathy elsewhere. Finding that she could no longer live with her husband, she started to go to her sister's in Aenshuet, but met Tinkham in Fall River, and without previous arrangement with him went to New York. They occupied the state room, but sat up together talking over her trouble. It would be shown that the conduct of Mr. Walker and Miss Morris was systematically wicked. Abuse and violence towards his wife would be shown of Mr. Walker.

Mrs. Walker was the first witness. She stated that she was 23 years old. First became acquainted with Miss Morris at Nantucket. She came to Somerset to stay in the Spring of 1879. Previous to that she made frequent visits. When Miss Morris was visiting there, she and Mr. Walker spent much time in the study. After dinner, she would frequently say: "Now, Uncle Charlie, hold me while Bob (meaning witness) does the housework." He called her "Puss." He often kissed her, and they hugged each other. After she came to stay, they became more intimate. She would go up stairs to lie down, and Mr. Walker would go too. Mrs. Walker saw them once or twice there, lying down together. This practice continued until the baby was born on the 29th of June. They both went up stairs to sleep nights. Miss Morris went away about that time, but came back in September. She slept with witness two or three nights, and then said it was too bad for Uncle Charlie to sleep alone up stairs, and she would go up and sleep with him. One night Miss Morris slept with witness, and towards morning she woke up and found Mr. Walker in the bed, on the back side, next to Miss Morris. Witness told her husband she wouldn't be a party to any such arrangement any more, and after that she slept on the sofa, while they occupied the bed room. This state of affairs continued from October until some time in February. Miss Morris was poisoned in the Fall of 1878, by dogwood or something of the kind. On one Saturday evening, near that time, after witness had completed her work, she went into the sitting room and found Miss Morris in a corner with no clothing on and Mr. Walker giving her a bath. Miss Morris was taken sick in February, 1880; said a Boston physician told her she had a tumor and would be very sick. At this time Mr. Tinkham was sick. Witness went to take care of him. On Tuesday morning was in Miss Morris's room. About ten days after Miss Morris was taken sick, Mrs. Walker went away for good, and went to Tinkham's. Previous to that had stayed at Tinkham's until 1 in the morning. Mr. Walker made no objection to her going to Tinkham's, and urged her taking food to him. [Witness then gave a detailed account of the whereabouts and doings after leaving Mr. Walker's house up to the time of her arrest with Tinkham in New York:] said that she and Tinkham never had sexual intercourse at proposed separation between her and her any time. She once saw a letter in which Mr. Walker addressed Miss Morris as "Dear and Mrs. Walker copied and signed it. She 'Little Brown Eyes.' It stated that what he identified several letters written by her to was doing for her he would do for no other Mrs. Walker. Mr. Marston read passages woman under the heavens. He called her "his little wife," and signed himself "Your lady referred largely to her propensity for loving husband." [Witness then related the circumstances attending Miss Morris's sickness and Mr. Walker's connection with it, charging him with extreme cruelty to her (witness) during the winter.

The examination was continued Friday, and a mass of testimony introduced in rebuttal to prove that Mrs. Walker had always manifested the warmest regard for Miss Morris, approved of her husband's course, and was extremely solicitous lest the gossip which it created should cause "Puss" to leave Somerset.

Mary H. Nye, of Nantucket, testified to receiving several letters from Mrs. Walker, among them one which Mrs. Walker had denied writing.

A. S. Southworth, of Boston, an expert in handwriting, testified that in his opinion all the letters were written by one hand, but on being shown a letter written by Miss Morris in connection with the letter which is disputed, declared "that they were undoubtedly written by the same hand."

Priscilla C. Morris, alias "Puss," testified that she was 22 years old. Now lives in Dorchester. She testified regarding various visits to Mr. Walker's in 1878, and to the places in which she resided and her occupation during that year. She was invited to come to Somerset to live with Mrs. Walker, who said she would be willing to make any sacrifice or exertion if witness would only come. While staying at Mrs. Walker's she sometimes slept with Mrs. W. when matters were uncomfortable between her and her husband. Part of last winter slept with her continuously. Mr. Walker had never been in the same bed with her, or had never had criminal intercourse with her. The witness denied every charge made against her by witnesses on the other side.

During the trip on the schooner she slept with Mrs. Walker, Mr. W. occupying another berth. At the time of her sickness at Mr. Walker's house in February, she had taken a severe cold. Had no intercourse then nor at any other time in her life. Never told Mrs. Walker that she had or feared having a tumor. Mrs. Walker frequently spoke of leaving her husband. The witness testified to Mrs. Walker's writing a note exonerating her from all blame in the event of a proposed separation between her and her any time. Miss Morris first wrote the note Mr. Walker addressed Miss Morris as "Dear and Mrs. Walker copied and signed it. She 'Little Brown Eyes.' It stated that what he identified several letters written by her to was doing for her he would do for no other Mrs. Walker. Mr. Marston read passages woman under the heavens. He called her "his little wife," and signed himself "Your lady referred largely to her propensity for loving husband." [Witness then related the circumstances attending Miss Morris's sickness and Mr. Walker's connection with it, charging him with extreme cruelty to her (witness) during the winter.

The cross examination brought out the fact that while in Nantucket Miss Morris and Mrs. Walker were very intimate. In August, 1878, Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Miss Morris made a trip to New York in the schooner Sylvester Hale, of Taunton, being absent two or three weeks. They had an after cabin in which there were two berths. Mr. Walker and Miss Morris occupied one and Mrs. Walker the other. He

did not come down to sleep with Miss Morris at the house, until she came to live. Before that, when she was visiting there, he would lie on the outside of the bed. [A number of witnesses were then examined and testified to Mr. Walker's open neglect of his wife in public and private, and unbecoming attentions towards Miss Morris.

Mr. Marston read the deposition of George R. Tinkham, who is 27 years old, and now living at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It denies ever having sexual intercourse with Mrs. Walker. Mr. Walker had often expressed himself to Tinkham as tired of Mrs. Walker, and as wanting to get rid of her. After Tinkham was taken sick, Walker came to see him, and said Mrs. Walker was taking care of him (Tinkham) because he told her to do so. Walker said that he could take care of Miss Morris himself, and would rather have Mrs. Walker take care of Tinkham. Walker said Miss Morris was in the house as his companion; that Mrs. Walker had no accomplishments; that Miss Morris helped him about his sermons, and having seen much of the world she could give him valuable information. He treated Mrs. Walker like a servant, and Miss Morris more like a wife. Tinkham had told Mr. Walker he ought to discontinue his intimacy with Miss Morris. Walker besought him to keep his secret, and he promised to do so. His meeting with Mrs. Walker at Bowenville was accidental. Nothing improper was done in the state room.

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Judge Fox read several letters from Mrs. Walker to parties in Nantucket, expressing great affection for Miss Morris, which were admitted to be genuine by Mrs. Walker. The one denied by Mrs. Walker was a note exonerating "Puss" from all blame in relation to any trouble between herself and her husband.

Mr. Walker was recalled and stated that the statements made by Tinkham in his deposition regarding conversations with him were absolutely false. First heard of the scandalous charges against him on the day Mrs. Walker left him.

Mrs. Walker was called and testified she always loved and trusted Miss Morris more than anybody else in the world, and never lost faith in her until the sickness in February. Although her husband had been sleeping with Miss Morris, she never believed there was anything wrong between them. Miss Morris had always told her so, and she believed her.

This closed the evidence, and the case was suspended until 7 o'clock in the evening, when the arguments were made.

Mr. Marston was the first to speak. It seems to be true in every case of improper relations between a man and woman, and the man is a minister, that it grows into extraordinary proportions. In this affair the scandal began as long ago as 1877, when Mr. Walker resided at Nantucket. Miss Morris came to Somerset as a guest, and the close friend of Mrs. Walker. It is absurd to say that she went to Somerset to live simply because of her interest in Mrs. Walker. She quarters herself on this poor clergyman, with a net salary of \$646 a year, because she could help him shape his sermons, and he could guide her instruction in music. We see what this intimacy is drifting to in the kissing and the fondling in the ears. He is never seen to do one act of courtesy to his wife. He has ent loose from the moorings which bound him to his wife and is floating on in tow of this new tug with gaudy streamers and flying pennants. Mrs. Walker tells us the remarkable fact, so remarkable that we cannot believe it was invented, that they were sleeping three in the bed. Mrs. Walker is in the middle it is true, but it shows to what an extent the malignancy of the one and the modesty of the other had deteriorated. We find, too, that Miss Morris in January went to a physician in Boston, for some reason not clearly explained. She tells Mrs. Walker on her arrival at home that a physician had performed an operation on her, and she would be very sick. She brought home pennyroyal, and we don't need Dr. Garret to tell us what that was for. Then comes the extraordinary fact that Mr. Walker took care of her, and did all the work of the sick chamber, burning something in a cloth, which Mrs. Walker tells us all about. These facts are not denied by either Miss Morris or Mr. Walker. Even if there was nothing wicked about her sickness, these things which are admitted shock every sense of decency. But if it was the result of wickedness, the man in that sick room must have been the guilty man, for no innocent man, except a physician, would have been there.

Mr. Marston then reviewed Mrs. Walker's connection with Tinkham, claiming that she went to his house with her husband's consent and that there was no evidence of impropriety on her part. She was there as a Sister of Charity, doing the duty the master had laid upon her, in caring for the sick man. Mr. Marston reviewed at length the story of the trip to New York, arguing that nothing improper occurred. At the first kind word from Capt. Davis, Mrs. Walker turned homeward, though free to go to the West with Tinkham, if she chose. And she comes back to Somerset, to face whatever there was to be faced. But her husband was for revenge, vengeance, divorce, freedom, and—Priscilla Morris. Whatever may be said of the indiscretions of this poor woman, we know that no evidence has brought proof of the great transgression that is laid at her door.

Mr. Train then addressed the court. He proposed to treat Mrs. Walker fairly and kindly. The little matters of scandal brought in by the other side are unworthy the consideration of the court. Mrs. Walker never uttered a breath against her husband until she had made up her mind to elope with Tinkham. Up to the time Mrs. Walker went to Fall River with Mr. Tinkham, she had never seemed to imagine any improper conduct between her husband and Miss Morris. At about Christmas we find Mrs. Walker riding to Fall River with Mr. Tinkham. Relations began which increased in intimacy until they culminated in adultery. About the first of February, Tinkham was taken sick, or pretended to be. It is very well for the learned counsel to say that Mrs. Walker was acting the part of a Sister of Charity. But there was no reason why she should render the service she did. If well for her to perform little kindnesses, but why should she stay all night?

Judge Lord said he did not propose to enter any decree at the present time. A decree in favor of either against the other would be to declare the innocence of the favored one. The dismissal of both litigants might be construed in several ways, unless explicit reasons were given. Besides, a case like this, in which a teacher of morality is charged with a heinous offence naturally excites much public interest, and ought not to be decided without great care. He would say, however, that all the parties were, at the least, very imprudent.

#### The Dr. Ellis Case.

The Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror, which recently published the story of the late Dr. Ellis and the reported discovery of his daughter and heiress, has received a communication from a friend of the late Dr. Ellis, who claims that the story, as published, was not entirely correct. That there was a child, he was aware of; and knew the wife's name was Martha Paly, of Galesville, Ah., and that her mother's name was Nancy. The writer further says that there was a son named William Dice of Abington, who, if he could be got hold of, could tell much more. The story of a daughter is doubted by the correspondent, who believes the child to have been a boy. He closes as follows:

The money matter is misstated. When he left Illinois he had one thousand dollars in his care belonging to his mother-in-law. This he got into the hands of some one in Nantucket, to return it to her, and was assured that it had been delivered. Nine years after he learned that it had not been delivered, and he then made another attempt to return it to her, with the proper interest for the time. He was out a dollar in the sense in which that term is generally applied. Some time before his engagement, (in Nantucket,) he was told that his wife Martha was dead. Feeling free, he became engaged and a very short time before he was to be married it was proved to him, by one who promised to keep still if he was paid well, that Martha was living. He refused to buy the silence and broke off the engagement at once. He did not dare, however, to tell his story and take the consequences, and he kept a foolish silence. That is, it looks as though he was foolish in keeping silence. That he left his money to his "dead heirs" made me think he must not there might be a child of his living, and he wished to do justice to it.

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Mr. Marston then reviewed Mrs. Walker's connection with Tinkham, claiming that she went to his house with her husband's consent and that there was no evidence of impropriety on her part. She was there as a Sister of Charity, doing the duty the master had laid upon her, in caring for the sick man. Mr. Marston reviewed at length the story of the trip to New York, arguing that nothing improper occurred. At the first kind word from Capt. Davis, Mrs. Walker turned homeward, though free to go to the West with Tinkham, if she chose. And she comes back to Somerset, to face whatever there was to be faced. But her husband was for revenge, vengeance, divorce, freedom, and—Priscilla Morris. Whatever may be said of the indiscretions of this poor woman, we know that no evidence has brought proof of the great transgression that is laid at her door.

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## Order of Exercises.

### PART I.

SONG, Vesper Chimes.....	SCHOOL
DECLAMATION, Hole in the Patch.....	HORACE EASTON
RECITATION, What a Christmas Carol Did.....	ANNIE C. AYRES
SONG, See-Saw.....	
DECLAMATION, The Music Stool.....	CHARLES E. CONGDON
DECLAMATION, Punch and the Serious Little Boy.....	ARTHUR M. COFFIN
ROUND, Come, Sing.....	
OLIVER P. SMITH, WILLIAM A. SMITH, FERDINAND SYLVARO.	
DECLAMATION, Scout and the Veteran.....	WILSON C. BROWN
READING, The Babi-headed Man.....	HORACE EASTON
DECLAMATION, Rights and Duties.....	MAURICE K. GIBBS
SONG, Draw the Sword, Scotland.....	SCHOOL
DECLAMATION, Union with Great Britain.....	WILLIAM H. BARRETT
DECLAMATION, Love of Political Power.....	JOHN F. MACK
INSTRUMENTAL SELECTION.	
O. P. SMITH, WILLIAM A. SMITH, W. H. VINCENT, W. H. BARRETT.	
DECLAMATION, Reply to Mr. Flood.....	OLIVER P. SMITH
DECLAMATION, Speech of Tiberius Quintus.....	CHARLES A. SELDEN
DUET, Return of Spring.....	EVELYN C. MORRIS, EMILY F. SMITH
DECLAMATION, Liberty of the Press.....	WILLIAM E. GARDNER
RECITATION, Mr. Milneson's Baby.....	MARY W. TRACY

## Order of Exercises.

### PART II.

SONG, A Social Song.....	SCHOOL
DECLAMATION, Right to Tax America.....	WILLIAM A. SMITH
SONG, Morning Greetings.....	GRADUATING CLASS
ESSAY, Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.....	MIRIAM F. SANDSBURY
ESSAY, Storms.....	EMILY R. COFFIN
ESSAY, Holidays.....	CARRIE T. AUSTIN
SOLO, Call me back again.....	EMILY R. COFFIN
ESSAY, Quetzal, The Fair God.....	FLORENCE H. HODGE
ESSAY, Time and I against Any Two.....	EVELYN C. MORRIS
DUET, Fairies' Revel.....	HELEN LOCKE AND EMILY F. SMITH
ESSAY, Political Parties.....	MARY E. CROSBY
ESSAY, The Chinese Question.....	FRANCES NICKERSON
INSTRUMENTAL DUET.....	O. P. SMITH AND WILLIAM A. SMITH
ESSAY, The Labor Trouble.....	HENRY P. BROWN
ESSAY, American History.....	MARY WAITT
DUET, Beautiful Moonlight.....	HELEN LOCKE AND OLIVER P. SMITH

### Awarding Diplomas.

### CLASS SONG.

### GRADUATES.

EMILY R. COFFIN,	CARRIE T. AUSTIN,
EVELYN C. MORRIS,	FRANCES NICKERSON,
MIRIAM F. SANDSBURY,	MARY WAITT,
HENRY P. BROWN.	

HIGHEST IN SCHOLARSHIP, MARY WAITT.

### POST GRADUATES.

MARY E. CROSBY,	FLORENCE H. HODGE.
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### CLASS SONG.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne.

Farewell, farewell, ye good old days,  
Departed evermore;  
No more ye'll come to us who sail  
From childhood's fishing shore.

CHORUS.—We'll sing your praises, happy days,  
Youth's rosy summer time;  
A joyous chorus we will raise  
In praise of Auld Lang Syne.

We'll clasp the hand and heaven a sigh  
O'er these, our early lives;  
Then hopefully we'll onward life  
Where'er our duty lies.

—CHORUS.

Farewell, farewell, dear teachers all,  
Who've been so good and kind;  
May every blessing on you fall  
That helps the human mind.

—CHORUS.

—MIRIAM F. SANDSBURY.

Printer and Mirror Press.

### GOD'S PROMISE.

In the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah, verses 18 and 19, we read: "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel: Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, therefore Jonadab shall not want a man to stand before Me for ever."

And hath He said and shall He not do it? He never forgets his promises. But where are the Rechabites now? Many hundreds of years have passed away. The people of Judah have been driven from their own land and scattered all over the earth. Where can we find the Rechabites? How can we know that God still remembers and preserves them?

A missionary who travelled much in the East has told us something about the descendants of these obedient Rechabites. This missionary was Dr. Wolff. He was himself a Jew; but he had learned to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was the true Messiah, the Saviour of the world, and he was travelling about to try and bring his Jewish brethren to believe in Him too.

In Mesopotamia Dr. Wolff met with a wild-looking man like an Arab; he was on horseback riding through the deserts. Dr. Wolff was told that this man was a Jew, so he spoke to him and asked him if he could read. He could read both Hebrew and Arabic well, and was glad to see a Bible in Hebrew which Dr. Wolff showed him. Then the missionary asked him about his country and his people. The man took the Bible and turned to Jeremiah 35, the story of the Rechabites. Then he told Dr. Wolff that his people lived in the deserts near Mecca, in Arabia. He said, "We are descended from Jonadab, the son of Rechab. We drink no wine and plant no vineyards; we live in tents as Jonadab commanded us."

"Come and see us; you will find 600,000 still living, and you will see that this prophecy is fulfilled."

Sea Success  
1152

Pleasant weather  
and wind  
at all and go  
a large one and to row  
the small Whales bay  
the day

Pleasant weather spoke  
some Liverpool bound to  
are her two bark of water  
the small Whales bay  
the day

Pleasant weather certain  
body employed boiling  
the day

Pleasant weather took  
sided the case and  
the day

Pleasant weather employed  
and setting up Shook  
the day

Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
finished boiling at two this morning  
spoke cleaning Ship to day  
the three Whales made us 140 lbs

Sun 10 Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
nothing in sight so ends the day

Sat 11 Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
so ends the day

Sun 12 Pleasant weather heading by the wind  
so ends the day

Mon 13 Pleasant all hands employed working  
out the fore hold



Bark Sea Queen Peru  
Tues Dec #14-1852

Pleasant weather steering by  
the wind nothing in sight so ends the day

Wenes 15 Pleasant weather all hands employed  
14 Mon Coopering oil sunds the day

Thur 16 Pleasant weather spoke the ship  
Anne of Hamburg bound to Panama  
with a cargo of coals Coopering oil  
so ends the day

Fri 17 Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
nothing in sight so ends the day

Sat 18 Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
washed the ship inside and outside  
so ends the day

Sun 19 Pleasant steering by the wind  
nothing in sight so ends the day

Mon 20 Pleasant weather steering E N E employed  
doing nothing so ends the day

Tues 21 Pleasant weather employed varnishing  
the stantions so ends the day

Wes 22 Pleasant weather employed doing nothing

Thurs 23 Pleasant weather rose a school of  
Large Whales lowered the Boats and  
chased until sun down to windward  
but could not come up with them  
so came on Board with out any





Bar k Sea Queen Peru  
Thurs Feb 4 - 18-53

Pleasant weather gannet with  
the Montgomery of New Bedford and  
the Mariner of Nantucket seen this day

Fri 5 Pleasant weather Mariner in sight off  
the weather gannet gannet with the Montgomery  
and saw a schooner off our side and seen  
off in the 10 ends this day

Sat 6 Pleasant weather gannet with the Montgomery  
and got 4 lbs of Onions and 15 lbs of  
potatoes secured this day

Sun 7 Pleasant weather steering to the eastward  
Nothing in sight - so ends this day

Mon 8 Pleasant weather steering S. by E. W. W.  
employed painting Iron work

Tues 8<sup>th</sup> Pleasant weather steering S. by E. W. W. saw  
a school of Blackfish

Wed 9<sup>th</sup> Pleasant weather steering to the Eastward  
nothing in sight

Thurs 10 Pleasant weather employed painting  
secured this day

Frid 11 Pleasant weather nothing in sight

Sat 12 Pleasant weather S. S. W. W. Good's Isle  
in sight so ends the day

Sun 13 Pleasant weather steering S. by E. W. W.  
gannet with the Congaree of New Bedford



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Mon Feb the 14 1853

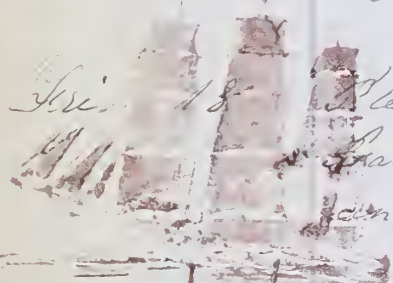


Pleasant weather steering  
S. W. sighted South Head at  
10 AM gaming with the Congaree

Tues 15 Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
1 PM South Head and Barbara in sight

Wed 16 Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
a Ship Bark and Brig in sight off the  
lee beam so ends this day

Thurs 17 Boring and calm employ'd scraping the  
Barks Bottom and washing her outside



Fri 18 Pleasant steering all around the compass  
Bark Montgomery and Bark Panther  
and Ship Congaree all in sight to lee

Sat 19 Pleasant off South Head gaming  
with the Montgomery and Ship  
Hero of Van Hooket



Sun 20 Pleasant Spoke the Congaree three  
other sail in sight so ends

Mon 21 Pleasant off North Head gammed  
with the Montgomery and Panther  
and Brig Esplanado Redondo  
Rock in sight so ends



Tues 22 Pleasant off and on North Head  
employ'd visiting ships gammed  
with the Ship Congaree of Bedford



Wed 23 Pleasant gammed with the  
Congaree of Bedford so ends



Barb Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Thurs Feb 24 1853

Pleasant weather steering S. S W?  
South Head in sight

Fri. 25 Pleasant weather steering South by W?  
Land in sight saw 3 or 4 in Packs

Sat 26 Pleasant weather passed about one  
Mile to the windward of the Montserrat  
South Head in sight

Sun 27 Pleasant steering by the wind heading  
S S E Sail in sight off our weather bow

Mon 28 Pleasant steering by the wind broke out  
fog - blow and water so ends

Tues Mar 1 18-53 rainy weather strong breezes  
nothing in sight so ends this day

Wed 2 Rainy weather steering by the wind  
to the Eastward so ends this day

Thurs 3 Rainy weather saw a Ship this morning  
steering to the North so ends this day

Fri 4 Pleasant weather steering to the East  
nothing in sight so ends this day

Sat 5 Pleasant weather steering N E by N  
unemployed hauling the fore castle

Sun 6 Pleasant weather steering S S E  
nothing in sight so ends this day

Mon 7 Pleasant weather saw a large Sperm  
Whale at 1 PM board the Boats and  
chased until the sun went down but  
could not get near him so ends this day



Park Sea Lucen Gallapagos  
Tue Mar 8 - 1853

Pleasant nothing in sight

Wed 9 Pleasant weather rose a school of Sperm  
Whales at 11 AM lowered the Boats  
and got me took him alongside and  
got ready to cut in so ends the  
Good Island in sight so ends the day

Thurs 10 Pleasant weather employed cutting in  
and commenced to boil at 2 PM

Fri 11 Pleasant employed boiling finished  
at 10 PM lowered one Boat for  
a school of Blackfish but did not get  
any the White Whale 43 bbls

Sat 12 Pleasant weather employed cleaning  
Ship and coopering the oil

Sun 13 Pleasant weather South Head  
in sight so ends this 24 hours

Mon 14 Pleasant weather employed capping  
the rigging so ends this day

Tues 15 Pleasant steering S 28° W Land in  
sight employed capping the rigging  
17 Mo

Wed 16 Pleasant weather Land and Bonobonds  
in sight employed rattling down  
the rigging

Thur 17 Pleasant two Barks in sight  
saw a Bark lower her Boats down  
and we lowered ours and pulled  
towards them three miles but did  
not see anything and came aboard  
again so ends this day



Park Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Fri Mar 18 - 1858

Pleasant employed tarring down  
riggin two Barks in sight chasing  
Blackfish



Sat 19 Pleasant calm finishing tarring  
joined with the Barks the Ohio of  
New Bedford and the Callao Bark

Sun 20 Calm Hennaus Island in sight  
and the two Barks in sight saw all  
kinds of fish but no whales

Mon 21 Calm Hennaus Island in sight joined  
with the Bark Ohio and Callao Bark



Tue 22 Calm Ohio and Callao Bark in sight  
chased Blackfish did not get any

Wed 23 Light breezes joined with the two Barks  
five Barks and Blackfish

Thur 24 Light breezes steering E by N two Barks  
in sight

Fri 25 Strong breezes steering E by E employed  
scrubbing the paint inside and scraping  
Stanchions and pins so ends this day

Sat 26 Pleasant steering to the Eastward  
employed painting the Ship inside so ends

Sun 27 Pleasant - taring by the wind nothing  
in sight so ends the day

Mon 28 Pleasant steering S E employed painting  
spars so ends this day of tarr



Bark Sea Queen Cruising  
Tues Mar 29 - 18-53

Raining all day employed  
doing nothing so ends this rainy day


Wed 30 Pleasant Lat 1 North employed  
furnishing the iron work so and so


Thurs 31 Pleasant heading E N E employed  
furnishing the wood painting so ends

Fri April 1 18-53 Pleasant saw beaches off  
our weather beam

Sat 2 Pleasant employed washing and  
painting the forecastle all hands  
living on Deck so ends the day

Sun 3 Lat 55 North Strong breeze nothing  
in sight all hands living on Deck

 Mon 4 Pleasant employed painting things  
that belong to the forecastle raised  
the ship Memonon of Nantucket  
at 11 A M and at 3 P M saw  
low and had a gain so ends the

 Tues 5 Pleasant gunning with the Memonon  
of Nantucket all hands living on Deck  
Wed 6 Pleasant galled with the Memonon  
of Nantucket all hands living on Deck

Thurs 7 Pleasant steering to the E and  
galled with the Memonon

Fri 8 Pleasant steering by the wind saw  
the Memonon nothing more



Bark Sea Queen

1853

- Sat Mar 9 Pleasant saw beaches run for them but saw nothing more so ends
- Sun 10 Pleasant weather steering by the wind to the Westward nothing in sight so ends
- Mon 11 Pleasant weather employed cooping Oil so ends
- Tues 12 Pleasant steering S. W. employed breaking out and blowing down Oil so ends the day
- Wed 13 Pleasant steering S. W. by W. saw beach off our weather bow there a few turtles but could not make it out. Whales Chatham Island in sight
- Thurs 14 Pleasant weather Hoods Isle in sight
- Fri 15 Pleasant steering to the Southward  
8. Mo. Hoods Island in sight
- Sat 16 Pleasant steering S by E. nothing in sight
- Sun 17 Pleasant steering by the wind nothing in sight so ends the day
- Mon 18 Pleasant handling by the painted the Main sail so ends the day
- Tues 19 Pleasant steering to the Westward nothing in sight so ends the day
- Wed 20 Pleasant steering N. E. nothing in sight
- Thurs 21 Pleasant weather employed mending the Gaff top sail so ends the day



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Fri Apr 22. 1853 Pleasant heading E & E  
nothing in sight so ends

Sat 23 Pleasant weather steering S W  
nothing in sight so ends the day

Sun 24 Pleasant weather steering S W nothing  
in sight so ends

Mon 25 Pleasant S W by W Charles Island  
in sight so ends in sight

Tues 26 Pleasant steering N W by W Charles  
Island in sight so ends the day

Thurs 27 Pleasant steering W S W Charles  
in sight and South Head



Fri 28 Pleasant steering down by South Head  
gamed with the President of San Francisco  
and the Hector of New Bedford

Sat 29 Pleasant all three ships sent their  
boats ashore after terrapin on South  
Head we got two one small one and  
one that weighed five hundred and fifty

Sat 30



Pleasant off Weather bar gamed  
with the Menckon of San and the  
President and Hector two sail  
in sight to the seaward

Sun May 1 1853 Pleasant off weather off bar  
6 sail in sight so ends the day



Mon 2 Good weather gamed with the Hector  
Antilus Menckon and Bark Montgomery



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Tues May 3 18-53

Calm weather 5 Sail in sight  
the Bark Mary Francis saw something  
they called a Large Whale and lowered  
her Boats for it and all the other ships  
lowered and helped her chase it we chased  
about 16 Miles but did not see anything  
so we give it up we came on Board and  
did not know what we had been after nor  
any of the rest of the ships did not know

Wed 4 Pleasant steering for Redondo Rock  
sent a Boat fishing at 1 P.M. and at 2 P.M.  
the Nautilus raised Whales called the  
Boat a board and lowered the other  
Boats and chased until dark did  
not nearer than a Mile of them

Thur 5 Pleasant raised Whales at 6 A.M.  
going very quick chased them with the ship  
until 2 P.M. then lowered and made out  
to get one Snallone got him alongside  
at dark so ends the day

Fri 6 Pleasant and Calm commenced cutting  
at day light and finished at 8 A.M.  
raised more Whales at 10 A.M. lowered  
lowered and chased them struck two  
10 Miles from the ship and killed them  
towed them 6 hours got them alongside  
at 11 P.M. so ends this day of hard labor

Sat 7 Pleasant employed cutting and boiling  
so ends this day

Sun 8 Pleasant employed boiling the Whales  
so ends this greasy day



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Mon May 9 1853

Pleasant employed boiling  
finished boiling at 5 P.M. the Whales  
made 90 blb so ends this fare

Tues 10 Pleasant employed washing the Ship

Wed 11 Pleasant steering E & E saw porpoises  
and fin Backs so ends this day

Thurs 12 Pleasant steering to the Eastward  
setting up Shooks nothing in sight

Fri 13 Pleasant steering E by N  
employ d setting up Jipes nothing seen

Sat 14 Pleasant steering to the West ward  
saw porpoises so ends this day

Sun 15 Pleasant steering to the Westward  
19th May Hennans Island in sight Bulwers

Mon 16 Pleasant Hennans Island  
in sight employed Coopering Oil

Tues 17 Pleasant all hands employed  
stowing down Oil so ends this day

Wed 18 Pleasant steering to the Eastward  
finished stowing down and washed  
off Deck at Night

Thurs 19 Strong breezes steering to the Eastward  
washed off the Ship all over inside  
caught a porpoise so ends the day

Fri 20 Strong breezes steering E & E Nothing  
in sight



Bak Sea Lucu Peru

Fri Dec 24-1852



Pleasant Steering by the wind raised Whales at 1 P.M. toward the Boats and struck three and got two of them so ends the day

Sat 25 Pleasant weather employed cutting and boiling so ends the day

Sund 26 Pleasant finished boiling and washed off the Ship the Whales made 55 bls

Mon 27 Pleasant weather employed washing clothes

Tues 28 Pleasant weather Lat 146 S raised Whales at 10 A.M. toward the Boats and got five Whales took them alongside and cut the smallest and commenced boiling so ends the day



Wen 29 Pleasant weather finished boiling the small Whale at 6 A.M. and commenced cutting the other got him in at 10 A.M. and began boiling so ends the day

Thurs 30 Pleasant finished boiling at Noon and cleaned up the Whales made 58 bls Lat 130

Fri 31 Pleasant weather Steering by the wind to the Eastward Nothing in sight so ends



Bark Sea Queen Peru  
Sat January 1<sup>st</sup> 1853 Lat 1-46 S  
~~NEW YEAR~~ Pleasant weather employed  
breaking out the main hatch way so ends the day

Sun 2 Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
to the Eward so ends this 24 hours

Mon 3 Pleasant weather employed cooping oil

Tues 4 Pleasant weather employed breaking out

Wen 5 Pleasant weather employed stowing  
down oil so ends the day

Thurs 6 Raining and calm weather finished  
stowing and washed off so ends

Fri 7 Pleasant weather steering at N<sup>W</sup>  
nothing in sight

Sat 8 Pleasant weather steering by the  
wind nothing in sight

Sun 9 Pleasant weather nothing in sight

Mon 10 Pleasant weather steering by the  
wind so ends the day

Tues 11 Light winds and pleasant weather

Wen 12 Calm weather employed scraping down  
off the vessels bottom on rigged the  
windvails and abraded and painted  
it caught a little fish bones



Bark Sea Lion Peru  
Thurs Dec 13. 1853

Pleasant weather steering to the  
Eastward nothing in sight so ends the day.

Fri 14 Strong breeze saw a sail at 8 AM  
steering to the Northward ends this day

Sat 15 Strong breeze shot the jib in the  
morning. Watch took it in at daylight  
and put in a new cloth and banded it  
at 4 PM bent the jib again so ends the day

Sun 16 Pleasant weather nothing in sight so ends

Mon 17 Pleasant steering S W took in the fly jib  
and put 4 bands across it and bent it  
again so ends this day

Tues 18 Strong breeze steering to S W  
Nothing in sight at 6 PM heeled  
up the yards, hauled to the S W with the  
Main top sail aback so ends the day

Wed 19 Pleasant steering S W nothing in sight

Thur 20 Pleasant weather steering to the S and W  
Nothing in sight so ends these 24 hours

Fri 21 Pleasant steering W nothing in sight

Sat 22 Pleasant weather to the N. W. saw the  
the Brig. Madison of Dallas with two  
small Whales on deck saw two other  
sails off the lee bow

Sun 23 Pleasant weather steering N E by N  
Hood's Island in sight so ends the day



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Mon Dec 25 1853

Pleasant weather steering  
S by S' Chatham and Hood's Isles  
in sight saw a Whales carcass off  
the ice beam so ends this 24 hours

Tues 26 Pleasant weather employed gaming  
with the Philip Delapnoze of Fairhaven  
and the ship Barnstable of New Bedford  
Charles Island in sight to Leeward



Wed 27 Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
heading to the Eastward

Thur 28 Pleasant weather steering to the  
Eastward sighted Chatham and  
Hood's Islands so ends the day

Fri 29 Pleasant weather steering E by S  
Hood's Islands in sight saw  
some porpoises so ends this day

Sat 30 Pleasant weather steering to the  
Eastward Hood's in sight off our lee  
and a Brig off our weather quarter

Sun 31 Pleasant steering to the Eastward  
gaming with the Mariner of Portland



Mon 1 1854

Pleasant weather gaming with  
Mariner so ends this day

Tues 2 Pleasant weather gaming with  
the Mariner of Portland

Wed 3 Pleasant weather spoke the Kelvin  
of St Johns New Brunswick



Bark Sea Queen  
Sat May 21 - 1853

Cocos Island

Strong breezes steering  
N N W nothing in sight so ends

Sun 22 Strong breezes saw Cocos Island at  
daylight off our Larboard beam braced  
up and stood towards it came to anchor  
at 6 P.M. raining very hard in the bay

Mon 23 Rainy weather took on board 87 bbls  
of Water so ends this Rainy day

Tues 24 B. Rainy weather took on board 100 bbls  
of Water so ends this day

Wed 25 Pleasant took on board 40 bbls of Water  
and 10 bbls of Sand all hands went ashore  
and washed their clothes in the afternoon  
got the ship underweigh at 4 P.M. and  
steered to the Eastward bound to  
Atacama so ends this day

Thur 26 Pleasant steering to the eastward  
stowed away the chain and  
employed mending the jib so ends the day

Fri 27 Strong breezes steering S.E. Nothing in sight

Sat 28 Strong breezes steering S.E. employed  
mending the main topgallant sail

Sun 29 Pleasant weather steering E raised the  
at 11 P.M. saw a Brig off our lee so ends

Mon 30 Pleasant came to anchor at 8 P.M. in  
Atacama sent two Boat crews ashore to cut  
wood brought two Boat Load off so ends  
Tues 31 Pleasant employed chopping wood  
took two Boat Load on Board



Bark Sea Queen  
Wed June #1 - 18-53

Pleasant employed  
Chopping Wood and took 5 Boat  
Load aboard killed two pigs

Thurs 2 Pleasant the Starboard Watch  
went ashore on Liberty and the  
other Watch took aboard two Boat  
Load of Wood and chopped  
up and stored away so ends

Thurs 3 Pleasant the Starboard Watch  
ashore on Liberty the other Watch  
boating off and storing away wood  
took three Boat Load

Fri 4 Pleasant the starboard Watch  
on Liberty got our last Load of Wood  
so ends the wooding

Sat 5 Pleasant + Starboard Watch on Liberty  
took aboard two thousands Oranges  
and 50 bunches of Bananas  
and 100 cocoa nuts so end the day

Mon 6 Pleasant the men came aboard  
at 7 A.M. and at 1 P.M. got  
under weigh and went to Sea  
steering S.W. bound to Brize



Strong breezes spoke an English  
Bark from Panama bound to Liverpool

Wed 8 Strong breezes blowing S.W. on  
Wednesday evening

Thurs 9 Strong breezes saw two Sail  
and the Land







Bark Sea Queen  
Mon June 20 1853



Pleasant weather gamed  
with the Bark Eugenia of New Bedford  
and the Ship Maria of Antwerp and  
the John A. Barker of S. A. so ends

Tues 22

Pleasant on the Bark Eugenia Whaling  
at 3 AM the Eugenia struck one whale  
and the rest went to the windward  
very fast we lowered and chased two hours  
and give it up for a bad job but their  
tail in sight so ends



Pleasant gamed with the John A. Barker  
another Sail in sight to the leeward so so

Thurs 24

Pleasant gamed with the John A. Barker

Fri 25

Pleasant steering S E employed painting  
the Boats so ends the day



Sat 26

Pleasant weather Steering S E. Nothing sight

Pleasant weather gamed with the  
Ship William Kotch Fairhaven

Mon 27

Strong breeze saw a number of fish  
Bark gamed with the William Kotch



Pleasant. Steering S E gamed with  
the Bark Eugenia

Tues 29

Pleasant saw a number of fish  
gamed with the Bark Eugenia

Thurs 30

Pleasant steering S E  
employed painting Iron work



# Bark Sea Queen

Peri 1 - 18-53



Pleasant weather game with Clifford Wayne and Peru for Santucket af to terrapin

Sat

Left Beegs bound to the Island of Abhermarck in company with the ship and Bark game all day so ends the day gaming

Sun

Pleasant the Bark and ship in sight so ends

Mon 4

Pleasant employed Capersing soil and mowing house finished at 2 P.M. and washed off the Bark and ship in sight this morning and one other ship steering for Woods Isle

Tue 5

Pleasant weather sailing. Coast seen Woods Island in sight

Wed 6



Abhermarck

Pleasant weather sailing down through Banes Island sound saw a number of Islands through the day came to anchor on the east side of Abhermarck at 2 P.M. the Bark Peru anchored at sun down and the Clifford Wayne lay off all night

Thur 7

Pleasant at Clifford Wayne came to anchor at 7 P.M. all three ships sent their Boats to seaward about 8 Miles and there we landed in search of terrapin we got 9 to our ship the others 8 between them

Fri 8

Pleasant employed munting terrapin brought down but 12 so ends the day

Sat 9

Pleasant returned to the ship at daylight and got our breakfast and started to windward went about 5 Miles and landed got 20 terrapin went on board at sun down



Bark Sea Queen  
Sun July 10 1853

Pleasant sent two boats  
ashore at day light & hauled down 22  
terrapin this day the Boats crews worked  
shore all night

Mon 11 Pleasant sent another Boat to carry provisions  
and water and to help bring terrapin got  
32 this day. Loaded one Boat and sent  
her on Board the other stayed at the camp  
all night so ends the day

Tues 12 Pleasant sent the other Boat ashore  
at daylight got 28 terrapin this day  
Sent one Boat on Board at sun down loaded  
and Left 40 on the beach so ends this

Wed 13 Pleasant sent the Boat ashore at  
daylight got down 15 terrapin this  
day and at sun down broke up the  
camp and all three Boats went to the  
Ship loaded with the terrapin so ends

Thurs 14 Pleasant employed stowing away terrapin  
and cleaning the Ship so ends

Fri 15 Pleasant weather took our anchors at  
2 P.M. and went to sea steering S.E. by W  
with one hundred and 40 terrapin alive  
Left the Clifford and Peru at anchor  
at Bellards Rock at 4 P.M. so ends

Sat 16 Pleasant weather backing up for South  
16 the Rock in sight and both Heave

Sun 17 Pleasant weather off North Heave  
nothing of fish kind in sight



Bark Sea Ducen  
Mon July 18 1853

Pleasant employed building  
a cook house up aft under the hurricane  
house so ends the day



Tues 19

Pleasant weather South Head in sight  
employed building the Galley so ends



Thurs 20

Pleasant South Head in sight and  
two Bark employed making scrub brooms  
and to work on the galley so ends



Thurs 21

Pleasant weather off South Head two  
Sail in sight to the toward making  
brooms and galley so ends this day



Fri

Pleasant weather finished the galley and  
moved the stove aft gamed with the  
the ship constitution and Bark Lafayette



Sat 23

Pleasant weather gamed with the Lafayette  
and Constitution so ends the day



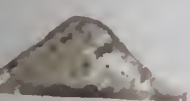
Sund 24

Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
off South Head 3 Sail in sight



Mon 25

Pleasant weather off Southern Head  
three Sail in sight employed mending  
the fore sail so ends the day



Tues 26

Pleasant weather steering N<sup>o</sup> E employed  
mending the fly jib so ends the day

Wed 27

Pleasant steering by the wind South  
Head in sight so ends

Thurs 28

Pleasant weather steering N<sup>o</sup> E off weather  
Bay so ends the day





Bark Sea Queen off. Gallapagos  
Fri July 28 1853



Pleasant weather steering by  
S S W gained with the Brig  
Venezuela of California or San Francisco  
Redondo Rock in sight thad all this day

Sat 30

Pleasant weather steering down by  
Redondo Rock in sight employed  
setting up head stays

Sun 31

Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
Ship Constitution in sight cutting  
a Whale and Bark Lafuzette boiling  
the Rock in sight so ends

Mon Aug 1 - 1853

Pleasant weather steering  
by the wind the constitution and  
Lafuzette in boiling passed with  
them at 4 PM the Constitution 3 Small  
Whales and the Bark & the Bark  
lost her Mate the day before by a  
Stoven Boat he got foul the Line  
and was lost sad affair



Tues 2

Pleasant weather cruising off the Rock  
gained with the constitution and  
Lafuzette and Ship Nautilus of New  
Bedford the so ends the day gaining



Wed 3

Pleasant weather steering E Adington  
Island in sight all three vessels in sight

Thur 4

Pleasant steering S E saw some  
fin Backs in sight so ends the day

Fri 5

Pleasant steering to the Eastward  
Nothing in sight so ends



Bark Sea Lure  
Sat August 6 1853



Pleasant with strong breezes  
steering to the Eastward ship in sight  
off our weather quarter saw Whales at  
4 P.M. off the weather quarter tacked  
Ship and lowered did not get any  
they went to windward very quick

Sun 7 Strong breezes steering to the Eastward  
saw a Ship supposed to be the Amethyst  
Southwest of New Bedford so ends

Mon 8 Strong breezes steering the Eastward  
laid the Main yard black and put  
on some Lead scuppers so ends

Tues 9 Strong breezes steering to the Eastward  
reefed the topsails and furled the  
Main sail and broke out for water  
and the fore top gallant backstays parted  
took them down and made eyes in them  
and lashed them up again so ends

Wed 10 Strong breeze under Short Sail  
all day saw nothing so ends the day

Thur 11 Strong breezes under Short Sail  
under Short Sail so ends the day

Fri 12 Strong breezes under Short Sail  
nothing in sight steering to the S.W.

Sat 13 Strong breezes and cloudy weather  
steering to the S.W. nothing in sight

Sun 14 Light winds and cloudy weather  
made all Sail nothing in sight



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Mon August 15-18-53.

22 Light winds and Cloudy  
saw Hood's Island so ends

Tues 16

Strong breeze and Cloudy weather  
Saw Hood's Island in sight and  
some fine Backs so ends this day

Wed 17

strong breeze and Cloudy Hood's  
in sight so ends this day

Thurs 18

Strong breeze and cloudy weather  
saw Charles Island in sight sent  
a Boat on shore and got one Pig  
and a Puppy Dog for the Baby so ends

Fri 19

Light winds and Cloudy South  
Head in sight Spoke the Bark  
Anaconda of New Bedford hailing  
two cow. Whales so ends the day

Sat 20

Light winds and Cloudy weather  
gained with the Anaconda Capt  
Laverance of the Anaconda has his  
wife on Board so the two Ladies  
had a very pleasant time.

Sun 21

Strong breeze and Cloudy Spoke  
the Ship Capt Peter of Liverpool  
bound to Francisco South Head  
in sight so ends

Mon 22

Pleasant weather gained with the  
Bark Anaconda Mrs Laverance come  
on Board the Sea Queen and payed  
Mrs Marshall she didn't got some  
Flour Sugar Coffee two pigs and  
other small Articles from the Anacon



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos 18/53  
Tues August 23

Light winds and pleasant land  
and Redondo Rock in sight run for the  
Rock all day saw plenty of fin Backs  
and saw a Bark supposed to be the Lafayette

Wed 24 Light winds and calms saw the constitution  
and Lafayette the constitutions Boat  
came alongside of us at two O'clock with  
the two captains and we gunned until  
ten O'clock

Thurs 25 Light winds and calms steering for the  
Rock gunned with the Ship and Bark

Fri 26 Light winds and calms steering N<sup>W</sup>E  
for the Rock Ship and Bark in sight  
saw porpoises and Grampases

Sat 27 Light winds and calms steering for the  
Rock saw three Sails and some porpoises

Sun 28 Light wind and calms steering for the  
Rock saw two Sails fin Backs and  
Blackfish past the Rock at dark

Mon do Rock

Tues 29 Light winds and calms the Rock  
in sight saw some sperm Whales  
Landed at 10 AM and pulled until  
five PM did not get any the  
Constitution sent her three Boats  
in chase did not get any

Wed 30 Light winds and calms steering N<sup>W</sup>E  
lost sight of the Rock to day

Thurs 31 Pleasant saw Menzies Island at day light  
three boats off our lee bow sent a Boat  
in fishing at 1 PM at 3 PM the Boat came off with  
plenty of fish



Bark Sea Queen  
Thurs. Dec 1 - 1853

Pleasant weather steering  
by the wind to the S. & toward  
employed setting up Pipe Shoek's  
for water bound to Cocus Island so ends

Fri 2

Strong breeze and cloudy weather  
steering S by E employed setting up  
Pipe Shoek's bound to Cocus Island

Sat 3

Strong breeze and cloudy weather  
steering N by E employed breaking  
out and stowing the water cask  
and fitting bark for water so ends

Sunday 4



Cocus Island

Strong breeze steering N by E  
in Cocus Island saw the Land at  
4 PM took in the light sails  
and luffed to the wind on the Western  
tack so ends these 24 hours

Mon 5



Pleasant weather saw the Land at  
daylight off our lee quarter gaged in  
the yards and steered for the Harbour  
came to Anchor at 2 PM got off a  
one hundred barrels of water before dark  
so ends these twenty four hours

Tues 6

Pleasant weather employed raising some  
ropes on the ship's deck from the water  
took 80 lbs of water on Board in the  
afternoon and showed it away took our  
Anchor at 4 PM and went to sea  
steering by the wind heading S E by E  
bound to Tonga so ends this cruise



Bar Sea Queen  
Wed Sep 7 1853

Strong breeze with heavy squall again  
steering by the wind heading S E Bore the  
one bolt in the Mizzen Mast that the Spanker  
gaff hooked in took the band off the mast  
and put a new bolt in and put up the gaff  
again nothing in sight to day except these 24h

Thurs 8

Strong breeze and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind heading S E B  
nothing in sight employed taring the rigging  
Lat 24 N Long 84.00 W

Fri 9

Pleasant weather steering by the  
wind heading S E B employed taring the rigging  
nothing in sight this day Lat 24 N Long 85.02 W

Sat 10

Pleasant weather steering by the wind  
by the Eastward saw some sperm  
Whales at 7 A M lowered for them  
at 8 and got one large one alongside  
at 10.30 lowered for more Whales  
at 1 P M and got two alongside at  
five P M got two Boat Stove by the  
large one and this

Sun 11

Pleasant weather employed cutting in  
cut in one of the small ones and the body  
of the large one commenced boiling at  
10 A M Lat 28 N Long 87.15 W

Mon 12

Light wind and pleasant employed boiling  
and and cutting out in the small Whales  
and retain the large ones. Thus at 12  
the large one alongside boiling

Tues

Pleasant employed boiling and hoisted  
the bare square sail at noon



Bark the Queen Bound to Tombig  
Wed Feb 14 - 1853

Pleasant employed boiling  
finished at noon and Coopered the Oil  
and washed off the decks the whole  
made 1445 bbls made all sail at  
sun set heading to the Eastward

Thur 23 Mo

Strong breezes and cloudy weather  
Heading by the wind employed setting  
up Pipe Shooks Lat 32.5 Long 84.00

Fri 17

Strong breeze and cloudy weather saw  
the land in the middle Watch Lat  
32.5 Long 84.00 in sight all day to day  
employed setting up Pipe Shooks and packing  
Board and digging into them took off  
at dark so ended this day

Sat 17

Strong breezes and cloudy weather  
Heading up along the coast the land  
in sight all day saw a Brig at daylight  
off our weather beam took down the fore  
with a violent sea and put two boats  
into it and put it again at 00:45 S

Sun 18

Strong breezes and cloudy weather  
saw two Brigs to day working up the  
coast saw the Main Land at 3 PM  
and the fire of Beaufort off the weather  
beam Lat 00-53 Long 80-15 W

Mon 19

Light wind and calm employed  
setting up Pipe Shooks the fore of Beaufort  
in sight all day so ended this  
day saw two sail ahead the day



Bark Sea Queen  
Tues Sep 20



Main Land

Strong breeze and cloudy weather  
saw the ~~Isle~~ off the lee bow at  
day light sail a bark to the inward came  
two Barks at anchor under the point  
St. Helena at sundown so ends the day

Wed 21



Main Land

Strong breeze and cloudy weather  
saw point St. Helena at daylight  
one point off the weather bore Land  
in sight all day reefed the topsails  
at Sun down so ends this rigged day

Thurs 22



Anchor

Light winds and sea and steering S by E  
passed the Isle of St. Clara at 4 PM spoke  
a barge from Cayaguill bound to St. Helena  
saw three other sail through the day  
came to anchor at 8 o'clock in 12 fathoms  
of water 10 miles from the Main Land

Fri 23



Pleasant took our anchor at daylight and  
S by E for the shipping in tomorrow came to  
anchor again at 8 AM there was four  
Barks and three ships at anchor in tomorrow  
the Bark Ohio sailed two hours after we anchored  
and the ship Constitution of Antwerp  
came in and anchored at 4 PM we hoisted  
one 100 lb of oil through the day

Sat 24

Pleasant weather employed stowing oil  
down in the After hold and cooping the  
remainder of the oil lowered 70 lbs of oil  
and thirty lbs of beef and pork at five  
PM washed off the decks and wet hold  
so ends this week



Back Sea Queen In Port  
Sunday Sept 25 = 1853

Pleasant weather some of the men  
went ashore to have a run and come  
aboard at Sun down two Ships come  
in and anchored to day and two Barks  
one of the Ships was the Catawba of Capt  
Captain Swain and his Wife came on board  
and stayed all night to end this 24 hours

Mon a 25 Pleasant weather employed stowing oil and  
Provisions finished stowing the after hold  
and washed off the decks Captain Sand  
his wife were on board all day took  
on board three Boat Load of wood

Tues 27 Pleasant weather employed stowing  
wood and Water took on Board 27  
bbls of Potatoes and two Boat Load  
wood took ashore 25 bbls of Cask  
for water the Ship Catawba went  
to Sea this morning so ends this day

Wed 28 Pleasant weather washed the Ship all  
over clean with sand and ashes took  
on board 30 bbls of Potatoes and got  
off 30 bbls of Water hauled up the decks  
and got all ready for Sea so ends this

Thurs 29 Pleasant weather washed down the  
Decks and got off 10 bbls of Potatoes  
and two hundred Pumpkins got the  
Ship underway at one P.M.  
in company with Bark Eugenia  
Bark Eugenia and Ship Zephyr all  
of N.B. left seven vessels at Anchor  
all four vessels bound to Port

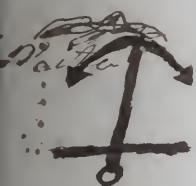
Fri 30 Strong breezes with clear weather  
took in the Waist Boat and rounded her



Bark Sea Queen Bound to Paita  
Lat  $0^{\circ} 41' N$  = 18.53 140

Strong breeze and cloudy  
weather employed scraping and varnishing  
stanchions saw two sails land in  
sight at sun down backed off shore  
at dark heading N S W off shore

Thurs 2



Strong breeze and cloudy weather  
saw Paita Head at 10 AM two  
boats of the matter saw the  
shipping in Paita at 1 PM and at  
three PM came to anchor joined three  
Whaling vessels at anchor the Sautucket  
of Sautucket and the Brig Venezuela  
of San Francisco

Mon 3

Pleasant weather all hands employed  
painting the ship inside and out side  
the ship Zephyr and Bark Emma  
came in and anchored at two o'clock  
PM to and the

Tues 4

Pleasant weather all hands employed  
painting ship sounds this day

Wed 5

Pleasant weather sent one watch ashore on  
Liberty the other watch employed in various  
small jobs to and

Thurs 6

Pleasant weather the Liberty men came off  
at daylight and the other watch went  
ashore towed the head stags and painted  
the stencils on one side the constitution  
came in and anchored at two o'clock

Fri 7

Pleasant weather one watch on Liberty  
the other watch employed painting



# Bark Sea Queen

Oct Sat 8 - 1853

Pleasant weather one watch on Liberty so ends

Sun 9 Pleasant weather one watch on Liberty

Mon 10 Pleasant weather one watch on Liberty the other watch employed in various small jobs

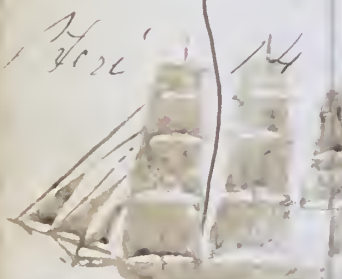
Tues 11 Pleasant one watch on Liberty the other watch employed boating off Unions so ends this day

Wed 12 Pleasant the watch on Liberty

Thur 13 Pleasant weather the Liberty men came on off at daylight all but two got all ready for sea took the anchor at 1 P M and went to sea stowed the anchors and unbent the chain so ends

Fri 14 Pleasant with light winds. Spoke the Bark Eugenia at 8 A M saw several other vessels through the day

Sat 15 Pleasant weather Steering by the wind making "S W" Saw a number of Hump Backs and Black Fish Lowered a boat for a sword fish but did not get him so ends this day





### Working the Growler.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Please oblige an inquisitive reader by describing the process of "working the growler."  
INQUIRER.

The essentials of this "process" are a tin pail or growler, beer to fill it, and a gang to sit around—generally outdoors—and empty it, passing it from hand to hand. Crime is merely incidental.

### Butler and Reform.

The morning light is breaking  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of toil are waking  
From out the sleep of years.  
A sound like to an ocean,  
Proclaims the rising storm  
Of thousands in commotion  
For Butler and Reform.

CHORUS: Then join the ranks of Butler,  
Our leader, brave and free,  
And cast your vote for Butler,  
The people's nominee.

Our banner is unfurling  
To wave above the foe,  
And all the gangs of rascals  
From power and place must go.  
Look! how the gathering legions  
From farm and workshop swarm,  
To join the swelling chorus  
Of Butler and Reform.

The old corrupted parties  
Are shattered past recall;  
Too late they read in terror  
The writing on the wall.  
The while, new hopes are springing,  
New clubs by hundreds form,  
And all the land is ringing  
For Butler and Reform.

Arouse! ye toiling millions,  
Where busy labor hums,  
Ho! land-grabbers and tyrants  
The day of reckoning comes  
Dim eyes are growing brighter  
And hearts beat high and warm,  
That hail deliverance coming  
With Butler and Reform.

Long have we lived in bondage,  
Beneath the rascals' power,  
While tyranny's oppression  
Grew harsher every hour;  
But now the sky grows brighter,  
The sun shines through the storm,  
And augurs bright the future  
For Butler and Reform.

Then close your ranks and forward!  
The bugle sounds advance!  
Betrayers of the people  
Lament their hopeless chance;  
Our scattered foes are flying  
Like clouds before the storm;  
We'll sweep the land in triumph  
With Butler and Reform.

MIDDLE FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 3.

D. LOUIS BODGE.



most accurately define their title. They spend the evenings in the neighborhood of Nineteenth street and Sixth and Seventh avenues. Their general characteristics are happily described in the words of a policeman born in the ward:

"They've de growler racket down to perfection, and dey'll steal anything, a stove or de stockin's off your feet."

One block removed from the Push Along, Keep Movin' Gang are the headquarters of the Sons of Leisure, on Nineteenth street, near Eighth avenue. The twenty-five thieves and rowdies who compose this gang do not differ materially from the others of their kind, except in that they are considered the most quarrelsome and most savage fighters among themselves. They get desperately drunk with great frequency, and almost invariably wind up their sprees by bloody fights among themselves. Many of them have been severely injured, but when they come out of the hospital they return to the gang again, and take their revenge in person, without ever having recourse to justice. The Sons of Leisure are led by a ruffianly bully of considerable local celebrity known as Big Dus—Wring the Rag. The maintenance of his position as a leader of the gang depends upon his ability to prove himself the best fighter of them all. Consequently, Big Dus has generally got two black eyes and some bone broken, and presents the appearance of having been pretty severely handled.

#### THE NEVER SWEATS.

The Never Sweats crawl out of their sleeping places at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and from then until late next morning can be found at any time scattered along the shady side of their beat, which runs from Nineteenth street to Twentieth street on Seventh avenue. They number about ten in all, and when they are not drinking beer from tin cans they are stealing the wherewithal to get it. They are not very desperate characters, however, and are rather despised on that account.

Slim Jim's Gang, which comes next, has the merit of originality in its manner of raising funds for beer. THE SUN's reporter, in the course of his investigations, had a practical experience of the manner in which the thing is done. A dozen fellows were leaning against the wooden fence surrounding the gas works on Tenth avenue. A lean, lanky rowdy, with red hair and a foxy expression, stepped out and spoke to the reporter. That was Slim Jim.

"Say, young feller," said he, "got the change o' four cents? You don't know what I mean? I mean t'row de price o' de growler in dat hole; dat's what I mean, an' do it lively or it'll cost you more."

He pointed to a little hole scraped out of the black coal-dust sidewalk. The reporter dropped a quarter of a dollar into the hole. Slim Jim picked it up, and while the reporter went in one direction, two messengers sped in another, each carrying under his arm a large tin can, with jagged edges, that looked as though it had originally held tomatoes.

#### SLIM JIM'S REGULATIONS.

As soon as the reporter met an officer he inquired if the police were acquainted with the manner in which the gang gets beer.

"Certainly," he said, "they held you up for the change of four cents, didn't they? And then when they'd staggered you with that, they asked you for the price of the growler. That's the way Slim Jim always works it. But about that growler business, you'd be surprised to see bow carefully it's all regulated. Of



# Bark Sea Queen

Sun Oct 16

Light winds and cloudy weather  
Steering by the wind heading E by N  
Saw the sails through the day  
saw Blackfish and porpoises

Mon 17 Light winds and breezy weather  
Steering by the wind heading  
E by N Spoke the Bark Supper  
and Bark Mentor saw another sail  
to windward so ended there twenty four

Tues 18 Light winds and pleasant weather  
Steering by the wind heading E by N  
saw the land at four P.M. Lashed  
sail and lay by for the night

Wed 19 Strong breezes and cloudy weather  
run in for the port of Bagta  
and sent a Boat ashore at 8 A.M.  
the Boat came off at Sun down  
stood out to sea in company with  
Corymore of S. B.

Thur 20 Strong breezes and cloudy weather  
Steering N by N saw a great many  
fine Barks and Supper bottom

Fri 21 Light winds and cloudy weather saw  
a shoal of Spinn Whales at 8 A.M.  
off the bow lowered the Boats  
and got one small one took him  
along side at 8 P.M. got up the sitting  
hacks and broke out the lubber  
room all hands turned in for the  
night so ended there 24 hours



Bark Sea Queen Cal Peru  
Date Oct 22 1853

Light winds and cloudy weather commenced cutting the Whales at daylight finished at 7 A.M. and rose more Whales at 8 A.M. going to windward, hauled the Boats and chased them but could not get any. the Boats came on Board at 10 and at twelve hauled again and got one and got one Boat shore took the whale a long while began to boil at dusk so ends

Sun 23 Light winds and pleasant employed cutting and boiling so ends

Mon 24 Light winds and cloudy finished boiling at daylight the Whales made 53 blb coopered the oil and washed off the decks

Tues 25 Light winds and pleasant weather employed mending the Boat took out the fore hold for Boards and soap but the oil and took down the cutting tackle so ends the day

Wed 27 Light winds and pleasant put out the Boat in the morning and employed making scrub brooms saw some Blackfish and fin Backs

Thurs 28 Light winds and pleasant weather cutting N E saw some fin Backs and Blackfish so ends

Fri 29 Light winds and pleasant coopered the oil spoke the Ship for the Port of Boston from San Francisco and bound to Callao these 24 hours

Bark Sea Queen Co. Peru  
Sat Oct the 30 - 18-53

Light winds and pleasant  
employed stowing oil in the after hold  
finished at 3 P M and washed off  
the decks saw a sail steering to  
the S W saw a great many fin Backs

Sun 31 Light winds and pleasant steering  
to the S W saw breaches off the  
starboard bow steered the ship  
off for them but saw no more  
of them so ends this day

Mon Nov 1<sup>st</sup> 18-53

Light winds and  
Pleasant steering to the S W  
employed repairing the mainsail  
saw fin backs blackfish and grampas  
saw to sail at sun down steering  
to the Eastward so ends the day

Tues 2 Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the S W finished repairing  
the mainsail bent it spoke  
the Sophia Monte of London  
and saw the Bark Ohio of New  
Bedford off our lee quarter so ends

Wed 3 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the S W  
saw fin backs spoke the ship  
Mariner and the Bark Ohio so ends

Thurs 4 Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the S W saw the  
Mariner and the Ohio saw some  
fin Backs so ends this day



Bark Sea Lion On Beru  
Sailed Nov 4 - 1853

commenced with  
light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the East  
unfurled the fore sail at daylight  
and repayed it and bent it again  
at 4 P.M. the Ship Sophia  
So mounted in sight all day, saw  
some Blackfish and fin backs

Sat 5 Light winds and pleasant steering  
by the wind to the Eastward  
Saw the Ship Sophia So mounted  
four points off our lee bow. Who being  
run down to her and saw her  
taking a Large Whale alongside  
Luffed to the wind after the whales  
and at two o'clock rose them ahead  
saw at 3 and struck two but  
lost one Spouting blood took the  
other alongside at 8 in the evening.

Sun 6 Light winds and pleasant cut  
in the Whale and commenced to  
boil at ten A.M. finished at  
midnight spoke the Ship in  
the afternoon Lat 3-20 S Long 86 00

Mon 7 Light winds and cloudy saw  
the Sophia off the lee bow heaving  
kept off for her and spoke her  
and Capt Brown came on Board  
rose a dead Whale ahead at two P.M.  
took her alongside at 4 P.M. and  
put her in and commenced to boil  
at 10 P.M. second Lat 3-10

Bark  
Quar - Nov. 8 - 18 - 53

Light winds and cloudy  
finished hoisting at one P.M. and  
rowed off spoke the Sophia so Monte  
at three P.M. Lat three 3-10

Wed 9 Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the Eastward  
heading E S E lost sight of the  
Ship Sophia so Monte at one P.M.  
sent down the cutting, tackles and  
shifted the falls end for end hove  
out the fore hold for butter and vinegar  
so ends the day Lat 2-48 S. Long 85 W

Thurs 10 Light winds and pleasant steering  
We saw some fin Backs saw the Sophia  
so Monte off our lee bow steering to  
the Eastward killed two hogs so ends

Fri 11 Light winds and pleasant steering  
to the S. W. saw the Sophia at daylight  
off the weather quarter saw some fin  
Backs and Backfin tacked ship  
to the Eastward at sun down  
so ends this twenty-four hours

Sat 12 Light winds and pleasant steering  
to the S. E. saw a Ship off the lee  
beam at two P.M. and at three P.M.  
rose Spinn. Whales hove out the Boats  
and took three alongside at dark  
so ends this day Lat 3-40 S Long 86 W

Sun 13 Light winds and pleasant  
commenced to cut the Whales at  
daylight got the butter at noon  
and at sun down commenced to  
so ends this greasy day



Bark, Sea Queen On Peru  
Mon Nov 14 = 1853

Light winds and  
pleasant employment  
finished at dusk the 4 Whales  
Made 40 bls to end 2-41 S

Tues 15  
25 Mo

Light winds and pleasant  
rose 4 Whales at daylight close  
to the Ship lowered the Boats  
and chased to windward the Boats  
come on Board at 8 A.M. rose the  
Whales again at 9 A.M. two points  
off the weather bow lowered the  
Boats at 10 A.M. and chased  
to windward until five P.M.  
but did not get any Lat 2-48 S

Wed 16

Light winds and pleasant steering  
to the Eastward broke out the  
fore hold for Water and set up  
some pipe Shooks Lat 3-01 S Long 86-33

Thur 17

Light winds and pleasant steering  
to the Westward saw some fin  
backs and porpoises to end

Fri 18

Light winds and pleasant steering  
by the wind to the Westward  
employed cooping the oil saw  
the Ship Sophia so Monte Whaling  
off our lee bow lowered our  
Boats at noon and struck  
a large Whale but lost him  
by the boom drawing the corner  
on Board at sun down but did  
not get any Whale Shoke the  
Ship Congare in the evening  
so ends this bad days work

Barth Sea Queen on Beru  
Sat Nov 19 - 18-53

Light winds and pleasant employed towing Al in the fore hold tow the ship Sophia so about cutting two points off the sea bow the ship Congaree in sight all day so ends this day

Sun 20 Light winds and pleasant employed towing down finished and washed the ship all over the Congaree in sight at Sun down so ends this Sabbath day

Mon 21 Light winds and pleasant steering by the wind to the S.W. saw the Ship Sophia So about off the sea quarter at daylight spoke the Ship Congaree at noon so ends this day

Tues 22 Light winds and pleasant steering to the Westward saw the Congaree off the Weather beam at daylight spoke the Ship Probos of New York bound to Panama saw some Bird Barks so ends these 24 hours work



Wed 23 Strong breezes steering to the Westward Spent whole at 8 AM lowered the Boats at 9 AM and struck a Whale and Lot him off the Bow drawing the Boats come to the ship at 1 PM and lowered again at 3 came on Board again at 5 without any Whale so ends this bad day

Thurs 24 Strong breezes steering to the E took down the main to gallant sail and repaired it and bent it again saw the Sophia at noon




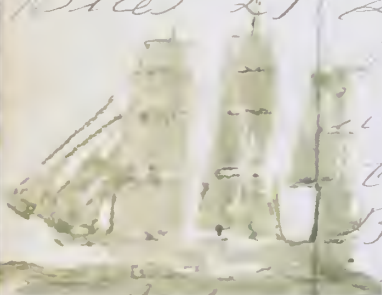
Bark Sea Queen. Coast Peru  
Fri. Nov #25 - 1853

Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the S.W.  
saw some fin Backs saw a Sail  
at Sun down off the Weather Beam

Sat 26 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the eastward  
saw some fin Backs employed  
starting fresh Water out of old  
cask into new Pipes and repairing  
the old one so ends this day

Sun 27 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the West  
saw some fin Backs saw the  
Sophia to Monte tracked  
Ship to the East sun down

Mon 28 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the East  
saw the Ship Sophia Sonowite  
four points off our lee bow at  
day light employed setting up pipe  
chucks gameed with the Sophia  
at night so ends

Tues 29 Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the N.E. gameed  
with the Sophia and Ship  
Congaree saw fin Backs and 20  
Blackfish Lat. 2-50. Long 84-40

Wed 30 Strong breezes steering by to the  
Westward Ship Congaree in  
sight all day Lat. Long 83

Bark Sea Queen Coast Peru  
Thurs Dec 11 - 1853

Strong breeze, steering to  
the N. E. nothing in sight the  
cooper employed repairing cask Lat 3-05

Fri 2

Light winds and pleasant steering  
to the Eastward nothing in sight  
Lat 2-16 S. Long 86-15 West

Sat 3

Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the N. E. nothing in  
sight to day employed cleaning  
and painting the trying works.  
Lat - 1-41 S. Long - 84-50 W.

Sun 4

Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the S. W.  
saw Blackbird and porpoises looked  
to the Eastward at 4 P.M.  
Lat 1-54 S. Long 84-40 W.

Mon 5

Light wind and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the Eastward  
nothing in sight to end the day  
Lat 2-35 S. Long

Tues 6

Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the West  
rose 9 fathoms at 3 P.M. a herd  
of the ship going to the windward  
very quick lowered and chased  
them but could not get any where  
near them come on board at noon  
Lat 3-09 S. Long 85-24

Wed 7

Light winds and cloudy nothing  
in sight Lat 3-28 Long



14  
Bark Sea Queen On Coast of Peru  
Thur Dec 8 - 18-53

Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the Westward saw  
fin Backs and porpoises all hands  
employed picking oysters  
Lat 3-12 Long

Fri 9 Light winds and pleasant  
steering N. 40° W saw fin Backs  
and porpoises all hands employed  
doing nothing - at Sun down  
luffed by the wind to the E  
with the Main topsail aback  
Lat - 2-53 S - Long 85-38 W

Sat 10 Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the N. 40° W saw some  
fin Backs luffed by the wind  
to the Westward at Sun down  
with the Main topsail aback  
so ended this day Lat 2-21 S

Sun 11 Strong breeze steering N. 40° W  
Nothing in sight so ended this day  
Lat 1-55 S Long 86-50 W

Mon 12 Strong breeze and cloudy weather  
steering N. 40° W nothing in sight  
Lat 1-39 S Long 87-50 W

Tues 13 Strong breeze steering and  
cloudy weather steering N. 40° W  
Nothing in sight so ended this day

Wed 14 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering to the N. 40° W saw  
Chittan Island and Woods Linn  
Spoke the Bark Ohio at 4 P.M.  
so ended this day

# Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos

Thurs Dec<sup>r</sup> 15 - 18 - 53

26 Mo

light winds, and pleasant weather. Steering W. S. W. Charles Island in sight all day. Spoke the Bark Ohio in the afternoon and gamed until midnight - To end this

Fri 16 Strong breeze steering N for South Head where it at 8 A M and at 5 P M spoke the Bark Vigilant - To end

Sat 17 light winds and cloudy weather. Steering down for the Rock. Lowered the Boat at 9 A M for Blackfish and got three at 4 P M spoke the Bark Lafayette Redondo Rock in sight

Sun 18 light winds and pleasant - cruising off North Head and the North range Rocks spoke the Bark Mary Francis at 8 A M saw the Lafayette all day and another sail to leeward

Mon 19 light winds and pleasant - cruising off North Head the two Barks in sight all day spoke the Mary Francis at sun down so ends this day

Tues 20 Strong breeze steering off for the Rock spoke the Bark Lafayette at 9 A M the other Barks in sight carried away the Spanker gaff at 4 P M at 5 P M spoke the Ship Memnon so ends



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Wed Dec 21 - 18-53

Light winds  
and cloudy weather cruising  
off North Head the Ship  
Hemmon and two Barks  
in sight repaired the Spante  
gaff and put it up and  
went the sail so ends this

Thur 22 Light winds and cloudy weather  
North Head and the Rock in sight  
employed gaming with the ship  
Hemmon and Bark Lafayette  
the Bark Montgomery in sight  
to seaward so ends this day



Fri 23 Light winds and foggy weather  
No land in sight saw the  
Ship and and two Barks

Sat 24 Light winds and cloudy  
weather North Head and the  
Rock in sight employed gaming  
with the Ship Hemmon and  
Bark Long Francis so ends



Sun 25 Light winds and cloudy  
North Head and the Rock  
in sight saw some Blackfish  
and porpoises saw four Sail  
through the day so ends this

Mon 26 Light winds and pleasant  
weather North Head and the  
Rock in sight saw four Sail  
through the day like the  
Bark Lafayette in the morning  
saw when a steering Car  
Lafayette was leaving for the N W



Bark thea Queen Gallapagos  
Tues Dec #27 - 1858

Light winds and  
pleasant weather. Head and  
Narlora in sight saw three sail  
through the day so such this day



Wed 28 Light winds and pleasant  
shook the ship. Noon and Bark  
Francis saw two other Barks  
some Blackfish and porpoises  
and a Boat for a swordfish  
did not get him

Thur 29 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N. N. E. saw  
the ship and two Barks at sun  
rise at sun down lapped to the wind  
heading N. 41° Redondo Rock  
eight miles to the Northward so ends

Fri 30 Light winds and pleasant  
steering for Redondo Rock and at  
five Bell sent a Boat to the Rock  
for some fish and at seven hours  
they returned again with a good  
mess and we had a good pot  
of blower in the evening so ends

Sat 31 Light winds and calm  
empty and scudding the clouds  
and dirt off the ship's bottom  
the Rock and Abington Island  
in sight saw a sail at sun down  
off our larboard beam shortened  
sail at dark steering for Abington  
So ends this Year of Our Lord 1858



Bark Sea Queen, Bound to the Main  
Sun Jan 1- 18-54

**NEW YEAR** Calm and rainy  
the Bark Mary Francis  
off our Starboard beam at daylight  
saw the Rock in the morning  
saw Abington Island at nine  
~~At~~ leaving N. E. by N.  
so ends this New Years day

Mon 2 Light winds and rainy weather  
saw the Bark Mary Francis off  
our starboard quarter saw Abington  
Island ahead of the ship so ends

Tues 3 Light wind with squalls of rain  
spoke the Bark Mary Francis  
Abington Isle in sight off our weather  
beam and Benbow off the weather  
bow so ends this day

Wed 4 Light wind and pleasant  
steering S. S. E. three Islands  
in sight - Abington Dowers  
and Benbow saw the Mary  
Francis in the morning so ends

Thurs 5 Light wind and squally  
weather lost sight of the  
Mary Francis in the morning  
saw some porpoises so ends

Fri 6 Light winds and squalls  
of rain nothing in sight  
tacked to the S. at noon  
heading S. by E so ends

Sat 7 Strong breezes heading S. S. E.  
nothing in sight so ends

Bark Sea Queen Coast of Peru  
Sunday Mar 8 - 1854

Strong breezes and pleasant weather. Saw 4 Whales at 5 A.M. off the Sea. One toward the Boats and struck one small one and killed him. Two Boats chased the school to leeward and the Mate struck a large Whale and he run through his boat and afterwards sat her up and one man was drowned. The other Boat picked up the rest of the Men and some of the oars and craft of the stores. He took the other Whale alongside and cut him in and began to boil at 12 o'clock and this morning day

Lat 02 N Long 89

Mon 9 Strong breeze, steering by the wind to the S.W. finished boiling at 3 P.M. and washed off the deck the Whale made twenty bolts saw some Killers to day

Tues 10 Strong breezes steering by the wind to the E. Nothing in sight employed fitting another Boat so ends this day

Wed 11 Light wind and pleasant weather steering to the E in forenoon tacked to the S.W. at noon rose 4 Whales at two P.M. toward at half past three and pulled to the windward and got one very small whale took him alongside at 5 P.M. so ends this day

Lat 0:18 N Long 87:30 W



Bark Vega Lucca Coast of Peru  
Tues Jan 12 - 18-54

Light winds  
and pleasant steering to the  
E cut in the whale and boiled  
him finished boiling at 8 P.M.  
he made 10 stbbs so ends this day

Fri 13 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the  
E nothing in sight employed  
fetting the Boat so ends this day

Sat 14 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the E  
saw a Sail to leeward to day  
supposed to be the Mary Frances  
Lat 1-12 S. Long 88.19 W

Sun 15 Light winds and pleasant  
(27 Mo) steering by the wind to the  
E nothing in sight so ends

Mon 16 Light winds and pleasant  
steering Went took down the  
fore top sail to repair it rose  
a school of Whales off  
our bow at 11 A.M.  
going very quick lowered  
the Boat and chased until  
run down but could not  
get any so ends this day Lat 1-12 S



Tues 17 Light winds and pleasant  
employed mending the fore top sail  
finished it and bent it at noon  
so ends this day Lat 1-34 S Long 87 50

Bark Sea Queen Coast Peru  
Wed Jan 18 - 1854

Light winds and  
pleasant running to the S. W.  
at last ahead of our  
ship the bark to the East seen

Thurs 19 Light winds and pleasant  
running to the S. W. for Hood  
at last saw the land at 10 A.M.  
at 4 P.M. spoke the Bark  
Superior and this day

Fri 20 Light winds and pleasant  
running to the S. W. Hood  
at last spoke the bark  
Superior and Bark  
Francis and this

Sat 21 Light winds and pleasant  
running to the S. W. Hood  
at last sight saw two Barks  
and some fine Barks so and

Sun 22 Light winds and pleasant  
we are ahead of Spring. At 11 A.M.  
at 11 A.M. lowered the boat  
at noon got on and took  
him aboard side at 5 P.M.  
got up the cutting tackle  
and got all ready to cut  
him in so ends this day

Lat 218  
Mon 23 Light winds and pleasant  
in the Whales and  
at last saw the Bark  
Francis and at last  
spoke the bark Superior  
which looking at



Bark Sea Luccer. Coast of Peru  
Tues & Thurs 24 18-54

Light winds and pleasant  
finished boiling at 4 A.M.  
rose whales at daylight  
off the sea beam tower of  
the Boat at 7 A.M. but  
could not get on to the  
1st whale come on Board at  
10 A.M. rose more 4 whales  
off the line at 2 P.M.  
Lowerd the Boats and got  
2 and took them alongside  
at dark Lat 2 S Long 89

Wed 25 Strong breeze pleasant weather  
continued cutting at daylight  
finished at 9 A.M. and at  
one B.M. commenced to boil  
nothing in sight to day  
Lat 2 S Long 89.40

Thurs 26 Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the S. W. employed  
boiling finished boiling at  
noon Lowerd the 4th whale made  
fifty fathoms in sight  
to day Lat 2.18 S Long 89.10 W

Fri 27 Light winds and pleasant  
steering S. E. Nothing in sight  
waiked off in the morning and  
brought the oil the boiled  
employed cutting up the shocks  
to oil to day Lat 2 S Long 90 00

Amador







Bark Sea Lucen Coast of Peru  
Sat Jan 28 - 1854

Light winds  
and pleasant - saw a school  
of Whales breaching off our  
starboard beam. Ruffed the  
ship for them and at 9 A M  
lowered the boats and struck  
one the rest went to windward  
my gunnery saw the bark Mary  
Francis chasing the whales  
off to windward took the  
dead whale alongside at  
five P M Lat 2 10 S Long 89

Jan 29 Light wind and pleasant  
commenced to cut at daylight  
finished at 9 A M and at  
11 commenced to boil so ends  
this day Lat 1.57 S Long

Mon 30 Strong breeze but pleasant  
finished boiling at noon  
coopered the oil and washed  
off the deck so ends Lat 2.05

Tues 31 Light wind and pleasant  
steering to the E. employed  
coopering oil and storing it  
down in between decks we  
stowed seventy nine bbls in  
pige. saw the bark Superior  
taking a whale alongside  
at 4 P M at noon down  
spoke the bark Ohio - so ends



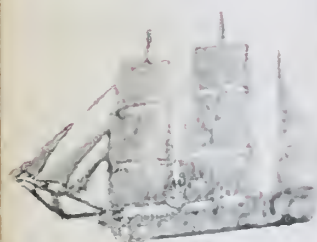
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Bark Sea Lufers On Peru  
Wed Feb 1. 1854

Light wind and pleasant  
took in fly jib and repaired  
it saw the Bark Superior  
to windward bearing and  
the Ohio to leeward at sun  
down tracked to the S.W. some

Thurs 2



Light wind and pleasant  
bearing by the wind to the  
Eastward. Spoke the Bark  
Ohio and brought one of  
her boats aboard this day

Fri 3

Light wind and pleasant  
bearing by the wind to the  
S.W. Bark Ohio in sight  
all day so end this day

Sat 4

Light wind and squally  
weather steering to the S.W.  
nothing in sight at sun  
set tracked ship to the  
Eastward so end this 24 hr  
Lat 24 48 Long 89 10 W

Sun 5

Light wind and squally weather  
steering by the wind to the S.W.  
nothing in sight at 24 hr S

Mon 6

Light wind and pleasant  
Repaired and stored in the fore  
hold seventy lbs of oil  
steering to the S.W. nothing  
in sight to day Lat 21 20 S

Tues 7

Light winds and pleasant  
killed whales at 10 miles off our  
weather beam lowered for them  
and got one small one

Bark Sea Queen Coast-Peru  
Wed Feb 4<sup>th</sup> 1854

Light winds and  
pleasant steering to the E.  
began to cut the whale  
at daylight and finished  
at 7 A.M. began to boil at  
9 A.M. at some distance  
saw a sail on point off the  
harbor so and. Lat 2.55 Long 88

Thurs 9 Light wind and pleasant steering  
by the wind to the E. finished  
boiling at daylight and at once  
P.M. saw more whales off the  
weather bar hauled for them but  
they went to windward and we  
could not catch them at some  
distance the boats came on board

Fri 10 Light wind and pleasant steering  
to the E. nothing in sight  
Lat 1.52 Long 88

Sat 11 Light wind with some  
squalls of rain steering to the  
S.W. nothing in sight so  
made other day Lat 3.14

Sun 12 Breeze fresh steering  
to the E. nothing in sight  
Lat 3.06 Long 89.30

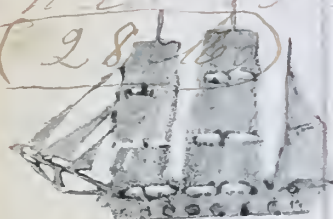
Mon 13 Light winds and pleasant  
weather took down the main  
top sail and repaired and  
bent it again steering  
to the North all day  
drifted to the Westward  
at some distance with the main  
top sails to the coast



Bark Sea Duck on Berber  
Sues Sea 4th

Light winds and pleasant  
staring to the 4th of the  
topmast and the gallant back  
stays nothing in sight to day

Wed 15  
(28 Dec)



Light winds and pleasant  
staring to the 4th of the  
Bark Sea Duck nothing  
in sight to day at 1-150

Thurs 16 Light winds and pleasant  
saw the Bark in the morning  
saw the Islands at 10  
A.M. employed setting up  
the topmast and the gallant  
siggies so ends this day

Fri 17

Light wind and pleasant  
staring to the 4th of the wind  
saw a species of Bark at 10  
A.M. close to the Ship

Ignored the Bark for him  
but he went down before we  
got to him and we saw  
no more of him the Boats  
came on board and at 1 P.M.  
saw a school of Whales going  
to windward and a few hauled  
the Boat and chased them  
until sundown but did  
not get any but 1.30 Long 29

Sat 18 Light wind and pleasant  
saw the Woods at day light  
saw some porpoises at  
saw some (Wood) Isle  
off the Lar quarter 10 Miles

Bark Sea Queen Coast Peru  
Sun Feb. # 19. 1854.

Light winds and  
pleasant weather steering by  
the wind to the W. rose some  
Sperm Whales at 9 A.M.  
four points off the bar bar  
lowered the Boats and struck  
two got one of them the other  
we took two lines and and  
we could not get to him again  
took the other alongside at sun  
down

Mon 20 Light winds and pleasant  
weather to cut at daylight  
finished cutting at 8 A.M. We  
began to boil at one P.M.  
so ends this twenty four hours

Tues 21 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the E  
finished boiling at noon  
the whale made 37 blb  
saw some Blackfish to day

Wed 22 Light winds, with some  
squalls of rain steering  
N.E. saw some Blackfish  
Lat 23° 51' S. Long 89° 40' W

Thur 23 Light winds and squally  
weather steering N.E.  
Nothing in sight took  
down the mainsail  
and repaired it best  
it a fair at four P.M.  
So ends this page



Bark Sea Queen Coast Peru  
Fri Feb 24 1854

Light winds and calm  
weather. Hood Island in sight  
found the Head of the Magoon  
Mast was rotten. raised  
the topmast and lashed it  
to the lower mast so as to  
strengthen the head of it  
Sat 1-47

Sat 25 calm all day. Hood, Chatham  
and Charles in sight. mended  
the sprinker and repaired it  
and sent it up again. saw  
some Blackfish and porpoises

Sun 26 Light winds and calm  
Hood and Chatham in  
sight at sun down we  
had a good dinner alongside  
of the Ship. saw seals this day

Mon 27 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to  
S. W. Hooped and stowed  
fifty six bbls of oil. saw  
some Blackfish to day

Tues 28 Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the S. finished  
stowing and was holed off  
saw some Furifiers  
so ended this month

Bark Sea Queen Bound to Chili  
Mon Wed Apr 11- 18.54

Strong breeze steering by the  
wind to the S. W. took down  
the fore sail to repair it so end  
Lat 5.46 Long 90-48 W

Thurs 2 Strong breeze steering to the  
S. W. by the wind employed  
repairing the foresail finished  
it and bent him at 3 PM  
Lat 6.47 Long

Fri 3 Strong breeze steering by the wind  
heading to the S. S. W.  
nothing in sight Lat 8.30 S

Sat 4 Strong breeze and squally  
steering by the wind heading  
S. by W. nothing in sight  
Lat 10-24 S Long 94.48. W

Sun 5 Strong breeze heading S. by W.  
nothing in sight so end this day  
Lat 12.35 S Long 95.25 W

Mon 6 Strong breeze and squally  
steering by the wind to the  
South employed caulking  
the quarter deck so end  
Lat 14.45 Long

Tues 7 Strong breeze and squally  
steering to the S employed  
Painting the Boats inside  
and caulking the deck  
Lat 16.52 S Long 97 10 W



Barb Sea Queen Bound to Chili  
Wed Mar the 8 1854

Strong breezes steering  
by the wind to the S. E. employed  
caulking the deck so much

Thurs 9 Strong breezes and squally  
employed caulking in quarter  
deck Lat Long

Fri 10 Strong breezes and squally  
weather steering by the wind  
to the S. E. finished caulking  
the deck Lat 22. 50 Long

Sat 11 Strong breezes and squally  
heading S. S. E. employed  
in various jobs at  
Lat 24 44 Long

Sun 12 strong breezes steering by the  
wind heading S. E. several  
Lat 26. 46 S Long

Mon 13 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering E by S  
employed in various jobs  
to numerous to mention  
Lat 28. 44 Long 94 09

Tues 14 Light winds and pleasant  
steering E by S employed  
fitting bow sprit shrouds  
Lat 29 06 S Long

Wed 15 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering E. employed  
caulking the fore castle  
the cooper employed setting up  
pipe shooks Lat 30. 04 S Long 88 59







Bark Sea Queen bound to Chile  
Thurs Mar th 16 1854

Strong breezes steering  
E by S ~~employed~~ caulking the  
fore castle the Cooper employed  
setting up pipe Shooks  
finished the fore castle at seven  
down Lat 30 Long 88.39 W

Fri 17 Light winds and Calms  
with some squalls of rain.  
steering E. S. E. employed scraping  
stanchions saw a large Ship at  
daylight steering to the S. E.  
saw another at noon steering to  
the North Lat 30. Long 88.47 W

Sat 18 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering E. S. E. employed  
setting up pipe Shooks  
Lat 30.52 Long 88

Sun 19 Strong breezes with rainy weather  
steering E. S. E. so ends this  
Lat 32.10 Long 88.00

Mon 20 Strong breezes with sunny weather  
rebered the old Spanker and  
bent a new one saw a Bark  
off our weather quarter in the fore  
part the day

Tues 21 Light winds and Calms  
heading E killed a Pig  
Lat 35.05 Long 82.25 W

Wed 22 Light winds and pleasant  
employed Painting ship inside  
saw a Ship at 2 P. M. 4 P. M.  
off the starboard steering N. E.  
Lat 35.31 Long 82.41 W



Bark Sea Lion Coast of China  
Thurs Mar 24 1854

Light winds  
and rainy weather Steering to  
the East saw a sail at  
3 P.M. bound to the South

Fri 24 Strong breeze, emptied painting  
the iron work saw a sail  
at 4 P.M. Steering to the N.  
at Sun down took in the  
light sails and reefed the  
top sails Steering E by N  
at Sun down  
Lat 36.36 Long 76.10

Sat 25 Strong breeze Steering E by N  
saw ship at 4 P.M. Steering  
to the North have our ship  
to 5 P.M. in a thick fog dare  
not run for fear of the Land  
Lat 36.50 Long 74.00

Sun 26 Light wind and calms  
with a thick fog heading  
to the N. with the  
Main top sail to the West  
so ends this dubious d

Mon 27 Strong breeze with thick  
fog saw three sail at  
day light took off shore  
at 5 P.M. and shortened  
sail dare not approach  
the Land on account of the  
fog Lat 36.41 South

Bar. Sea Dulce a Coast of Chili  
Tues Mar 28 1854

Strong breezes  
and foggy weather, steering to  
the E. by S part of the day  
and part of the time lay to  
for the Land. Saw five sail  
to day. Saw the Land at 4 P.M.  
at dark. Shortened sail and backed  
off shore so ends this day

Wed 29 Strong breezes and rainy weather  
saw the Land at daylight. Steered  
in for the port of Valparaiso. Anchored  
at 10 A.M. rainy very hard so ends

Thurs 30 Strong breezes but pleasant  
weather took the anchor at daylight  
and worked the ship inside of  
the fleet employed steaming ship  
the rest of the day so ends

Fri 31 Strong breezes and rainy weather  
it was reported that there was  
a vessel at anchor in St. Vincent's  
Bay with her mast cut away  
to keep her from going ashore  
so ends this day

Ships and Barks  
in Port belonging to New Bedford  
Sigs Joseph Briggs Chier broker 1500  
Will Henry 700 Rob Edwards, Courier  
Adison 900 Euphrates 2100 Hector 900  
Belena 70 Harbinger Barks Eugenia 150  
Minstow 706 D. M. Hall Joseph Bragdon  
Oscar 2100 Ohio 1600 President  
Nantucket Ships Constitution 700  
Memmor 400 Zenas Coffin 10 Napoleon 190  
Nantucket 1900 Gazell 400 Young Hero 1200  
and Bark Apphia Maria 700 bbs 46.00



Bark stea Queen In Port  
Sat April the 1- 18-54

Light winds and  
pleasant got off one Hundred bbls  
of Water and stowed it away and  
painted the Ship out side after supper  
the Boy boys went Ashore to have a time

Sun the 2 Cloudy weather through  
the day and raining in the  
evening one Watch Ashore  
on liberty. so ends this day

Mon 3 Strong breeze and raining  
weather one Watch filling  
Water and the other on liberty

Tues 4 Strong breezes and raining  
weather one Watch one  
liberty the other Watch took  
Aboard 90 bbls of Water!

Wed 5 pleasant weather employed  
doing nothing one Watch  
on liberty so ends

Thur 6 pleasant one Watch ashore

Fri 7 Pleasant one Watch ashore

Sat 8 Pleasant weather one watch  
ashore having a good time

Bark Sea Queen In Port  
Sun April 9 - 1854  
Pleasant one Watch on  
Liberty so ends this 24 h

Mon 10 Strong breeze from the South one  
Watch ashore on Liberty so ends

Tues 11 pleasant weather employed breaking  
out oil between decks so ends this day

Wed 12 pleasant weather took aboard 10 bbls  
of potatoes one Watch ashore on Liberty

Thurs 13 pleasant weather one Watch ashore  
on Liberty took 100 bbls of oil  
on board the Bark Sophia Maria  
of Nantucket so ends this day

Fri 14 Pleasant weather one Watch ashore  
on Liberty the other Watch employed  
stowing down Water so ends

Sat 15 Strong breeze from the N took  
29 Months 100 bbls of oil aboard the ship  
Alfred Gibbs New Bedford so ends

Sun 16 Strong breeze from the N with  
plenty sail one Watch ashore  
let go the second Anchor

Mon 17 Light winds and foggy weather  
took aboard 25 bbls of Potatoes  
got some Hoops and Cedar boards  
from the Alfred Gibbs

Tues 18 Pleasant weather took off 46 bbls  
of Flour and 40 bbls of Beef and  
25 bbls of Potatoes two dozen geese  
four dozen hens so ends



Bark Sea Queen  
Wed April 19 - 18-54

Light winds and pleasant  
took the Anchor at daylight and  
towed out side of the Shipping  
and come to again and at one  
P.M. took the Anchor and  
went to sea at sun down.  
fifteen Miles off shore all clear  
of danger so ends this day steering  
West N. West so ends this day

Thur 20 Light winds and pleasant  
steering N. N. W. Saw a  
great many Hump Backs  
and a sail off each quarter

Fri 21 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering N. N. W. by W.  
plenty Hump Backs in sight

Sat 22 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering N. N. W.  
saw a school of Blackfish  
and killed two geese

Sun 23 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind  
heading E. S. by N. so ends

Mon 24 strong breeze from the S.  
employed making sweep  
Broom, so ends this day  
Lat 28.1 S.

Tues 25 pleasant weather steering  
S. E. by N. nothing in sight

Bark Sea Queen bound to Poyte  
Wed April 26 + 1854

Pleasant weather all  
sail set steering for the Isle  
of St Helix so ends

Thur 27 Strong breezes saw the land  
at daylight ahead the Isle of  
Saint Helix and Saint Amrose

Fri 28 Strong breezes and pleasant  
steering N. by W. nothing in sight

Sat 29 Strong breezes all sail set  
steering N. by W. Shortened  
sail at dark so ends

Sun 30 Pleasant weather steering N. by W.  
Shortened sail at dark and  
lay by heading to the Westward

Mon April 1 - 1854

Pleasant weather steering  
N. by W. took in sail at dark  
headed off shore

Tues Strong breezes and pleasant  
steering N. by W. took down  
the spare Boat and repaired  
and painted her saw a sail  
heading in to the East  
Shortened sail at dark and  
luffed in shore with the  
Main topsail aback



Bark Sea Quoon  
Wed #13 - 1854

Light winds and  
pleasant weather steering  
N. W. by W took down the  
fore and main top gallant  
sails and repaired and bent  
them again so ends  
Lat 44-55

Thur 4 pleasant weather steering  
N. W. plenty of Blackfish  
in sight so ends  
Lat 44-55

Fri 5 pleasant steering W by S  
broke out the between deck  
for a bbl of oil soap and  
killed three geese  
Lat 49-21

Dead Goose

Sat 6 Pleasant steering N. by E  
garring with the george  
and Susan of New Bed  
Borend to Bayta so ends  
Lat 49-04

Sun 7 Pleasant steering N. by E  
george and Susan in sight  
all day luffed to the wind  
at dark so ends

Mon 8 Pleasant weather saw Bayta  
Head at 9 A M got into  
the Harbour at 4 P M  
and the Capt and his wife  
went ashore for the night  
garned with the Young Hero  
this evening so ends

Bark Sea Gull  
Bues May 9 - 1854

Pleasant weather Lazing  
off and on at Pazta in company  
with the Young Hero and  
George and Susan and Bark  
Susan at sun down made  
sail for Tombeg in company  
with the Young Hero

Wed 10 Pleasant weather steering  
down with the Land in sight  
suffered to the wind at dark  
with the Main top-sail to  
the West

Thurs 11 pleasant weather steering  
for the Anchorage at Tombeg  
in company with the Courier  
came to anchor at 1 P.M.  
the Young Hero anchored at 5  
P.M. got off three Pipes of  
Water so ends this day

Fri 12 Pleasant Weather this  
morning but had plenty  
rain Last night stowed  
away the Water and got off  
a Boat Load of Wood

Sat 13 Pleasant employed looking off  
wood took aboard some oranges  
and melons the ship Courier  
and Young Hero went to sea

Sun 14 Pleasant weather all the boys  
went ashore on the point and  
stayed till sun down



Bark Sea Queen

Mon May #15 - 18-54

31 Months

Pleasant weather  
took off two boat load Wood  
and got underway at at sun  
down steering by the wind  
heading N. E. S. E. ends

Tues 16 Pleasant steering by the wind  
to the Westward with a strong  
breeze stowed the anchors  
and chains

Wed 17 Pleasant weather employed  
making scrub booms saw  
some Blackfish

Thur 18 Pleasant with light wind  
steering N. S. W. employed  
making scrub booms

Fri 19 Bland weather steering by  
the wind to the Westward  
saw a Whales Carcass were  
Ship at 7 P.M. heading E.

Sat 20 Pleasant steering by the wind  
heading West saw a Whale  
carcass scraped the Mast

Sun 21 Light winds and pleasant  
steering N. E. W. saw fin back  
and porpoises

Mon 22 Light winds and pleasant  
steering N. E. W. took down  
the over head boat and  
repaired her and painted  
her so & steffed to the E

Bark Sea Queen  
Tues May 23 - 1854

Pleasant weather steering  
N. by E. saw Hoods Island  
at 1 P.M. saw some porpoises

Wed 24 Light winds and pleasant steering  
by the wind to the Eastward  
Hoods and Charles Islands  
in sight saw some Blackfish  
and porpoises tacked ship to  
the Westward so ends.

Thur 25 Light winds and pleasant  
Tacked to the East at daylight  
saw Hoods at one P.M. four  
points off the Sea point saw  
some fin Backs and porpoises  
the Cooper employed repairing  
old Water Cask so ends

Fri 26 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind to  
the Eastward saw a ship off  
our weather beam supposed to  
be the Sophia. So Monts lowered  
a Boat at two P.M. for a sword  
fish but did not get him  
Lat 1-10-S

Sat 27 Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the West  
spoke the Sophia So Montes at  
eleven A.M. and parted with her  
all day the Sophia had five Monts  
runaway with a Boat and a  
number of other things that they stole  
left the ship in the Night of  
the twenty fifth of this mo. Hoods  
and Chatham in sight all day



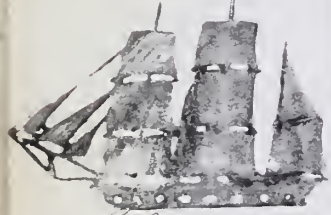


Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos Isles  
Sun May # 28. 1854



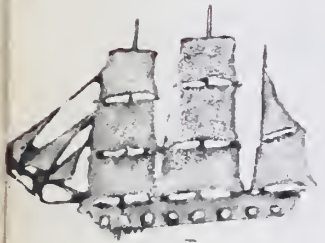
Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind to the E lost sight of the Sophia at ten A.M. and lost sight of Chatham Island at 4 P.M. Spoke the Bark Eugenia at sun down employed gaining heading to the West so sails

Mon 29



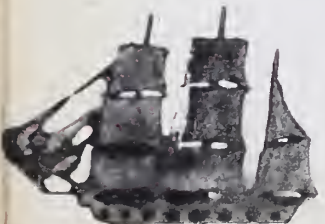
Light winds and pleasant gaining with the Eugenia Chatham Island in sight to windward saw some porpoises

Tues 30



Light winds and pleasant steering for Abington Island in company with the Eugenia sent two Boats ashore for Abington for terrapin and fish the Eugenia sent two of her Boats in our two Boats came off at sun down the other two stayed all night we got a plenty of fish five different Islands in sight to day day off and on to night for the other two boats

Wed 31



Light winds and Calms Spoke the Eugenia at one P.M. and at two P.M. one of her boats came off with a load of fish the other boats crew was ashore looking for terrapin and the ships got barreled off to the leeward of the Island the boat nowhere in sight at dark the Captains began to feel worried about them

Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos Islands  
Wed June 1<sup>st</sup> - 1854



Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind to the Westward in company with the Eugenia her Boat that was ashore on Abington came on board at eleven in the evening with two terapin spoke the ship & lay at dark and gameel with till midnight

Thur 2



Strong breezes steering by the wind to the Westward & gameel with the Zephyr the bark Eugenia in sight to leeward sold some cedar boards and oars to the Zephyr so ends

Sat 3

Strong breezes steering by the wind to the Westward bound off shore nothing in sight

Sun 4

Strong breezes with pleasant weather steering by the wind heading S. W saw some fin Backs so ends

Lat 48 Miles South

Mon 5

Strong breezes steering by the wind to the S. W saw some fin Backs and porpoises took in the fly jib and repaired and bent him again so ends this day

Lat 22.9 S Long 98.30 W

Tues 6

Strong breezes steering by the wind to the S. W saw some fin Backs and porpoises saw a sail at sea down off the weather beam tack to the Eastward at dark

Lat 4.20 S Long 100 W



# Bark Sea Queen off Shore

## Wed June 7 - 1854

Strong breezes steering  
by the wind heading E by N  
saw some fine Backs cut up  
a - New steering sail to mend  
the others with so ends this day  
Lat 523 S Long



Thur 8 Light winds and pleasant  
steering S by E saw some porpo  
took down the Main topsail  
and repaired and bent him  
again spoke the Bark Clarice  
of New Bedford at sun down

Fri 9 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the  
S by W saw a large ship and  
a schooner and some fine  
Backs Lat 535 Long 108

Sat 10 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the  
E took down the Main  
sail and repaired and  
bent it again spoke the  
Ship Courier at five  
Lat 130 Long 100.30 W



Sun 11 Light winds, and pleasant  
steering N by W the Ship  
Courier and Bark Clarice  
in sight saw some fine Backs  
and porpoises Lat 433 Long 1002



Mon 12 Light winds and pleasant  
steering S by E saw some porpo  
the Ship Courier saw  
fine Backs at dark shortened  
sail and hauled the Main topsail aback

Bark Sea Queen off Shore cruising  
 Tues June 13 - 1854



Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind to the N.E. employed gannings with the Ship George and Susan and Bark Champion saw some fin Backs and porpoises the Ship Courier in sight steering to the Westward so ends this day Lat 3-40 S Long

Wed 14 Strong breezes steering by the wind heading N.E. employed gannings with the George and Susan and Champion bought five tubs of Potatoes from the George and Susan saw some fin Backs so ends days ganning Lat. don't know



Thurs 15  
 32 months  
 Out 150 lbs

1/2 noon

Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind heading N.E. the Bark and Ship both in sight to leeward saw some porpoises Lat Long

Fri 16 Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind heading N.E. & N. bound to the Main saw some fin Backs Lat 1-40 South Long

Sat 17 Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind heading N.E. saw a great many porpoises and killed a Goose so we shall have a stew Pie to morrow the Bark Sea Queen is bound in to the Main if Sea be don't stop us Lat 1-50 S Long



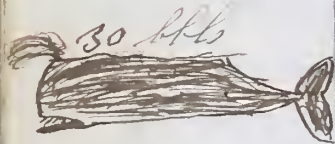


Bark Sea Queen Bound to the E  
Sun June 18

Light winds and  
pleasant weather steering  
by the wind to the N.E.  
saw some porpoises and  
fin Backs Lat 58-00 Long 99

Mon 19 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind heading  
by the wind to the E. Nothing  
in sight Lat 00 4 S

Tues 20 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
heading E. At 8 rose a school  
of Spinn Whales at 8 A.M.  
off the lee beam lowered the  
Boats and chased them until  
three P.M. and out to get  
one small one took him  
alongside and shortened sail  
got all ready to cut in the Morn.  
Lat S. Long WS



Wed 21 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
to the N.E. but in the  
P.M. and commenced  
boiling at eleven A.M.  
nothing in sight to day  
Lat 00 29 S. Long

Thurs 22 Light winds and pleasant  
steering to the Eastward  
by the wind finished  
boiling at daylight and  
washed off the decks saw  
some fin Backs to day  
Lat 48 Miles N.E.

Bark Sea Lucas Bound off  
Fri June 23 - 1854

Light winds and pleasant  
steering East nothing in sight  
Lat 102 N Long 98 00 W

Sat 24 Strong breezes and cloudy  
weather steering East nothing  
in sight but porpoises  
Lat 100 N Long 98 00 W

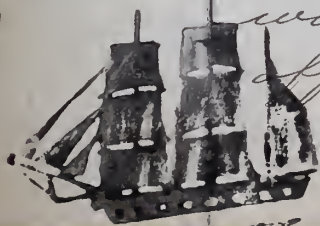
Sun 25 Strong breezes steering by  
the wind heading E 3/4 N  
nothing in sight so ends  
Lat 109 Long

Mon 26 Strong breezes steering by  
the wind heading East  
saw a great many porpoises  
Lat 1148 N Long 9225

Tues 27 Strong breezes steering by the  
wind saw N E point of  
Abbermark at noon saw  
red and black Rock at two P.M.

Wed 28 Strong breezes from steering  
to the S 3/4 E tack in for the land  
at noon tacked off again  
at dark

Thur 29 Strong breezes off North Head  
saw saw a Ship to windward  
at daylight spoke the Bark  
Sea Fox and had a long game  
with her so ends gaming  
off North head





Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos Isles  
 Fri June 30 - 1854

Strong breezes from the S.E.  
 Cruising off North Head  
 gamed with the Ship  
 Potomac two other sails in sight  
 the Potomack and our own  
 vessel got some four or five miles  
 apart and it fell away calm  
 we had to leave the Capt and  
 Wife on board of the  
 Potomac all night so ends



Sat July 1

Strong breezes Cruising  
 off Sea Bay employed gaming  
 with the Ship Potomac and  
 Bark Eugenia and Bark  
 President at sun down  
 shortened sail and lay the  
 Main topsail to the West  
 the Capt and his Wife came  
 on Board at dark so ends this game

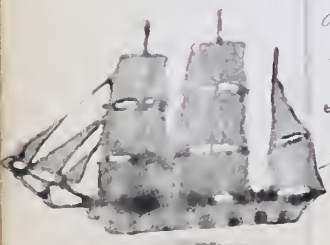


Sun #2

Strong breezes steering down  
 for North Head three  
 Barks in sight all day at  
 sun down luffed to the wind  
 with the Main topsail to the  
 West about eight miles  
 from North Head so ends

Mon #3

Strong breezes steering N. W. part  
 of the day and part of the time  
 N.E. employed gaming with the  
 Bark President and Bark Sea Horse  
 the Rock and North Head in  
 sight so ends this days gaming



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Tues July 4 1854



Strong breezes  
steering to the S.W. North  
Head in sight employed gaming  
with Bark President - and spoke  
the Sea. So the Capt bought  
a Cask of Bread of the President  
heaved to the wind heading to  
the East for the Night with the  
Main topsail a back so ends

Wed 5 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering to the eastward  
by the wind two Barks in sight  
Gulpeper and Hennans Island  
in sight tacked to the Westward  
at dark so ends this day Lat 1-36

Thur 6 Strong breezes steering for  
Gulpeper sent two Boats in fishing  
saw a school of sperm Whales breaching  
and saw the Bark Paulina in pursuit  
of them called our Boats aboard  
and made sail for them lowered  
our Boats for the Whales at two P.M.  
But the other Ship's Boats struck  
and they went to windward  
quick saw another school of Whales  
at 5 P.M. and got one took him  
alongside at dark so ends

Fri 7 Strong breezes Gulpeper and  
Hennans in sight employed  
sailing in saw Whales at 6 A.M.  
lowered the Boats and chased  
but did not get any finished  
killing at 10 A.M. saw more  
Whales at four P.M. did not  
get any commenced boiling



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Sat July # 8 - 1854

Strong breezes  
finished haling, at three P.M.  
Gulpeper and Menmans in sight  
the whale. Made thirty blbs  
saw two Saisbl to day

Sun 9 Light winds and Boudy  
weather steering E saw  
the two Islands and two  
Barks so ends this day



Mon 10 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering E saw  
the two Islands and the  
N.E. point of Albemarle  
gained with the Bark  
President to day so ends

Tues 11 Strong breezes steering to  
the Westward gained with  
the Bark President and  
Bark Paulina and Bark  
Morning Star Menmans  
and Gulpeper in sight off  
our Weather Beam at sun down



Wed 12 Strong breezes steering to  
the Eastward saw a - Sail  
off the weather Beam this  
Morning so ends this day

Thur 13 Strong breezes steering by  
the wind to the Eastward  
saw some fin Backs tacked  
to the S.W. at dark so ends

Bark Sea Queen Cruising  
Fri July #14 - 18-54

Strong breezes  
steering to the S. W. by the wind  
Nothing in sight - tacked to  
the Eastward at one P.M.  
So ends Lat 2.10 N. Long

Sat 15 Strong breezes steering by the wind  
to the Eastward saw some  
fin Backs Lat 2.20 N - Long

Sun 16 Strong breezes steering by the  
wind to the Eastward saw fin  
Backs Blackfish and a great  
many Porpoises Lat 1.59 N Long

Mon 17 Strong breezes steering to the  
Eastward saw some fin Backs  
Lat 1.40 Long

Tues 18 Strong breezes steering by the  
wind to the Eastward nothing  
in sight Lat 0051 N

Wed 19 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering to the West  
by the wind saw some Blackfish  
So ends this day

Thur 20 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering to the west  
by the wind tacked to the  
East at 2 P.M. Nothing in sight

Fri 21 Strong breezes steering by the  
wind to the Westward nothing  
in sight Lat 0030 N. Long 8.50



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos Isles  
Sat. July #22 - 18-54

Light winds  
and cloudy weather steering by  
the wind to the West saw  
Chatham Island at daylight  
two points off the beam saw  
Hump Backs and porpoises  
tacked to the East at 3 P.M.  
Lat 103. S Long 88.40 W

Chatham

Sun 23 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering to the West  
S. W. saw Hoods and Chatham  
at five P.M. Lat 111 S

Hoods

Mon 24 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the S. W. Hoods and  
Charles Islands in sight  
tacked to Eastward at four  
P.M. so ends this day

Hoods

Tues 25 Strong breezes steering by the wind  
to the Eastward Cloudy Weather  
nothing in sight so ends this day

Wed 27 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Eastward nothing  
in sight Lat 1123 S Long.

Thur 28 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to  
the Eastward hauled  
the head yards a back and  
lowered down one Boat and  
scrubbed the planks off the  
bottom of the vessel  
Lat. 00.55 S Long 87-32 W

Bark Sea Queen On Peru Coast  
Fri Aug 29 - 18-54

Light winds and  
pleasant steering by the wind  
heading E by N. Lined for  
Blackfish but did not get any  
saw some porpoises so ends this

Sat 30 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the E saw a Ship off the  
weather bow at daylight cutting  
a large Whale Spoke her at  
the side and it proved to be  
the Ship Sautiles of New Bedford  
Lat 10 1/2 S Long 87-00 W



Sat 31 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering to the E nothing in  
sight so ends this day Lat 1-18



Sun Aug 31 - 18-54

Tues 1, 18-54 Light winds and  
squally weather steering by the  
wind to the Eastward saw  
some fin Backs and porpoises

Wed 2 Strong breezes steering N.  
Saw some fin Backs  
and Blackfish and Humpbacks  
heaved to the wind at sun down  
heading E so ends

Thur 3 Strong breezes steering by the  
wind to the west took in the  
fly jib and repaired it  
saw some fin Backs



Bark Sea Queens Gallapagos  
Fri Aug #4 - 18-58

Strong breezes  
and squally weather steering  
to the West by the wind nothing  
in sight found the fore and  
main topmast both rotten  
between the heel of the of the  
mast and the cap on the  
lower Mast. Head so ends

Sat 5 Strong breezes steering by  
the wind to the West  
saw some fin Backs and  
Blackfish and killers  
so ends this twenty four hours

Sun 6 Strong breezes and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Westward nothing in  
sight Lat 12° N Long

Mon 7 Strong breezes steering by  
the wind to the Westward  
employed coopersing oil  
saw some fin backs so ends  
Lat 10° 06' N Long 89-20 W

Tues 8 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Westward employed  
stowing down the Oil  
finished and washed off  
saw Abington Island and  
N. E point of Abhermarle  
and Hermans Island expect  
to have a lee Bay game soon  
so ends this day fin Backs in sight

Bark Sea, Juan Gallapagos  
Wed Aug. 9 - 18-54

Light winds and  
foggy weather Menmans and  
Gulpeper in sight employed doing  
nothing so ends the day

Thur 10 Light winds and foggy weather  
Menmans and Abington in  
sight it is very hard times  
and worse a coming plenty taking  
Ship to do now days so ends

Fri 11 Light winds and calm  
Menmans and Abington and  
the North East Point of Abbermale  
in sight Lat 56 Miles North

Sat 12 Light winds and calm saw  
a Bark off our weather Beam at  
day light spoke her at 10 A.M.  
and it proved to be the Heoka  
of New Bedford Narbough and  
North head in sight Lat 40 Miles

Sund 13 Calm weather the Bark Heoka  
in sight all day Lat 36 Miles N

Mon 14 Light winds and calm saw  
some porpoises and the Bark Heoka  
in sight all day Lat 37 Miles N

Tues 15 Light winds and calm North  
South Head and Narbough

34 in sight passed a large Merchant  
Mo out Ship last Night steering N.E.  
7200 blb  
Sf



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Wed Aug 16 - 18-54



Light winds  
and Calms gained with the  
Bark Morning Star another  
Bark in sight off the lee  
quarter so ends this day



Thurs 17 Light winds and foggy  
weather North Head and  
South Head in sight employed  
giving with the Ship Merron  
and Bark Morning Star and  
Bark Mary Francis so ends

Fri 18

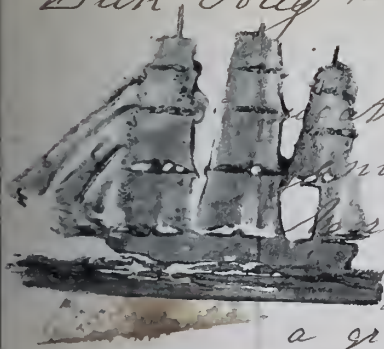
Light winds the Land in  
sight about twenty miles off  
all three vessels in sight  
saw the Morning Star hoist  
bells to all three West  
Heads for the other vessel  
to come to her for she had  
picked up a Boat with  
seven men in it that had  
left Charles Island in hopes  
to get in to the Main the men  
were Convicts the other three  
vessels took six between them  
and we took one so ends



Sat 19

Strong breezes all three of the  
other vessels in sight saw  
Blackfish fin Backs and  
porpoises sent one Boat  
in to Nashrough for fish  
the Morning Star sent two  
they came off at sun down with  
a mess of Cod fish so ends

Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos  
Sun Aug #20 - 1854



Light winds and pleasant weather, cruising off Narborough employed gannet with the Ship between the Morning Star and Mary Francis in sight to the leeward gannet saw a great many fin Backs so ends

Mon #21 Light winds and pleasant weather steering for Redondo Rock the other three vessels in sight to windward sent one Boat to the Rock at four P.M. for fish she came aboard again at sun down with good lot of Rock food steering N. E by East at Sun down so ends

Tues 22 Light winds and Calms steering E the Morning Star in sight to windward North Head Narborough and the Rock in sight saw some porpoises so ends this day

Wed 23 Light winds and pleasant steering E Abington Island in sight the Bark Morning Star in sight off the weather beam

Thurs 24 Strong breezes steering by the wind to the wind Eastward the Bark Morning Star in sight off the weather beam saw some porpoises to day

Fri 25 Strong breezes and squally weather steering by the wind to the Eastward the Bark Morning Star in sight to windward so ends this day



Bark Sea Queen Off Peru  
Sat Aug #26 - 1854

Light winds and  
cloudy weather steering by  
the wind to the Eastward  
spoke the Bark Morning Star

Sun 27 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Eastward the Bark  
Morning Star in sight  
to windward so ends

Mon 28 Light winds and foggy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Eastward the Bark  
Morning Star in sight to  
windward at 7 A.M. we  
saw some sperm whales  
between the two ships the  
other Bark set her colors to  
Moate and we set ours we  
got one Whale the other  
Bark got none took the  
Whale alongside at 4 P.M.  
the Morning star run down  
and spoke us and agreed to  
Moate until the Whale was  
boiled out and divided  
shortened sail and lay by  
for the night so ends

Tues 29 Light winds and cloudy  
weather heading to the East  
the other Bark in sight all day  
commenced to cut at daylight  
finished at nine A.M.  
and commenced to boil at  
two P.M. hauled to the W  
at Sun down

Bark Sea Queen On Peru  
Wed Aug 30 - 18-54

Light winds and cloudy weather steering by the wind to the East employed boiling the Bark Morning Star roll. Whales to windward of us and she set her boldest we lowered our Boats and pulled to windward she got one and the rest went to windward quick the Boats came on board at two P.M. - the other Bark took her whale alongside and began to cut so ends this day

Thurs #31 Strong breezes steering by the wind to the Westward finished boiling at Midnight and commenced to wash off at daylight the whale made forty five blb's the other Bark in sight to leeward boiling took in the light sails and reefed the topsails Lat 1-30 S Long 85-



Fri Sep 1 - 18-54

Strong breezes steering by the wind to East under Short Sail the Morning Star in sight to the leeward so ends Lat 1-51 S - Long 84-49 W

Sat #2 Strong breezes steering by the wind to the East employed joining with the Bark Moor after her. Whale made thirty nine blb's



Bark ~~Sea~~ Lesson On Peru  
Sun Sept 3 - 1854

Light winds and  
cloudy weather steering by the  
wind to the W saw some  
Blackfish tacked to the E  
at Sun down Lat 12 1.5 Long

Mon 4 Strong breezes steering to the  
Westward, by the wind rose  
saw some Sperm Whales at nine  
A.M. one point off the weather  
bow going to windward quick.  
Lowered the Boats and chased  
them but could not keep them  
in sight took the Boats up  
again at eleven and lowered  
again at half past eleven  
for more Whales to leeward  
got one took him alongside  
and cut him in finished  
cutting at sun down and  
set the Watch Lat 10 1 S

Tues 5 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the W employed boiling  
saw the Bark Morning Star  
to windward saw some  
Blackfish Lat 00-55 S

Wed 6 Strong breezes and cloudy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Eastward finished  
boiling at daylight and washed  
off the whale made twenty five  
bls Lat 25 miles S Long 84.57

Bark Sea Queen On Peru  
re Sep 7

Strong breezes steering  
by the wind to the Eastward  
saw a large school of sperm  
Whales at five P.M. reaching  
to the Eastward got to them  
at sun down but it was thick  
weather which made it too late  
to lower for them lay aback all  
night Lat 56 miles S Long

Cher' S

Strong breezes steering to the East saw the Bark Morning Star to windward at daylight - Tacked Ship at 7 AM and rose a large S<sup>h</sup>-Whale off the weather bow going towards the other vessel we hoisted our colors to boats and they answered then lowered the Boats and chased to windward rose a school of Whales coming to leeward we got one bow <sup>by 7</sup> and the Morning Star got two small ones that would make four blbs apiece took the whale alongside and got ready to cut so ends this day

Lat 9

Light winds and cloudy  
steering to the N.E. - began to  
but at daylight finished  
at seven A.M. and began  
to hail at ten A.M. saw breacher  
off the weather bow the Mooring  
Star in sight all day tacked  
to the Eastward at 4 P.M.  
Lat. 1-07 S Long 84-20 W



Bark Sea Queen On Peru  
Sun Sep 4<sup>th</sup> 1854

Light winds and foggy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Eastward arrived  
boiling at eight A.M. gained  
with the Morning Star her  
Whales made seven blb and  
ours made thirty we gave her  
three hundred gallons for her  
share and take it on freight  
to S. Thomas and Company  
Lat 1-36 S. Long

Mon 11 Light winds and foggy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Westward saw some  
Blackfish gained with the  
Morning Star and got three  
hundred and thirty gallons  
of empty cask from her se ends  
Lat 1-40 S Long

Tues 12 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the E. saw a great many  
blackfish the Morning Star  
went out of sight to leeward  
at two P.M. Lat 1-30 S Long 83

Wed 13 Strong breezes steering by the  
wind to the Westward saw  
some Blackfish took in the  
light sails and hauled up  
the courses at ten o'clock  
Lat 1-30 S Long 83-20 W

Thur 14 Light winds and cloudy  
steering by the wind to the  
Lat 1-17 S Westward saw a dead Whale  
Long 84-40 to windward tacked ship and  
sent a boat to him but he was not good

Bark Sea Queen On Peru  
Fri Sep #15 - 1854

28 Months  
out 1300  
bbls

35 Months  
out 1300

Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the Westward  
Spike and galled with the ship  
Balena of 18' 13' saw great <sup>many</sup> porpoises  
the cooper employed repairing bbls  
so ends the day Lat 1-48 S Long 85

Sat 16 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the West  
nothing in sight the cooper  
employed repairing bbls so ends  
Lat 12 8 S Long 85-10 1/2

Sun 17 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the West  
nothing in sight Lat 12 18 S Long 86.00

Mon 18 Light winds and foggy weather  
steering by the wind to the Westward  
employed coopering. Work finished  
at four P.M. and washed off the  
deck Lat 12 9 South Long 87-40

Tues 19 Light winds and foggy weather  
employed stowing oil stowed seventy  
bbls in the hold and thirty  
between decks finished at four  
P.M. and washed the decks  
~~Island~~ saw Chatham Island saw some  
Chatham fin backs tacke to the East at  
Island sun down - the land in sight off  
the sea beam Lat 1-30 S Long 89-20 West

Wed 20 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the West  
Hoods Island in sight Lat 1-44 S



Bark Sta Queen Gallapagos  
Thur Sep 21 - 1854

Light winds and  
cloudy weather steering by the  
wind to the East, Hoods in  
sight saw some Blackfish so ends  
Lat 1-45 S Long 89-30 W

Fri 22 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the  
Eastward took down the fore  
topsail and repaired and bent  
it again saw some fin Backs  
to day Lat 1-26 S Long 88-38 West

Sat 23 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Westward saw some  
fin Backs took down the  
fore topsail and repaired and  
bent it again Lat 1-50 S Long 90-10

Sun 24 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the East  
saw some fin Backs so ends the  
Lat 1-58 S Long 88-48 W

Mon 25 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the  
West nothing in sight took  
down the Main sail and  
to repair it took down the fore  
top gallant sail and cut it  
up to repair the Main sail  
so ends

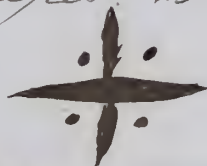
Tues 27 Light winds and cloudy  
weather steering by the to the  
East bent the Main sail and  
bent a new fore to gallant sail  
Lat 2-29 Long 88-55 W

Park Sea Queen On Peru  
Wed Sep #28-18-54

Light winds and  
cloudy steering by the wind to the  
East nothing in sight employed  
setting up Pipe shooks so ends  
Lat 2-32 S Long 86-50 W

Thur 29 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the East  
employed setting up shooks nothing  
in sight Lat 2-32 S Long 86-05 W

Fri 30 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the East  
saw some fin Backs employed  
setting up Pipes 8-30 S Long



Sat ~~October the 31-18-54~~  
Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the East  
saw some fin backs Lat 2-38 S

Sun Oct #1-18-54  
Cloudy weather Light winds and  
steering by the wind to the East  
Nothing in sight so ends this day  
Lat 2-48 S Long 84-22 West

Mon 2 Strong breeze steering by the wind  
to the East nothing in sight  
so ends this day



Bark Sea Queen at Anchor Tomby  
Tue Oct ~~23~~ 3-18-54

Light winds  
and pleasant-weather steering by  
the wind to the East saw plenty  
Hump Backs saw the Main  
Land at noon shortened sail  
at sun down and hauled  
the Main topsail aback so ends  
Lat 3-33 S Long 80-40

- Wed 4 Light winds and Calms come to  
anchor in Tomby at ten A.M.  
found five vessels at Anchor.  
Took a raft of twenty Pipes up  
the river and brought off two Boat  
Load of wood so ends this day
- Thurs 5 pleasant weather weather filled  
and brought off the raft and  
got one boat load off wood  
washed the Ship out side so ends
- Fri 6 pleasant employed stowing water  
and painting Ship took twenty  
five blbs of Potatoes so ends  
this day
- Sat 7 pleasant employed painting  
and getting off wood Took a  
raft of seven Pipes up the River  
for water so ends this day
- Sun 8 Pleasant weather some of the  
crew went ashore on the point  
to have a run in the sand  
four vessels came in to Anchor  
the Constitution Clifford Wayne  
Richard Mitchell Bark Statue  
the Bark Morning Star went to Sea



Bark See Queen At Anchor Lumber  
Mon Oct 9 - 1854

Pleasant weather  
employd getting off wood, took seventy  
barrels of Potatoes and some Pumpkins  
and bananas the Bark Catalpa went  
to Sea this morning so ends this day

Tues 10 Pleasant weather got off the raft of Water  
the rest of the time employd stowing  
away wood and other odd jobs to  
numerous to mention

Wed 11 Pleasant weather employd in  
various small jobs about the ship  
the Bark Peru came in to Anchor  
to day so ends

Thurs 12 Pleasant employd stowing away  
wood and Water to the Spare Spars  
on board and got ready for Sea  
so ends this day all ready for Sea

Fri 13 Pleasant weather got underway at  
Ten AM and went to Sea so ends

Sat 14 Pleasant weather beating up along  
shore the Land in sight all day  
saw a great many Hump Backs

Sund 15 Strong breeze steering by the wind  
to the S. W. saw a great many  
Hump Backs Lat 4-50 S. Long 82-30  
*thirty five  
months out  
1300 lbs*

Mon 16 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the S. W. saw  
Hump Backs and blackfish took in  
the Starboard Boat and repaired her  
shotred sail at sun down so ends  
the day Lat 5-25 S. Long 83-30 W



Bark Sea Queen Cruising On Peru  
Wed - Oct 17 - 1854

Light winds and  
cloudy weather steering by the  
wind to the Eastward nothing  
in sight - killed a Pig to day  
Lat 4-46 - Long

Thurs 19

Light winds and cloudy steering  
by the wind to the Eastward  
saw all kinds of fish but sperm  
Whales lat 4-50 S - Long

Fri 20

Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering to the Eastward saw  
a great many Hump backs and  
blackfish

Sat 21

Strong breezes steering by the wind  
to the Eastward saw Land at  
day light two points off the lee  
bow saw pointa Head at 10 AM  
two points off the lee bow got  
into Bayta Harbour at 2 PM  
sent the Boat ashore she returned  
at seven o'clock the Capt and  
his wife stayed all night

Sun 22

Strong breezes backing off and on  
sent the Boat on eleven AM  
she came off again at four PM  
with the Capt went to sea in  
company with the Catalpa  
saw down steering by the wind  
to the Westward

Mon 23

Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering West N by N  
gaming with Catalpa the child  
taken sick she had two severe fits

Bark Sea Queen On Coast Peru  
Leaves Oct 24 - 1854

Light winds and  
cloudy weather, steering by the wind  
to the eastward, bound direct to  
Paita to procure medical aid  
for the child is dangerously sick  
Spoke the Bark catappa this morning  
Lat 4-26 Long

Wed 25

Light winds and, cloudy weather  
steering by the wind heading  
S. E. by E the child seems a  
little better but is very sick yet  
saw Paita head at noon got into  
Paita Harbor at sun down sent  
a Boat in she returned in about one  
hour lay off and on all night

Thur 26

Pleasant weather the Doctor came off  
at ten A.M. and returned at noon  
stood off shore two hours and tacked  
in again the Boat came off with  
Capt Starbuck, Capt Davis and  
Capt Winslow they stayed one  
hour and went ashore again  
stood out for the night so ends

Fri 27

Pleasant weather the Boat went  
ashore at seven A.M. and came  
off at noon and stood out to sea  
steering N. West the child is  
recovering very fast and is considered  
out of danger so ends this day

Sat 28

Light winds and pleasant steering  
N. by N. Spoke the Bark S. E.  
Lucker saw a great many Hump  
Backs. steering N. by N. at sun  
down Lat 3-48 S Long



Bark Sea Queen Coast of Peru  
Sun Oct - 29 - 1854

Light winds and  
pleasant weather steering S.W.  
S.S. nothing in sight  
Lat 2.46 S. Long 83.29

Mon 30 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Westward saw some  
Grampuses and Porpoises  
Lat Long 84.49 W

Tues 31 Strong breezes steering by the wind  
to the Westward employed gaming  
with the Sophia So Montes  
we got ten boxes of preserved  
meats out of her that the Capt  
had sent from Home by the Bark  
Andreas so ends the day  
Lat 2.42 S Long W

Wed & Thur 31 - 1854

Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Eastward saw the Sophia  
this morning steering to the  
Northward saw a beach four  
points off the lee bow steered  
off for it but saw no more of  
it Lat 2.58 S

Thur 2 Strong breezes steering by the  
wind to the Eastward nothing  
in sight Lat 2.31 Long

Bark Sea Queen On Coast of Peru  
Fri Nov 3-1854

Light winds and pleasant  
steering N. S. W saw some Hump  
Backs and Blackfish luffed to  
the wind at sun down heading  
N. S. W shortened sail

Lat 2-12 S. Long 87-40 W

Sat 4 Light winds and pleasant weather  
acked at daylight steering by  
the wind to the Eastward saw  
some fin Backs killed a Big  
to day Lat S. Long. 88-40 W

Sun 5 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Eastward saw a Back  
to leeward at ten A.M. steering  
to the Westward spoke the  
Boat A Parker at five P.M.  
gained until nine in the  
evening so ends

Mon 6 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering to the E by the  
wind nothing in sight  
Lat 7-52 S Long

Tues 7 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N. E saw some  
fin Backs saw the Bark A B  
Bucker to the windward  
Lat 1-17 S Long

Wed 8 Light winds and pleasant  
steering N. E spoke the A B  
Bucker and had a gun war ship  
to the West at sun down  
Lat 0055 S Long 8



Barque of Sea Queen Coast Peru  
Thurs Nov 9 - 1854

Light winds and  
pleasant weather steering by  
the wind to the Westward  
nothing in sight - tacked ship  
at sun down heading S.E.

Lat 00.34 S Long 84.30

Fri 10

<sup>Andreas</sup>  
Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
heading N.W. saw some  
Porpoises Lat 1.00 S. Long

Sat 11

Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the S.W.  
nothing in sight Lat 1.34 S. Long 87.06

Sun 12

Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering by the wind  
to the Westward saw some fin  
Backs Lat 1.45 S. Long 88.46

Mon 13

Strong breeze steering N.W. for  
Hoods Island rose it  
at 11 A.M. and at 12 noon rose  
Whales breaching to the S.W.  
of us luffed to the wind for  
them and at once B.M. rose  
a ship. Halting we saw the  
Whales again at two B.M. four  
points off our weather bow  
going to windward and we  
did not lower as they was  
going very quick saw them  
at sun down breaching to  
the S.E. of us steering to E  
at sun down

Lat 1.54 S. Long 89.50

Bark Sea Queen Cruising  
Tues Nov 14 1854

Light winds with  
some squalls of fog saw a ship at  
daylight - off our lee beam steering  
to the N. W. tacked to the West-  
at seven and we saw another ship  
at three P.M. off our lee beam  
steering to the East tacked to  
the Eastward again at four P.M.  
saw some porpoises to day Lat 2-12 Long 89-32

Wed 15 Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering N. W. for Hood's Island  
at two P.M. spoke the George  
Susan at sundown and gained  
her steer to the Eastward  
through the Night so ends

Thur 16 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering to the Westward Hood's  
in sight George and Susan in sight -  
this day employed dashing a spar to  
the Mizzen Mast to support it as  
it is very rotten Lat 1-50 S Long 89-45

Fri 17 pleasant weather steering North all  
day Charles Island in sight saw  
a sail to windward seized the Main  
top sail aback for the Night heading  
to the Westward so ends

Sat 18 Pleasant weather steering North  
rose Whales at eight P.M. to the  
westward of us going to windward  
very quick lowered the boats and  
chased for about one hour and  
some aboard again rose more Whale  
to windward beaching coming to low  
shore lowered the Boats and got three



Barge Sea Queen Gallapagos Isles  
Sun Nov 19 - 1854

Calm weather the most  
of the day employd cutting the Whales  
finished at one P.M. began to  
boil at four. P.M. pleasant breezes  
the latter Part of the day. Charles  
and Brattle Islands in sight

Mon 20 Pleasant weather steering East  
employd boiling all day Land  
in sight off the Sea beam  
plenty of Porpoises in sight

Tues 21 Pleasant weather employd  
boiling all day finished at  
dark the Whales made 90 blbls  
saw the Land to leeward

Wed 22 Pleasant all hands employd  
washing the Ship finished  
at ten A.M. and at eleven  
spoke the Ship Hector  
and we run off for South  
Head together Lay aback for  
the Night within fifteen  
Miles of South Head discovered  
the Main Mast to be rotten to decay

Thur 23 Light winds and pleasant weather  
all hands employd fishing the  
Main Mast garnied with Hector  
and George and Susan Land  
in sight all day

Fri 24 Light winds and calm employd  
fishing the Main Mast the  
two Ships in sight South  
Head and Narbrough in sight

Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos Isles  
Sat Nov 25 - 1854



Light winds and pleasant weather finished work on the main mast the two ships in sight spoke the George and Susan North Head and Harbor in sight a great many Blackfish

Sun 26 Light winds and Calms North Head and Harbor in sight saw some Blackfish so ends this day

Mon 27 Light winds and Calms steering North the land in sight saw Redondo Rock employed fishing the main mast for it is rotten in several places so ends the day

Tues 28 Light winds and Calms steering N.E. saw N.E. point of Almarale and Dington Island so ends this day Lat 49-Miles North Long 91-00

Wed 29 Light winds and pleasant weather steering E. by N the George and Susan in sight all day so ends Lat 1-05 N - Long 90-50 W

Thur 30 Light winds and cloudy weather the ship George and Susan in sight all day Lat 1-28 N Long 89-48 W



Bark Sea Queen On Coast of Peru  
Fri Dec 11<sup>th</sup> 1854

Strong breezes  
steering by the wind to the East  
heading East by S. I saw some  
fin Backs and Porpoises so ends  
this day Lat 1-19 North Long 87.46

Sat 2 Strong breezes steering by the wind  
heading E by S nothing in  
sight - Lat 1-21 N. Long 88-36 YD

Sun 3 Strong breezes steering by the wind  
to the Eastward nothing in  
sight - Lat 1-19 N Long 88-28

Mon 4 Strong breezes steering by the wind  
heading E by S nothing in sight -  
tacked to the S. East at sun  
down Lat 00-52 N Long  
discovered a rotten place in the  
head of the fore Mast to day so so

Tues 5 Strong breezes steering by the  
wind on the Eastern tack  
Nothing in sight - so ends  
this day Lat 47 Miles N?

Wed 6 Strong breezes tacked ship to  
the Westward at daylight  
tacked to the Eastward again  
at two P.M. Nothing in sight -  
employed making of Spun Yarn  
Lat 11 Miles North

Thur 7 Light winds and cloudy weather  
steering by the wind to the  
Westward nothing in sight -  
employed digging clams off the  
bottom of the vessel Lat 0032 South

Bark Sea Wren Coast of Peru  
Fri Decem 8 - 18-54

Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind to the Westward saw some fin Backs took down the main top gallant sail and repaired and bent it again so ends  
Lat 00-11 South Long 84-20 W

Sat 9 Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind to the Eastward saw some fin Backs and porpoises employed setting up the main rigging so ends this day Lat

Sun 10 Light winds and pleasant steering by the wind to the West spoke the Bark Mary Francis Capt. Rule heard of the Ship Monmouth burring down to the Water in Baita Harbour sold to the Mary Francis one dozen and a half of Whale Tons Lat 48 Miles S



Mary Francis  
sailing

Mon 11 Light winds and pleasant steering by the wind to the West the Bark Mary Francis in sight all day  
Lat 1-11 S Long 85-46 West

Tues 12 Light winds and pleasant weather employed coopersing and stowing oil the Bark Mary Francis in sight all day saw some fin Backs steering by the wind to the West all day  
Lat 1-52 S Long 86-48 West

Wed 13 Light winds and pleasant steering by the wind to the Westward saw some fin Backs and Porpoises the Mary Francis went out of sight to day finished stowing and washed off stowed eight bbls  
Lat 2-47 S Long



Bark Sea Lion on Coast of Peru  
Thur Dec 7 14 — 1854

Light winds and  
pleasant weather steering by the  
wind to the Eastward saw some  
fin Backs employd setting up the  
riggin and putting down Hoops  
shards on the Main Mast so ends  
Lat 2.54 S Long

Fri 15 Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering N. N. W. saw some  
fin Backs and porpoises employd  
setting up riggin so ends this day  
Lat 2.40 S Long

thirty eight  
Months out  
1375 bbls  
of Spermaceti

Sat 16 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N. N. W. employd  
setting up the Head riggin rose a  
school of Whales at three P. M.  
three points off the starboard  
bow lowered the Boats for them  
at four P. M. and got one took  
him alongside at dark shortened  
sail and lay by the Whale for  
the Night Lat 1.35 S Long 88-28

fifty bbls

Sun 17 Light winds and pleasant weather  
employd cutting the Whale finished  
at Noon and rose more Whales  
at one P. M. heaving to the East  
of us lowered for them at three  
P. M. and got one took him  
alongside at five P. M. made  
sail and towed the Whale to the  
eastward all Night began to  
boil at sun down Lat 00.55 S

fifty bbls

Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos Isles  
Mon Dec 18 - 1854

Strong breezes heading  
to the eastward employed cutting  
and boiling finished cutting at  
five P.M. Lat 00-40 S - Long 88-55

Tues 19

strong breezes heading to the Eastward  
employed boiling saw Chatham Island  
at three P.M. to the Westward  
Lat 00-37 S - Long 88-37

Chatham

Wed 20

Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the Eastward  
employed boiling finished at two  
P.M. the Whales. Made a hundred  
blbs washed off the ship and got  
all cleared up before night saw  
some Blackfish to day so ends  
Lat 00-33 S - Long

Thur 21

light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the S.W.  
saw some Blackfish and porpoises  
so ends this day Lat 00-42 S - Long 87-47

Fri 22

Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the S.W.  
Nothing in sight employed fitting  
riggin Lat 1-30 S - Long

Sat 23

Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the Eastward  
Hoods Island and Chatham in  
sight saw a beach off our starboard  
bow saw the ship for it but saw  
no more of it saw some porpoise  
employed fitting riggin to day  
so ends Lat 1-33 S - Long

Hoods



Bark Sea Queen Gallapagos Isles  
Sun Dec 24 1854

Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind to the Eastward Floods and Chatham Islands in sight rose a beach at three P. M. No one point off our lee bow but did not see it again  
Lat 1-18 S Long

Mon 25 Light winds and pleasant steering by the wind to the Eastward Nothing in sight employed fishing the head of the fore Mast so ends this day  
Lat 1-20 S Long

Tues 26 Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind to the S. W saw one fin Back employed setting up the fore riggin and putting a preventer shid in the fore top Mast so ends this day  
Lat S Long W

Wed 27 Light winds and pleasant weather steering by the wind to the S. W saw some porpoises took down the Main top sail and repaired and bent him again so ends this day  
Lat S Long W

Thur 28 Light winds and pleasant steering by the wind to the E nothing in sight lowered down one of the Boats and scrubbed the Clams and dirt off of the Ship's bottom Lat 2-14 S

Bark Sea Queen bound South  
Fri Dec 29 - 1854

Light winds and  
pleasant steering by the wind to  
the S. W. nothing in sight  
employed in various jobs about  
the rigging Lat 2-30 S Long 90-04 W

Sat 30 Light winds and pleasant steering  
by the wind to the S. W. saw some  
Porpoises employed in various jobs  
about the rotten Main Mast -  
with ring bolts and eye bolts  
Lat 3-18 S - Long 91-05

Sun 31 Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering by the wind to the S. W.  
nothing in sight Lat 4-27 S Long

## NEW YEAR

Mon Jan 1st 1855

Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind to the S. W.  
nothing in sight employed Coopering  
and stowing Oil stowed down  
one Hundred bbls Lat 5-38 S

Tues 2 Strong breeze steering by the wind  
heading S. S. W. nothing finished  
stowing off and washed the Ship  
and put a fluke chain of  
over the head of the Main Mast  
and set up one end each side  
to keep it from breaking off to ends  
Lat 7-02 - Long 94-05 West

Dear Rosey I have ventured to write you  
a few lines and hope they will find you as  
well as I am at present for here I lay flat  
on my back on the rail road track with both legs broke  
and my belly covered in I would send you a New years present  
in the shape of a cow but I could not drive her to the post office



Bark Sea Queen Bound to the South  
Tues Jan 3 - 1855

Light winds and  
pleasant steering by the  
the S. West nothing in sight  
employd rearing New running  
riggin Lat 8-48 S. Long 97-45 W

Wed 4

Light winds and pleasant steering  
by the wind heading by the  
S. 38 employd painting Iron  
work rose 11.45 at half  
past eleven two points off our  
lee bow lowered for the net  
at one P.M. and got one took  
him alongside at three P.M.  
and then Chased more until  
sun down but did not get  
any more towed the Whale to  
the S. West all night  
Lat 10-10 Long 97-36 W

fifty bbls

Thurs 5

Light winds and pleasant  
employd cutting the Whale  
finished at one P.M. and began  
to boil at three P.M. and ends  
Lat 10-28 - Long

Sat 6

Strong breezes steering by the  
wind heading S by W  
employd boiling finished  
at eight P.M. the Whale  
made 50 bbls Lat 11-43 Long 99-24

Sun 7

Strong breezes steering by the  
wind heading South washed  
the ship all over and got every  
singer for the day  
Lat 13-54 Long

Bark Sea Queen bound to Talcahuano  
Mon <sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 1855

Strong breeze steering by the  
wind to the South nothing in  
sight - Lat 16-12 Long

Tues 9 Strong breeze steering by the wind  
to the South employed bending new  
sails bent a new jib and new  
fly jib and new Main topgallant  
sail set whole battens to rights  
squally weather had no observation  
to day so ends this day of 1855

Wed 10 Strong breeze steering by the  
wind to the South nothing in  
sight - Lat 20-40 Long 101-35

Thur 11 Strong breeze steering by the wind  
to the South nothing in sight  
Lat 23-03 Long 102-10 18

Fri 12 Strong breeze and squally weather  
steering by the wind to the South  
nothing in sight - all sail set  
Lat 25-26 Long

Sat 13 Strong breeze and squally weather  
steering by the wind to the South  
nothing in sight put a new  
preventer guy on the jib boom  
and bent a new Main topsail  
Lat 28-16 Long

Sun 14 Light winds and calm weather  
nothing in sight - the Moon  
went a swimming to night  
and swam all around the ship  
Lat 30-29 Long 102-36 18



Bark Sea Queen Bound to Chile  
Mon Jan 4 15 1855

thirty nine

39 Months out and pleasant steering E. S. E.  
1500 bbls nothing in sight - bent a New  
of good Spanish Sail and Fore topsail  
and set a fore topmast studding  
or steering Sail the first one  
ever set on the sea Queen drove  
one end of the oil and headed  
it over fair wind all sail set  
Lat 30-50 Long 102-20

X Sail

Tues 16 Strong breeze steering E. S. E.  
nothing in sight to day saw a  
large Whale last Night at  
Sun set but it was too late  
to lower for he went down and  
it was dark before he came up again  
Lat 31-55 Long 100-1 1/2 1855

Wed 17 Strong breeze steering East  
Nothing in sight Cooperd and  
stowed two Cask of Oil in the  
fore hold to suggest H. Cooper  
the Pipes took the Chain off  
the Main Mast and put a  
fish tassel Lat 32-46 Long 97-27

Thur 18 Strong breeze and squally  
weather heading to the East  
by the wind nothing in sight  
tacked to the South at nine  
A. M. Lat 32-40 Long 95-15 1/2

Fri 19 Light winds and pleasant weather  
heading S. S. E. by the wind  
nothing in sight Cooperd and  
stowed fifty bbls of Oil to day  
and washed the ship from one end  
to the other with sand and water plus  
Lat 33-59 Long 95-31

Bark Sea Queen Bound to Salcahu  
Sat Jan 20 — 1855

Light winds and pleasant weather  
Steering East saw some porpoises  
bent a new mainsail and cut up  
the old one bent a new topmast  
stay sail so ends this day of 1855.  
Lat 35-25 Long 94-52

Sun 21 Light winds and calm weather  
Steering East nothing in sight  
fore topmast studding sail set  
Lat 35-51 Long 92-59

Mon 22 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind heading E. N. E.  
nothing in sight employed scraping  
and varnishing the stanchions  
Lat 36-09 Long

Tues 23 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind heading E. N. E.  
spoke the ship Constitution  
and gained with her saw another  
sail to windward so ends this day  
Lat 35-30 Long 91-34

Wed 24 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind heading  
E. N. E. nothing in sight gained  
with the Constitution another  
sail in sight Lat 34-11

Thur 25 Light winds and calm heading  
South Constitution and another  
sail in sight Lat 34-44



Bark Sgo Queen Bound to Talcahuano,  
Fri Jan 26 - 1855



Light winds and  
pleasant weather steering E  
by South foretopmast and main  
topgallant studding sails set  
the Constitution in sight to  
leeward and a trip to windward  
run with the Constitution  
last night after sun down  
Lat 35-18 Long 87-27

Sat 27



Light and pleasant weather  
steering East by South. Caught  
a Porpoise to day so ends this.  
Lat 36-07 Long 84-32

Sun 28 Strong breeze steering E by S  
saw a fin Back and some  
porpoises Squally weather to day  
Lat 36-50 Long 81-41 W

Mon 29 Strong breeze steering East-  
by North saw a fin Back and  
some porpoises Lat 36-53 Long 79-00

Tues 30 Strong breeze steering East by  
North saw some fin backs  
tore the try works down to  
day and threwed the sticks  
overboard Close reefed the  
topsails at dark blowing very  
strong Lat 36-50 Long 74-20

Mon 31 Light wind and pleasant-  
saw the land at day light  
Came to anchor at four P.M.  
in Talcahuano Harbour  
so ends this day and Month



Bark Sea Queen At Anchor Talcahuano  
Tues Feb 1 1855

Mr Port sent a raft  
on shore for Water aboard up the  
fore hold for to take freight from  
the Morning Star so ends this day

Wed 2 At Anchor took twelve Cask of  
Oil on freight and got off the  
Water so ends this day

Thurs 3 At Anchor employed painting  
took off some beef and flour  
finished stowing off the hold

Fri 4 At Anchor one Watch on Liberty

Sat 5 At Anchor one Watch on Liberty  
the other employed Painting took  
off ten bbls of Potatoes so ends

Sun 6 Mr Port on Watch on Shore  
employed stowing so ends

Mon 7 Mr Port one watch on Shore

Tues 8 Mr Port got off some Potatoes  
and small stores one Watch on Shore

Wed 9 Mr Port one watch on Shore  
the rest got the Ship ready  
for Sea so ends this day

Thurs 10 All hands to up Anchor at  
day light but had to wait for the  
doctor, visit went to sea at  
noon in company with six other  
vessels got all clear of the land  
before Sun down so ends this



Bark Sea Queen Bound Home  
Sun, Feb 7<sup>th</sup> 11 1855

Strong breezes steering  
by the wind to the Westward  
passed two ships to day heading  
in for the Land several

Mon 12 Strong breezes and cloudy  
weather saw one sail to seaward  
heading in shore several

Tues 13 Light winds and pleasant  
made all sail at day light  
steering by the wind to the  
S. W.

Wed 14 Light winds and pleasant  
set the Studding Sails at  
seven A.M. steering S. by E  
passed a Brig at day light  
steering to the N. W.

Thur 15 Light winds and pleasant  
steering S. by E.  
Lat 39-56 Long 80-08 W

Fri 16 Light winds and pleasant  
wind from the South tacked  
Ship three times through  
saw a bark at day light  
steering N. N. W.  
Lat 41-27 Long don't know

Sat 17 Light winds and calm steering  
by the wind to the South  
Lat 44-05 Long

Bark Sea Queen Bound Home  
Sun. Feb. 18 - 1855

Strong breezes steering S by  
West, at 11 am down put a double  
reef in the topsails and put let  
the jib and Main sail passed  
a vessel last night in the middle  
Watch Lat 43-16 Long

Mon 19 Strong breezes steering by the to  
the South set the jib and Main  
sail at daylight took the jib in  
again at noon the ship pitches  
back Lat 45-14 Long

Tues 20 Strong breezes and rainy weather  
steering South Lat 47-14 Long

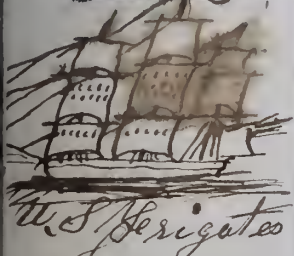
Wed 21 Light winds and calm cloudy  
weather steering S by E saw an  
fin Back to day Lat 48-27

Thur 22 Strong breezes steering by the wind  
to the South Lat 49-29

Fri 23 fresh gales from the West  
passed a Brig at 2 PM showing  
Australian colors Lat 51-53



Sat 24 Light winds and rainy weather  
steering S. S. E. Spoke the  
United States Frigate St Lawrence  
Bound Home so ends this day  
Lat 53-00 Long 81-40



U.S. Frigates  
Sun 25 Strong breezes from the Eastward  
St Lawrence steering by the wind heading  
S. E. saw a large ship this  
morning steering to the West  
Lat 55-11 Long 80-10



Barck Sea Queen off Cape Horn  
Mon Feb 26 - 1845

Fresh gales from  
the North with plenty of rain  
bore the ship to the wind at  
four P.M. under a close reefed  
main topsail and reeled fore  
sail took in the fore sail at  
dark saw a Large Ship this  
morning and a Brig this afternoon  
both heading to the West  
Lat 56-40 Long 77-40

Tues 27 fresh gales from the West  
steering E. N. E. in company  
with a Large Ship showing  
the Hungarian Coloss  
Lat 56-53 Long 74-15

Wed 28 Strong breezes and rainy weather  
steering E. N. E. at three P.M.  
the weather cleared up and we  
saw the Diegos off our starboard  
beam luffed the ship up to the  
wind after saw the land and  
made all sail the Hungarian  
Ship in company all day  
about three miles off saw another  
sail at five P.M. at sun down  
the ship heads N. E. by E by the  
wind Lat Long 68-46

Diegos  
Ramirez

Bark Sea Queen off Cape Horn  
Thurs March #1 - 1855

Strong breezes and pleasant weather steering E N E part of the day at noon steered up N E by N saw Staten Land at five P.M. our Hungarian partner was about two miles Staten Land astern at sun down saw another sail at six P.M. off our starboard Beam Lat 56-09 Long 63-13

Fri 2 Light winds and in the first and middle part latter part strong breezes and squally steering S E by N saw our partner this morning a long way off our lee quarter lost sight of him through the day winds N E Lat 54-58 Long 60-00 N

Sat 3 Strong breezes from the S. by N with plenty of squalls steering N. N. East through the day and N. E. by N at night furled the main sail and jibs at sun down Lat 53-08 Long 57-49

Sun 4 Fresh gales from the S. W steering N. N. W took in the light sails and reefed the top sails squally weather all day Lat 50-41 Long 54-10

Mon 5 Light winds and pleasant weather steering N. E by N sent the main Lat 48-01 Regal Yard aloft and set the Long 51-00 sail wind fair straddling sails out both sides saw a vessel this afternoon steering to the S. W



Bark Sea Queen Bound Home Atlantic Passage  
Mon March 4<sup>th</sup> 1855

Strong breezes from the  
S. E with squally weather steering  
N. E by N nothing in sight  
to day Lat 46.28 Long 50-10 W

Tues 7 Light winds from the S. W  
with pleasant weather steering  
N. E by N nothing in sight  
all sail set Lat 43.53 Long 47-14

Wed 8 Strong breezes and squally  
steering N. E by N nothing in  
sight Lat 42-10 Long 55-45.25

Fri 9 Light winds and pleasant  
wind from the North  
heading S. by E Lat 39-45

Sat 10 Light winds from the North  
with pleasant weather steering  
by the wind, to the Westward  
Tore up the sheathing and  
threwed it overboard to day  
so ends this day Lat 38-45

Sun 11 Light winds from the North  
with pleasant weather steering  
by the wind to the Westward  
Nothing in sight so ends this day  
Lat 37-35 Long 41-34

Mon 12 Light winds from the Eastward  
with pleasant weather steering  
North by East took five Pipes  
of Oil on deck and coopered  
them and stowed them away  
again Lat 36-12 Long 42-25

Bark Sea Queen Bound to San Pedro  
Tues March 13 — 1855

Light winds from the South  
steering N. N. E. thick rainy  
weather all day Nothing in sight  
no observation to day no observation  
to day so ends this twenty four hours

Wed 14 Light winds and pleasant weather  
wind from the N. E. steering by  
the wind to the N. W. employed  
planning the deck Nothing in  
sight Lat 34-12

Thur 15 Light winds from the Eastward  
with pleasant weather steering  
41 Months N. by E. Nothing in sight  
at 1500 employed planning the deck  
at 600 good  
at 600  
Lat 39-41 Long 41-00

Fri 16 Strong breezes from the North  
with pleasant weather steering  
by the wind heading E N. E.  
reefed the topsails at sun  
down Lat 30-20 Long 40-52

Sat 17 Strong breezes from the North  
with clear weather nothing in  
sight to day steering by the wind  
to the North and Eastward  
Lat 29-27 Long 38-45

Sun 18 Strong breezes from the North  
steering by the wind to the  
Eastward Nothing furlled the  
light sails and reefed the topsails

Distance



Bark Sea Queen Bound Home  
Mon March 19 1855

Strong breezes and  
rainy weather steering N. by E  
wind from the South E  
took down the Spraker and  
repaired and bent it again  
no observation to day

Tues 20 Strong breezes and rainy weather  
steering N. N. E saw three  
Barks and two Schooners  
Spoke one of the schooners  
she was from Rio Bound to  
Philadelphia Lat all sail set  
Lat 23-20 Long 35-12



Wed 21 Light winds and squally  
weather all day at night  
had some very heavy squalls  
of wind and rain called  
all hands to shorten sail  
in the first watch took in  
all sail but the Main topsail  
and foresail Lat 22-08

Thurs 22 Light winds with heavy  
squalls of rain steering by the  
wind heading N. N. E  
saw five sails to day hake  
out and chased up the  
fore hold to day 20-52



Fri 23 Light winds and pleasant  
steering by the wind heading  
S. E spoke the Swedish  
sloop in sight to Brig Sudansra and got some  
day Lat 17-5 wood from her and spoke the  
Ship Ketzland of Both and  
got some coal from her

Bark Sea Queen Bound Home  
Sat March 24 - 1855

Light winds and  
pleasant weather steering N N E  
employed rattring down the lower  
saggin five sails in sight to  
day Lat 15-13

Sun 25 Light winds, with squalls of  
rain N N E saw four vessels  
to day signified the American  
Bark Tonia and an English  
Bark Lat 12-48 Long 34-16 W

Mon 26 Strong breezes with some squalls  
of rain steering N N E the first  
part of the day tacked ship at  
four P.M. heading E N E by the  
wind the wind from the N E  
spoke the Bark Tonia to day  
from Rio Janeiro saw two  
other vessels to day  
Lat 10-24 Long 34-18 W

Tues 27 Strong breezes steering North  
saw five sails to day employed  
rattring down the topmast saggin  
Lat 8-24 Long

Wed 28 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N N W employed  
rattring and rattring the saggin  
three vessels to day  
Lat 5-39 S Long 34-48 W

Thurs 29 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N by E spoke  
Lat 3-50 the Ship Peerless of Boston  
from Callao Bound to Canton  
Long Roads employed taring saw one other  
sail



Bark Sea Queen Bound Home  
Fri. March 30 - 1855

Light winds and  
pleasant weather employed tarring  
and painted the water ways  
primed over the bare places  
nothing in sight to day  
Lat 15° 8' Long

Sat 31 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N by E  
Nothing in sight employed painting  
and various other jobs to numerous  
to mention Lat 00-04 miles South

~~Lat 00-04 miles South~~

April 1855

Sun. Apr 1 Light winds and squally  
weather steering N. N. W  
nothing in sight  
Lat 1-26 North Long 39-15

Mon 2 Light winds and squally  
weather steering N. N. W  
saw a vessel off our starboard  
bow steering to the North West.  
Caught a Porpoise to day  
Lat 2-41 North Long 40-21 W

Tues 3 Strong breeze steering N. N. W  
nothing in sight Lat 4-51 Long

Wed 4 Strong breeze steering N. N. W  
nothing in sight  
Lat 7-07 North Long 42-50

Bark Sea Queen Bound Home  
Thur April 4<sup>th</sup> - 1855

Strong breezes steering  
N. N. W. nothing in sight - broke  
out the main Hatchway and took up  
three Pipes of Water so ends this day  
Lat 9-29 Long 44-18 W

Fri 6 Light winds pleasant weather  
steering N. N. W. nothing in sight  
to day set up the topgallant-  
riggin so ends this day  
Lat 11-45 North Long 45-48 W

Sat 7 Light winds and pleasant weather  
steering N. N. W. nothing in  
sight Lat 15-31 Long don't me

Sun 8 Light winds and pleasant  
steering N. N. W. nothing  
in sight Lat 15-00 Long

Mon 9 Light winds and calm  
steering N. N. W. by North  
saw a sail off the lee  
quarter employed painting  
the Iron work so ends  
Lat 16-47 Long 49 something

Tues 10 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N. N. W.  
employed painting spoke the  
Bark Falcon of Boston  
from the Spicz Islands bound  
to New York got a Pig from  
her Lat 17-47 Long



Bark at Sea, Queen Bound Home  
Wed April 11 - 1855



Light winds  
and pleasant steering N<sup>W</sup>  
employed painting the Bark  
Falcon in sight all day  
killed the pig to day,  
Lat - 18-48 Long

Thur 12 light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N<sup>W</sup> employed  
painting saw two ships to day  
both steering South West  
Lat - 20-18 Long 54-24 W

Fri 13 light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N<sup>W</sup>  
nothing in sight employed  
painting Lat 21-45 Long

Sat 14 Light winds and calms  
steering N<sup>W</sup> nothing in  
sight finished painting  
Lat - 22-25 Long 55-59

Sun 15 Strong breeze steering N<sup>W</sup>  
~~this~~ sight saw a Bark steering by the wind  
about 1/2 out to the North under short sail  
Bound Home Lat 24-18 Long

1500 bbls

Mon 16 Light winds and pleasant  
weather steering N<sup>W</sup> by N<sup>S</sup>  
saw exchanged signals  
with an American steam  
ship this morning she  
passed about two miles  
to leeward of us steering  
the same course that we  
were so ends Lat 25-47 Long 60-05  
West

Bark Sea Queen Bound Home  
Tues April 17 - 1855

Light winds and  
calms steering N.W. by N  
nothing in sight - Lat 26-49 Long

Wed 18 Light winds and calms steering  
N.W. by N saw a Brig and a Bark  
Both steering to the North so ends  
Lat 28-15 Long 63-05 West -

Thur 19 Light winds and calms steering  
to the N.W. saw four sailing  
Vessels and a large steam ship  
spoke a Brig or chased her with  
our Boat and she wore around  
and set her studding sails and  
steered the opposite way from her  
course to get clear of us but we  
caught up with her and she would  
not let us come nearer than  
hailing distance she would not  
show any colors and we could  
understand a word of their lingo  
so we did not find out Country  
she belonged to or anything else  
about her Lat 29-09 Long 64-00 West

Fri 20 Light winds and calms steering  
N.W. spoke the English Bark  
Barrock Hall from N. H. K's  
bound to London we boarded  
her at daylight and returned  
at nine she sends this day  
Lat 29-49 Long 64-35

Sat 21 Strong breeze steering N.W.  
foggy weather saw one sail to  
day Lat 31-26 Long



Perot



Bark Sea Queen Bound Home  
Sun April 22 1855

Light winds and  
calms with foggy weather steering  
N. by W. nothing in sight -  
Lat 32-54 Long

Mon 23 Strong breezes steering by the wind  
heaving N. W. saw two sail  
to day Lat 33-47 Long 69-30 W

Tues 24 Light winds and calms  
steering North by W. nothing  
in sight Lat 35-09 Long 70-25

Wed 25 Strong breezes steering N. N. W.  
with foggy weather spoke the ~~Bark~~  
Ship *Calderiza* from Philadelphia  
saw three other sail to day  
So ends this day  
Lat 37-30 - Long 71-35 W

Thur 26 Light winds and thick foggy  
weather steering North saw one  
schooner this morning at noon  
we hauled the head Bards  
aback and throwed the lead  
got soundings at thirty five  
fathoms sounded again at six  
P.M. and got thirty five fathoms  
at dark took in the light sails  
and reefed the topsails furlled  
the mainsail no correct observation  
to day thick fog at dark so ends

Fri 27 Strong breezes steering N. E. saw  
Non Tanco Light at eight A.M.  
took a Pilot at eleven A.M. Anchored  
below Clark's Point Light at six P.M.  
so ends this Whaling voyage

another by the Pilot

~~one from Fayal, the 27. of September 1855~~

one by a ship the 27. of September

one by the packet from Flores the 18. of October

one from Fayal the 31. 1856

2.1

one by the Leesonington, one by Hectora July

received two letters from Fayal the 31. 1856. 40

1857

one received from Fayal the 14. 20

June 15

received two letters from Fayal 50

June

received

received two letters from Fayal 20

received one from Fayal 10

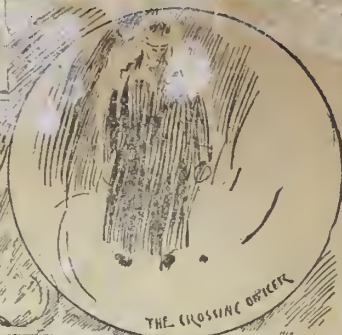
1858

June 15

received two letters from Fayal the 15. 10. 20



FEBRUARY 1, 1898.



SCENE AT CORNER OF TREMONT ST AND SCOLLAY SQ AT 6 LAST NIGHT.

cts  
66  
48  
38  
48  
48  
49  
48  
22  
30  
22  
22

31 sent to ...  
15 sent to ...

one the 4 August  
one the 11th

16.1857 sent a ... to ...

22  
44  
44  
42  
42  
34



July 4<sup>th</sup> 29... 1855

## PETER VAN SCHAACK RIDES TO HIS DESK.

His English Cob "Billy" Takes Him to the Door  
Of His Office in a Chicago Building.

now by the

November 1<sup>st</sup> 1855



PETER VAN SCHAACK RIDING INTO HIS OFFICE ON HIS HORSE.

September 1<sup>st</sup> 1856

October 1<sup>st</sup> 1856

December 21<sup>st</sup> 1856

May 17<sup>th</sup> 1857

Canton, Pa.

Peter Van Schaack, as enterprising a man of his age as is to be found in Chicago, or elsewhere for that matter, likes to do unique things. When he opened the old-time wholesale drug warehouse at 133 and 140 Lake st, he determined to distinguish it from other places of the kind by naming it "The Old Salamander Drug House," and as such, like the place of "Bones of Ginghamton, who pays the freight," it has been known everywhere throughout the west and a good chunk of the east.

Mr Van Schaack is a horseman of talent, though not of the style of "talent" found at the race tracks. He is more properly an equestrian, and when the weather suits him he snaps his fingers at his carriages, the street cars, and other conveyances and mounts his English cob, Billy, and Billy takes him to and from his place of business, along the boulevards, the bridle paths in the parks or the roadways of the country side.

It is with an amusing sight witnessed almost daily throughout the summer and fall at the Van Schaack place of business that this story has to do.

Every morning about 9 o'clock passers-by are entertained by a view of the senior Van Schaack astride his little

English cob, riding across the stone sidewalk, and up three stone steps, where the watchful door attendant opens the wide double door while "the Old Salamander" rides gracefully through and is landed by Billy at the door of the private office. The intelligent animal deliberately walks to the shipping room in the rear to await the coachman's arrival to return to his stable.

This has been Mr Van Schaack's custom for 12 years. His first cob, having performed faithfully this service for eight years, has been pensioned on a farm, only to work half a day three times a week. His successor, of the same color and build, bearing the same name, has taken to the task most readily. Crowds daily stop to witness the comical sight, some with eyes and mouth wide open, fearless of catching flies in the summer or cold in the winter; while the little urchins huddling around the door sing out, "Golly, I wish I owned him."

Billy is full of tricks and delights in extending his foot for "a shake" or a nod of his head in recognition of his owner, but is never happier than when he can follow the family carriage, sans saddle and bridle. Late in the afternoon his owner mounts him for a John Gilpin rush up Michigan boulevard to the 22d st homestead, which he has occupied for 33 consecutive years.



From Lucy to Avis

Here dear Avis take this sinpence  
That you have so nobly earned  
I, most graciously received  
The Lord love that you spurned

1

We passed a very pleasant evening  
Under the window in the dark  
And I was happy in receiving  
So intelligent a spark

3

If you enjoy but half the pleasure  
From the sinpence that I send  
It will repay you in a measure  
For gratifying your dear friend

His cane he left in the corner  
And another call he'll make  
Rather different from the former  
For my answer he will take

The result you soon shall hear  
Though you can judge what I shall say  
For you know how very dear  
He has been for many a day

May you always be gratified  
In every rich and plain  
And if you can't get sinpence worth  
Why take the best you can

And now dear Avis show this not  
To either friend or foe  
And you will very much oblige  
The girl that's got a bear

From Avis to Lucy

Lucy, I've received the sinpence  
And I think it just the plan  
You have sent the equal value  
Of the sinpence called - a man

2

You say you passed a pleasant evening  
Happier am I to know it so  
Nothing to you is so soul charming  
Then when you recognise your B O

3

You know it is my inclination  
You to serve in every way  
As I have laid the first foundation  
Don't refuse him don't say nay

4

The cane he left for an excuse  
That he might call his down to hear  
If I should judge from observation  
He need not tremble need not fear

6

I think I'll take my dear friend Prissy  
She too, shall share your generous boon  
And while we're licking down the ice cream  
You give my good time as coming soon

5

I trust I am as much delighted  
With the sinpence that you send  
And the most I think of now is  
How I shall my sinpence spend

I think I'll take my dear friend Prissy  
She too, shall share your generous boon

# The Hiding candy spree

9<sup>see</sup>

Come one, come all and list awhile  
The tedious moments to beguile  
A curious story I'll relate to thee  
About the Hiding candy spree

2<sup>1st</sup>

It happened about one week ago  
And now I'll proceed to show  
If my memory serves me right -  
How things were done that very night

3<sup>1st</sup>

On Wednesday eve the girls left the house  
But for their beauty they did not stop  
Taking advantage of the night  
In hopes, we think, to keep out of sight

4

But some naughty boys, being on the scout  
Got wind that these fair maids were out  
And followed them to the street corner (Ash,)  
And said the boys we will settle their task

5

So cautiously heading as if on egg  
In front of the house of Maria's magge,  
Friend Russel walked under the window,  
Said he Joe Ray, the girls are here

6<sup>1st</sup>

They had met there to plan it o'er  
Little dreaming wide open was the door  
He heard them till words gained air  
For women's tongue is never still

7

Then in went Russel with a bound  
Said he, good evening ladies, we are, round  
Before they could ask him how he came that way  
The door opened again, in walked Mr Ray

8

Then their tongues wagged as for then before  
And said their business was all o'er  
That they had nothing more to say  
And feared home ward they would walk

their way

Sizzie Luce was there that eve  
Susan To Chase, and Mary Jane McLeave  
And then again I am not so long  
Was Annie, Emily, and Lydia. The

10

And others to me must proclaim  
Thee to be Pidge and Susan Abby Thair  
And then again I sit near the window  
Maria P. Allen and Mary Ann Winslow

11

So many now and with time in winter  
Was Maria Merz, and Eunice Ann Minter  
The others were not out that eve  
So for the present their names I'll leave

12

On Wednesday morn, three chaps did meet  
In the north corner of Orange Street  
And every one that looked that way  
Might have seen the Russells and Ray

13

That's so, says Billy D, with a comical leer  
But we'll find them, never fear  
Then he told them he had heard  
Of a conversation every word

14

He heard Rebecca tell in day  
That when the watchman come come that way  
On the door he'd give a warning  
At three o'clock, on Friday morning

15

And he would walk close by her side  
Unto the house where they would hide  
And then he says when they have gone  
Why I of course will follow on

16

Then he heard Annie tell in day she would get  
At night, she would get clean of Joe Ray  
And told Lydia B, she thought, 'twas best  
For her to get clean of Billy D



"The first of these is the fact that the human mind is not a blank slate, but is filled with ideas and impressions from birth." "The second is the fact that the human mind is not a passive receiver of impressions, but is an active interpreter of them."

"The third is the fact that the human mind is not a single entity, but is composed of many different parts, each of which has its own functions and characteristics." "The fourth is the fact that the human mind is not a static entity, but is constantly changing and developing throughout life." "The fifth is the fact that the human mind is not a purely individual entity, but is also influenced by the environment and the society in which it lives." "The sixth is the fact that the human mind is not a purely rational entity, but is also influenced by emotions and instincts." "The seventh is the fact that the human mind is not a purely conscious entity, but is also influenced by the unconscious mind." "The eighth is the fact that the human mind is not a purely individual entity, but is also influenced by the collective mind of the race." "The ninth is the fact that the human mind is not a purely individual entity, but is also influenced by the collective mind of the world." "The tenth is the fact that the human mind is not a purely individual entity, but is also influenced by the collective mind of the universe."

"The first of these is the fact that the human mind is not a blank slate, but is filled with ideas and impressions from birth." "The second is the fact that the human mind is not a passive receiver of impressions, but is an active interpreter of them."

Editor

"The third is the fact that the human mind is not a single entity, but is composed of many different parts, each of which has its own functions and characteristics."

Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

"The fourth is the fact that the human mind is not a static entity, but is constantly changing and developing throughout life." "The fifth is the fact that the human mind is not a purely individual entity, but is also influenced by the environment and the society in which it lives."

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Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. H. [Signature]

"something of a piece with the old year and all that  
has been in the world with the old year and all that  
has been in the world."

Friendship

Oh, my friend,  
now, rain, rain, rain.  
And this is the best of all things,  
the rain, the rain, the rain.  
The rain, the rain, the rain.  
And now the rain is over.

There is no need for me to  
be sad and lonely in the  
rain, for I am here in the  
rain, and I am here in the  
rain.

The rain is here  
and here and there  
the gray, the gray, the gray  
the rain, the rain, the rain.  
The rain, the rain, the rain.  
The rain, the rain, the rain.

There is no need for me to  
be sad and lonely in the  
rain, for I am here in the  
rain, and I am here in the  
rain.

The rain is here and there and there

Oh, my friend,  
the rain is here and there  
the rain, the rain, the rain.  
The rain, the rain, the rain.

There is no need for me to  
be sad and lonely in the  
rain, for I am here in the  
rain, and I am here in the  
rain.

Oh, my friend,  
the rain is here and there  
the rain, the rain, the rain.  
The rain, the rain, the rain.

There is no need for me to  
be sad and lonely in the  
rain, for I am here in the  
rain, and I am here in the  
rain.

Oh, my friend,  
the rain is here and there  
the rain, the rain, the rain.  
The rain, the rain, the rain.



The sun shined in the  
sky and the birds  
were singing in the trees.  
The wind was from the  
west.

The sun and the moon  
were shining in the sky  
and the stars were shining  
in the night.

A little bird was singing  
in the trees and a little  
fish was swimming in the  
water.

The sun was shining  
and the moon was shining  
and the stars were shining  
in the night.

The sun was shining  
and the moon was shining  
and the stars were shining  
in the night.

The sun was shining  
and the moon was shining  
and the stars were shining  
in the night.

The sun was shining  
and the moon was shining  
and the stars were shining  
in the night.

It was in the month of June  
In a kingdom of the sun  
There a maiden lived as long as any here  
In the name of the world's Lee  
And the world was in the midst of the  
The world was in the midst of the

It was a story and the world was  
In the month of the sun  
In the month of the sun  
In the month of the sun  
With a love the ringed serpent of the sun  
Love and me

And this was the reason that long ago  
In the kingdom of the sun  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
And killing my beloved Lee

But in love was stronger than the sun  
Of those who love the sun  
For the sun was in the sky  
For the sun was in the sky  
For the sun was in the sky  
For the sun was in the sky  
Of the beautiful world's Lee

For the moon was in the sky  
For the moon was in the sky  
And the story was the same  
Of the beautiful world's Lee  
For the moon was in the sky  
For the moon was in the sky  
For the moon was in the sky  
For the moon was in the sky





So after we heard all we wanted  
Down to Billy & King, we, scampered  
Told him of all that we had heard  
And told him not to say a word

18

Not so fast said King with a start  
I've a piece of intelligence to impart  
And when he had told about one half  
We all joined in a hearty laugh

19

Then we went to Joe Pierce's shop  
Where the boys liked so well to stop  
Old Joe was round and with a gun  
He says, boys go in, go in a not run

20

On Wednesday night King was to keep  
A strict watch on Dover Street  
And Billy D, in Front of Lydia B  
To be accompanied by William C

21

Mike Street was to be watched, also  
By Jerry Ray, and his brother Joe  
Dumond and Treacy said they'd be on hand  
On hand but them we did not see

22

So we went and got our disguise  
In hopes we would the girls surprise  
We agreed not to go to bed that night  
But be wide awake and look out bright

23

Joe went that night to see his dear  
But she did not seem to be in cheer  
With words quite plain she told him then  
That he must go at half past ten

24

She said that when the time expired  
That she would be very tired  
Then said Joe with a wink of the eye  
You will be tired and so will I

He says to himself as he shut the door  
That girl thinks she has made, three times, or more  
But I guess if the clouds obscure the moon  
Before morning she, it change her tune

26

I never was outwitted by calico yet  
Nor won't be this time you can bet  
Right in the midst of his meditation  
He run against a watchman on his station

27

Hollo, who's there? the watchman cried  
It's a signal in front the red light  
Ah, signal to in you did me so surprise  
I scarce found time to recognize

28

But if you see girls out late to night  
Don't trouble them, or that are all right  
They are going to have a shining candy piece  
And we are on their back you see

29

So Joe started homeward through the Alley  
Thinking the time of his first dance  
And thinking of the night with his friend Anna  
When he came near stumbling over Hannah's shanty

30

And he found out, he'd had been so careless  
As to meet Hannah D, and Anna D  
Who, taking advantage of Joe's negligence,  
Put their best foot forward and, humbugged him

31

Then he went home and got his old wig  
With hair, steel, and cane, and coat rather big  
And sallied forth in the midnight air  
And found Russell and Harry waiting him there

32

Russell sent off feeling happy and nice  
Thinking how he would with his friend Lydia  
Whether he did or not the sequel will show  
But let us return again to Friend Joe



Joe went on with imitating the march  
In hopes some of the girls he would catch  
But instead of the girls, he chanced to meet  
Two boys on the opposite side of the street

34

He went right across and thus he did say  
Who are you and what do you want up this way  
As he stepped up to them their heads they did bow  
And he recognized the forms of friends Brown and Joe

35

Said Ray unto them how long shall you stay  
Said Joe we shall stay until the night wears away  
Until the grey streak of morning is near  
You'll find us cruising all about here

36

My aunt says Ray is like to see you so cold  
I have something provided to keep out the cold  
To keep you awake and make us feel snug,  
I have received a bottle of Red Devon Whisky

37

So all three started off to have a good nigh  
Hoping the girls wouldn't give them the slip  
After they had done, said Brown a do you  
That some of the girls are cruising about here

38

And at the same instant George Paddock came forth  
With outstretched arms, he pointed to the north  
Away ran the two with the speed of the wind  
And Ray concluded he'd stop behind

39

And there in the Alley 'twas hard to believe -  
Was Lizzy & Louie and Mary Jane McKeane  
Oy! Ray you can't come if you've had your warning

You had better go back and stay until morning

40

We all met again, said Ray do you know  
How thankful I'd be to be light full of snow -  
We'd said the boys how nice it would be  
For then all their backs we plainly could see

Strange it may seem but nevertheless  
How people will pray when they have a <sup>in view</sup> object  
It seems the Almighty our prayers did hear  
For soon the large snow flakes began to <sup>appear</sup>

42

Soon the ground was covered with <sup>flight</sup>  
That darkness was soon turned into light -  
Faithful to their wish slow -  
The boys went their lone rounds mid snow

43

Slow moved the hour, but nothing could <sup>flight</sup>  
The trustfulness of those on the watch that night  
With eyes open to duty and true to their trust  
They went their lone rounds with hearts full of <sup>hope</sup>

44

At last we saw a light in Annie Coffin's <sup>home</sup>  
Now says Joe we must be as still as a <sup>mouse</sup>  
First we saw one then saw another  
The last we expect was Annie Coffin's <sup>mother</sup>

45

She marched to the street like a soldier  
Straight to the house of Phoebe Stacey Folger  
Maria was there, <sup>that</sup> all known -  
How Harry tracked the sequel will <sup>show</sup>

46

He was on the scout at the back of <sup>the street</sup>  
He discovered two girls with fast  
freezing feet - Tripping it lightly  
across the wide green

Turning the corner and going  
through the leaves

47

Adventures, there were many  
The boys went around  
Until now full of laugh  
rolled on the ground

Said he unto Brown nothing  
under the sun 'twould begin to  
pay me for this amount of fun

Since the girls you may think we are smoking  
 Went to their roost along with Mrs Coffin  
 And Emily and Annie watched with suspense  
 And finally seated on the back garden fence

49

Then Hussy, Dow and Brown agreed all three  
 To stop while Joe went Billy & Joe to see  
 Go treaching lightly across the main Street -  
 Billy & Ann William & he had funed to meet

50

Good Lord deliver us Joseph then cried  
 You look like the D-L as true as is alive  
 On your head Billy & say what is that -  
 Replied Billy & it is Sam Mitchell's hat -

51

When we on the corner and thought the best way  
 For Billy & in front of Rebecca's to lay  
 Now it is half past two and don't you see  
 Asa Coffin will be there when the clock strikes three

He lay by them and started up & was  
 Thinking over in his mind which way would be best  
 To make them believe them - chance to hide that night -  
 To make them wait until broad day light

On arriving at his station Joe told it to a man  
 Of all the adventures which had befallen him  
 Mrs Coffin mistook Asa for one of the crew  
 And told him he need not walk that way any more

Asa replied with something of a laugh  
 I was chosen and put here by the town  
 To watch the west district and guard against fire  
 After all the inhabitants had gone to retire

Now my dear lady be at your ease  
 For I shall walk here as much as I please  
 And if you don't want me to walk there again  
 Report me tomorrow unto the select men



Again all was still not a rustle was there.  
Till the clock striking three in the midnight  
he looked back and forth. Nothing in sight  
save ever and anon the glimmer of light

57

When I am told us this how we did laugh  
we kicked, screamed and hollered <sup>like a calf</sup> and hoard  
But hearing the people we should surprise  
I'm made to <sup>noise</sup> and up and agreed no more

55

A little sure enough we saw it quite plain  
Shining through the duck back under pine  
Farre since it be out said Brown to Dow  
he is not never mind we cant attend to her

One hour had passed, and we thought at first  
To hear some ticking of our friend Billy's  
So we started along Billy's to meet  
And we saw him just coming out of the street

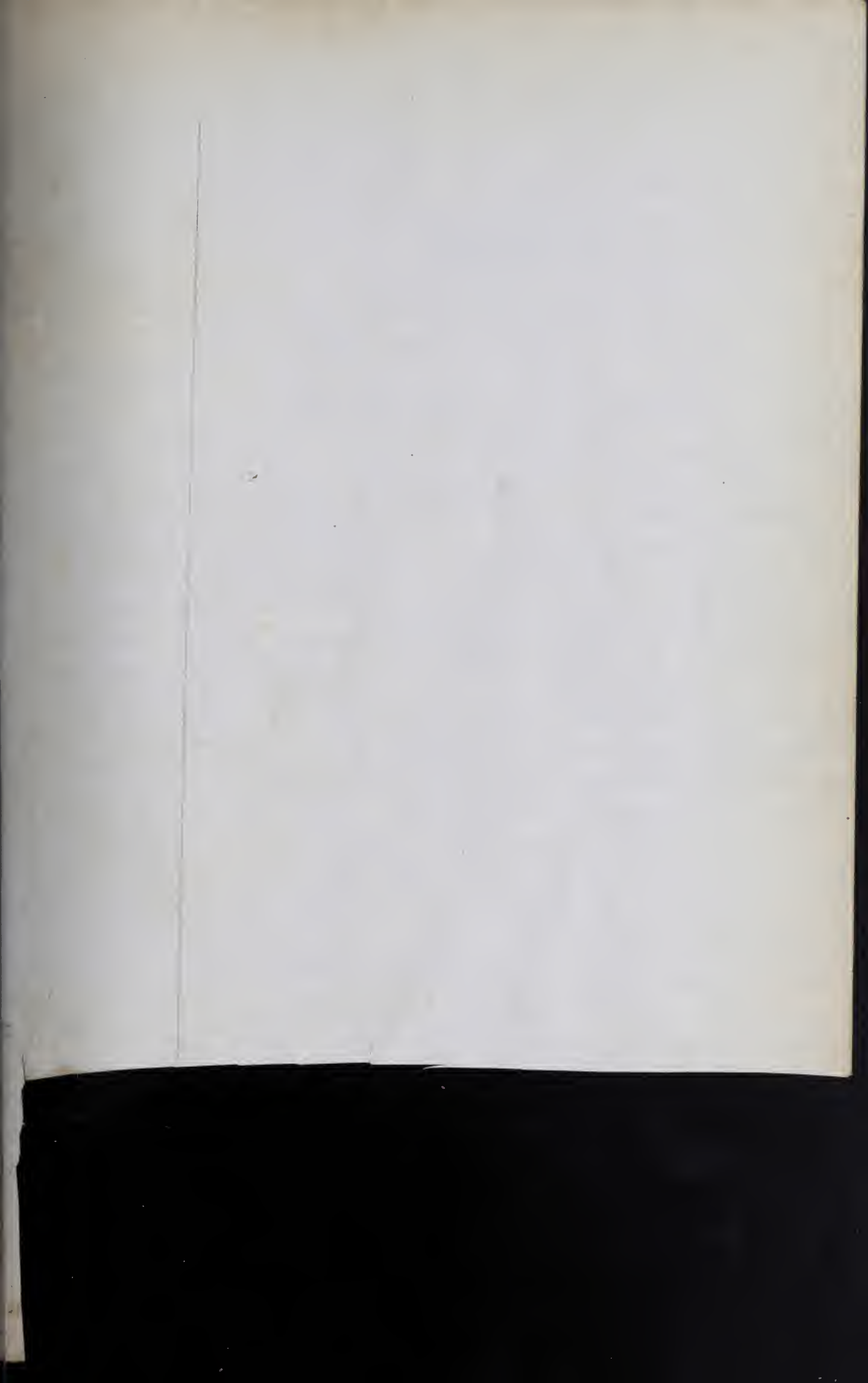
What news do you bring, shout the Ray  
Have you seen them at all walking this way  
I, with the run of B, but I swear by Venus  
I tracked their steps to the house of George <sup>Enas</sup>

61

All right, said we now let them alone  
Dow and Brown had better proceed home  
We shall not want them if fear any more  
For now the town clock is just striking four

We bid them farewell before we parted  
And then to the eastward away we started  
Billy, Harry, and Joe after some reflection  
Concluded to stop at the house of correction

So after reaching that remarkable abode  
Where sinners are punished by the laws of  
Billy's speaks out with a comical  
side in the <sup>leg</sup>, suppose a man should  
be <sup>be</sup> -





















for a day or two; 5

h d w y w in the r u s an party,  
th in fu ha ling a  
r e i th g, r t r a j r o b a t i o  
e r r t r, the day, w

high school left a wound of the

for three ho

the proposed 2 percent  
could be used in no other way

Mr. Estlin, and he left in an

if down to guard





**Wolcott, Knowlton and Other Sonator Makes Earnest Appeal  
Leaders Speak. at Charlestown Rally.**

Congressman Gillet, followed. His line of thought ran to the tariff argument and the work of the democratic house of representatives.

months, if they have had large wages and better opportunities in every way why, of course, they will naturally want to keep times of that sort going. But, if they have had, as most of them have had, what are called hard times

"Here in Massachusetts we have  
 a number of them in this district. The

08.8

14 68 11

1848-49

10





Venture not too often in sleighs, unruly horses frequently dash a sleigh in pieces, and endanger the lives of the imprudent. Keep the doors and windows closed at this season.

Memorable Events.

3. Battle of Princeton, 1777.
4. Treaty of Peace ratified, 1784.
5. A large Factory in Lowell, Mass. burnt 1824, Loss, \$125,000.
5. Organization of the City Government, Boston
7. Lafayette embarks for France, 1779.
7. Legislature of Maine meet at Augusta.
7. Organization of Mass. State Government.
8. Battle of New Orleans, 1815.
15. Charlestown, Mass. burnt, 1778.
16. Vermont declared independent., 1777.
17. Doct. Benj. Franklin born, 1706.
20. American Independence acknowledged by Great Britain, 1783.
23. Gen. Benj. Lincoln born, 1733.
24. Harvard Hall burnt. 1763.
29. Col. Tim. Pickering died at Salem, Mass. 1829.
31. George the third died, 1829.

MARCH HAS 31 DAYS.

1835.



In order to avoid sickness wear thick garments and thick flannel across the breast, and see that the clothes are dry before you put them on. Keep your feet dry. Use no leather but that which is well tanned.

Memorable Events.

2. Boston Theatre burnt, 1798.
4. Cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and America, 1783.
5. Russian army enters Poland, 1831.
10. Great rise of the Ohio and Mississippi, when the water rose 65 feet, 1832.
12. A great eclipse of the sun. The duration of the ring was 1 minute and 17 seconds, 1831.
12. The cholera breaks out in London, Eng. 1832.
14. New England Museum, Boston, took fire, 1832.
14. Valentine day.
14. Capt. Cook kill'd, 1779.
16. An important meeting at Washington in favor of Sunday Schools, 1831.
16. Jonathan Russell, one of the commissioners at Ghent, died, aged 60, 1832.
17. Treaty of Ghent ratified, 1815.
17. Large fire at Savannah, Geo.; forty buildings destroyed, 1829.
17. A society formed in Philad. to encourage economy in dress and a prudent mode in living, 1832.

APRIL HAS 30 DAYS.

1835.



Active farmers will repair roads and put the fences in good order, and trim up the barn, and have all the implements repaired and prepare for the pleasant duty of tilling and planting.

Memorable Events.

1. New Tariff Bill passed the Senate. Yeas 29, nays 16, and is signed by the President, 1833.
2. Extreme cold weather, 1833.
4. Federal Congress met at New York, 1789.
4. Andrew Jackson inaugurated President, and Martin Van Buren Vice President, 1833.
5. James Madison born, 1751.
5. Boston massacre, 1770.
5. Election of State officers and Town officers same day in N. H.
13. Great flood on the Hudson River, 1832.
15. Andrew Jackson born, 1767.
17. British evacuate Boston, 1776.
22. A violent hurricane in Washington County, Ohio, 1830.
23. Lotteries are suppressed by law in Mass. 1833.



Pile on the lime and mix it with the manure. Destroy all the cobwebs and caterpillars nests. Housekeepers, see that the bedsteads are clean and the paint well scoured. A healthy atmosphere prolongs life.

Memorable Events.

19. Battle at Lexington, 1775.
23. Non-intercourse act of Congress passed, 1806.
30. Washington inaugurated first President, 1789.
2. Thomas Jefferson born, 1743.
4. Lafayette embarked for America, 1824.
4. Died at Woreester, Mass. Isaiah Thomas, L.L. D. aged 82, 1831.
9. Steam Boat Brandywine takes fire and is destroyed, upwards of 110 lives are lost, 1832.
11. A violent tornado near Springfield, Ohio, which occasions much damage, 1833.
10. U. S. Bank incorporated for 20 years, 1816.
10. Fire at Savannah, Georgia, fifty buildings destroyed, 1829.
13. The navigation of the Black Sea open to American vessels, 1830.
14. Great fire at Cumberland, Maryland, 71 houses burnt, Loss, \$271,000, 1833.
17. Doct. Ben. Franklin died, 1790.





Use white wash on the fences and barns, paint your house with good oil and oil, as it will preserve the woodwork, improve the building and drive away all insects. Rake out all the small stones in the road.

## Memorable Events.

1. Fair at Boston for the benefit of the Institution for the Blind, \$13,000 collected, 1833.
5. Bonaparte died at Elba, aged 52, 1821.
9. Gen. B. Lincoln died, 1810.
9. Died at Boston, Mass. Israel Thorndike, a wealthy merchant, aged 76, 1832.
9. Seat of Government removed to Washington, 1800.
18. Meeting of the American Temperance Society at Boston, 3,000 traders discontinue the traffic in ardent spirits, 1831.
20. Gen. Lafayette died at Paris, aged 76 years and 9 months, 1834.
22. Great rise of water on the Kennebec river, 1832.
22. The Morgan breed of horses prove the most useful, 1834.
24. Meeting of the Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, 1831.
24. Died at Philadelphia, John Randolph of Roanoke, aged 60, 1833.
27. Died at Phil. Com. Wm. Bainbridge in his 60th year, 1833.

JULY HAS 31 DAYS.

1835



Haymakers may perform their work easy by using good table beer. Weed gardens, till the corn, water the vegetables, and let politics alone.

## Memorable Events.

26. Much damage done in Vermont, in consequence of heavy rains, 14 persons destroyed, 1830.
28. Operations commence on the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road, 1829.
4. A great number of serious accidents occurred by the firing of cannon, 1833.
4. United States declared independent, 1776.
4. Corner Stone of Girard College at Philadelphia is laid, 1833.
4. The Whig party consisting of over 2,000 persons, dine in a spacious pavilion on the common at Boston, 1834.
11. J. Q. Adams, b. 1766.
16. Corner Stone of the University of New York is laid, 1833.
25. Dog days commence.
25. Died in Boston, Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of the Mass. Sup. Court, aged 62.



The health of individuals are frequently in danger by eating unclean butter and cheese. Have healthy cows and feed them with clean food; give them pure water and the milk will be rich.

## Memorable Events.

1. Cholera breaks out at Lexington, Ken, 1832.
- 1st Monday, Artillery Election, Boston.
- 1st Wednesday, the Legislature of N. H. meet.
2. Josiah Quincy inaugurated President of Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass. 1829.
6. The Canal Banking Company of New-Orleans was robbed of \$41,000, 1834.
12. A lad was sentenced to six months imprisonment for firing Chinese crackers in N. Y. 1834.
13. The superior steamboat President lands over 200 passengers at Providence from N. York, 1834.
16. Ship Hull of Boston burnt at Savannah, had 934 bales of cotton on board, 1834.
16. The Governor of Maine has appointed three Commissioners of Internal Improvement, 1834.
19. A member of the Newburyport Artillery got seriously injured, which caused his death, by discharging cannon in Boston, 1834.

AUGUST HAS 31 DAYS.

1835.



This is the month to visit the farmers. Travel slow, but use a good horse that will not stumble. Have the wheels oiled every forty miles with pure lamp oil. See that the axle-tree and your harness is strong.

## Memorable Events.

27. Battle on Long Island, 1776.
27. Capture of Black Hawk, a famous Indian Chief, 1832.
1. The Mohawk and Hudson Rail Road opened for travel, 1831.
1. A lad was killed in Bedford St. Boston by a carriage running over him, 1833.
2. Great fire at Constantinople, 1800 houses burnt, 1831.
- 3 The elegant Steam Boat Benjamin Franklin plys between Providence & N. Y. makes a remarkable quick passage, 1834.
17. Battle of Bennington, 1777.
19. Lafayette arrived in New York from France, 1824.
24. Battle of Bladensburg, 1814.
24. City of Washington taken by the British, 1814.
25. A Eulogy on James Munroe, delivered at Boston by John Quincy Adams, 1831.
26. Commencement at Cambridge, Mass.





Fariners, don't let us see any of the naughty catterpillars or cobwebs. Sprinkle lime in the yard and cellar. Change your clothes often and keep clean. Have your dairy maids at their post. Keep the yard trim.

Memorable Events.

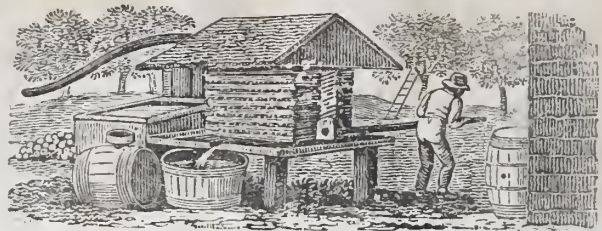
1. Commencement at Providence; Williams and Bowdoin Colleges.
1. Election of State Officers in Vermont.
5. Dog days end.
- 2d Monday, election of State Officers in Maine. Be sure and elect men who will act for the people and not for themselves.
11. Battle on Lake Champlain, 1814.
9. Town of Machias taken by a British force, 1814.
11. British defeated at Plattsburg, 1814.
12. Gen. Lafayette returns from America, 1825.
15. Liverpool and Manchester Rail Road opened. The length of which is 32 miles, cost four millions of dollars, 1830.
15. City of New York taken by the British, 1776.
17. Celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston, Mass. Oration by Josiah Quincy, L.L.D. 1830.
18. Washington's address to the people of the United States, 1796.



Prepare for winter, repair houses, lay in fuel, take good care of the cattle and trim up. Turn your produce into cash, put one half into the Savings Bank, and take the other half and pay what you justly owe.

Memorable Events.

26. Colossal statue of Washington placed on the monument at Baltimore, 1830.
28. Earthquake in New England, 1814.
29. Rev. in Poland, 1830.
3. American army disbanded, 1783.
- 2d Monday, election of State officers in Massachusetts.
9. First settlers saw Cape Cod, 1620.
10. Milton died, aged 66, 1764.
10. Earthquake at Portsmouth, N. H. 1810.
20. Great fire in N. York, which destroyed one third of the city, 1776.
21. Insurrection and riot at Lyons, France, in consequence of distress among the working class. 300 rioters killed, 1831.
24. Great fire at Camden, S. C. Loss estimated at \$150,000, 1829.
25. New York evacuated, 1780.
26. Bushrod Washington, of Mount Vernon, Va. died at Philadelphia, aged 71, 1829.



Gather apples, sort them well, throw the rotten ones away, and make good cider, put it into sweet barrels. Refine it and put it into bottles, which may prove equal to Champaign.

Memorable Events.

1. Free Trade Convention meet at Philadelphia, 1831.
2. Samuel Adams died, 1803.
4. Battle at Germantown, 1777.
5. Major Andre executed, 1780.
5. General Proctor defeated, 1813.
7. Second battle of Stillwater, 1777.
8. General Assembly meet at Vermont.
8. Gov. Hancock died, 1793.
9. Battle at Savannah, 1779.
9. U. S. frigate Constitution launched at Boston, 1797.
20. John Adams born, 1735.
21. Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.
22. Battle of Red Bank, 1777.
26. A Tariff Convention, composed of 500 delegates meet at New York, 1831.
26. The Cholera broke out in England, at Sunderland, 1831.



Look to the fires and see that the house, the barn, nor the factory does not burn. Have safe stores with new funnel, and see that every person attends to adjusting his accounts, and collect the debts.

Memorable Events.

26. Law cases for breach of promise in the United States of America. (If you promise you must take the person or pay the damages.) 1834.
- Congress meet, first Monday.
8. Gov. Sullivan, died, 1807.
14. Washington died, aged 68 years, 1799.
16. Tea in British vessels destroyed in Boston, 1773.
17. Embargo Law passed, 1813.
22. Landing at Plymouth, 1620.
22. U. S. Congress grants to Lafayette \$200,000, and a township of land, for services which he rendered in the revolutionary war, 1824.
22. The number of names on the Memorials to Congress in favor of restoring the deposits, relief, and re-chartering the United States Bank, was 151,365. The number against restoring and renewing the charter was, 17,027.



A copy of Joseph Keeg's vision in the year 1803

I was one day alone in the field and observed the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed the brightness of its shining. As I reflected on the singularity of the event, my mind was clothed with silence the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed; for all my faculties were laid low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself, "What can all this mean?" "I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings." And I heard a voice from Heaven saying "This that thou seest which dims the brightness of the Sun is a sign of the present and coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I planted them here among forests; I blessed them and sustained them; While they were humble I fed them and they became a numerous people, But they are now become proud and lifted up and have forgotten me who nourished and protected them in the wilderness and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty and have taken quietude from the land and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them." "Lift up thine eyes and behold?" And I saw them dividing in great heat, this division began in the church on points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Society and went through the various religious denominations and in its progress and close its effects were nearly the same. Those who dissented went off with high heads and taunting language and those who kept to their organized sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful, and when the dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends it raged in as high a degree as in any I had before discovered and as before those who separated went off with lofty looks and taunting censuring language. Those who kept to ancient principles retired by themselves, it next appeared in the Lodges of the Free Masons and it set the country in an uproar for a long time.

Then it entered politics throughout the United States and it did not stop until it produced a civil war and an abundance of human blood was shed in the course of the combat the Southern States lost their power and slavery was annihilated from this border. Then a monarchical government arose established a national religion and



made all societies tributaries to support its expenses,  
I saw them take property from Friends to a large amount, I  
was amazed at beholding all this and I heard a voice  
proclaim, "This power shall not always stand but with  
this power will I chastise my Church untill they return to  
the faithfulness of their forefathers, I have seen what is  
coming on thy native land for their iniquities and blood of  
Africa the remembrance of which is come up before me  
This vision is yet for many days

I had no idea of writing this for many  
years untill it became such a burden that for my own  
relief I have so written

Joseph Hoeg

It is said the first family of Hoegs emigrated from York and  
settled in Hampton, New Hampshire Joseph Hoeg lived in Hampton  
in Vermont, that being his last residence  
He died the 21<sup>st</sup> of the 11<sup>th</sup> month, 1852, aged 85 years

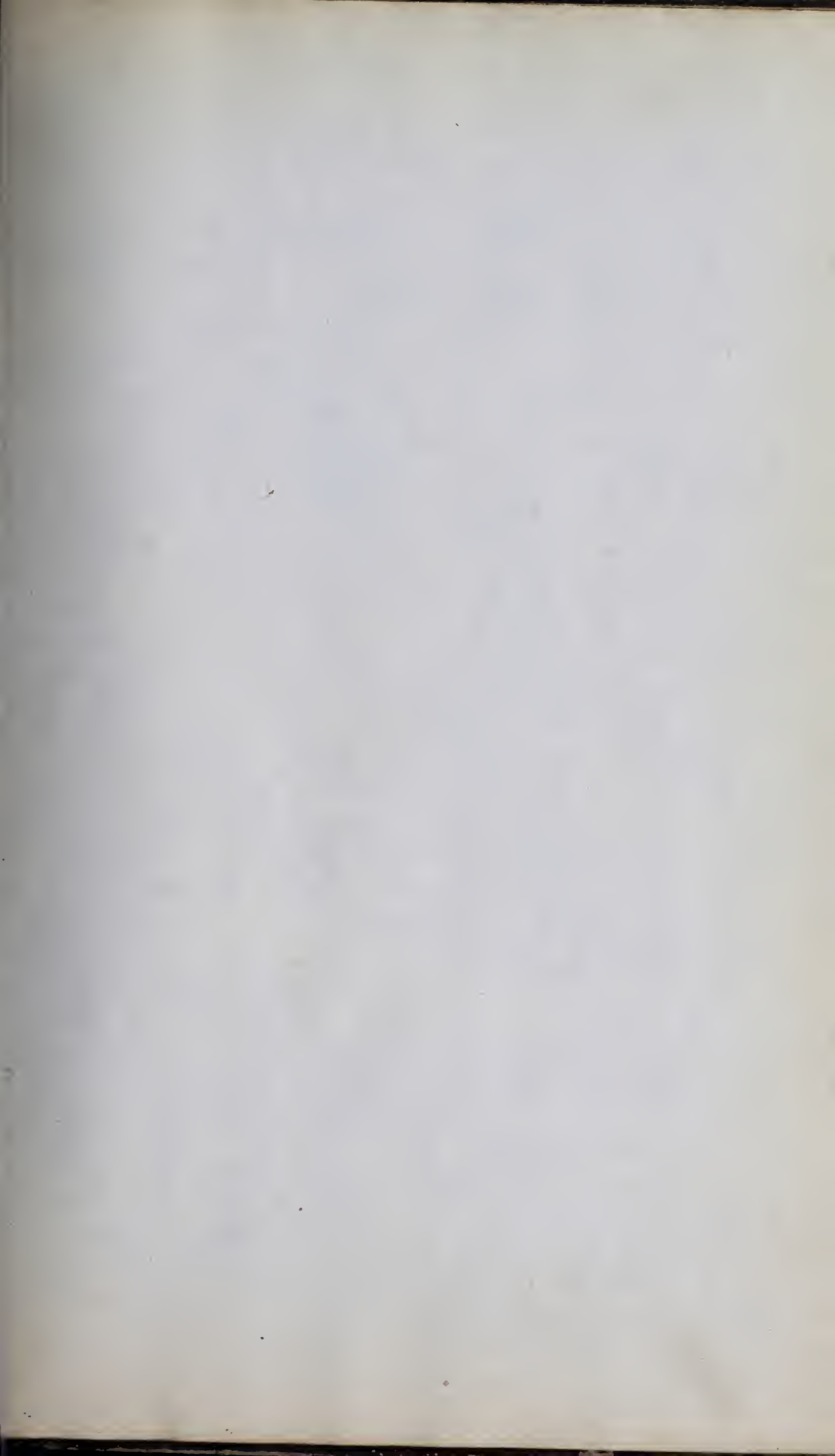
## Success in life

Do we realize that each <sup>year</sup> day the grave is nearer than ever before, that unless we are active the season of life will close before even half our self allotted contract will have been performed, unless like too many people we have no aim — no hope — no ambition beyond picking our teeth after dinner; half the world — just more than half, go to the reception room of eternity without any object in life — as drift wood floats down stream, guided by the current and lodging against the first obstruction. And what is drift wood — once in a while a good stick of timber is found therein but it is more work to haul it out, clean off the mud and sand, than it is worth, and more time and tools are spoiled — in making it into what we wish than the stick will ever bring, even in an active market — have a purpose, live for something, make up your mind what you will be, and be it, or die in the attempt, this is a land where there is no stint to ambition, all have an equal share, blood tells — pluck wins — honor and integrity well directed will scale the highest rocks, and bear a big load. Don't start off in life as a sheepdog does, without knowing where you are going, load for the game you are hunting for, it is as easy to be a man as a mouse it is as easy to have friends as enemies — it is easier to have both than to go ~~thru~~ through life, like a bar bucket under a wagon, bumping over every stump or arising high and left without a will of your own, every one can see something, there is enough to do, there are forests to fell, rivers to explore, cities to build, railroads to construct, inventions to be studied out, ideas to advance, <sup>convert</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>men to</sup> countries to conquer, women to love, offices to be filled, wealth and position to acquire, a name to win, a heaven to reach — yes there is lots of work to do, and we must do our share, the world is wide, the owner is God, if we wish to be somebody, pitch in, the brave always have friends, where there is a will there is a way, where others have gone we can go, if the old track don't suit make a new one — somebody will walk in it. Success is never obtained in a country like this without effort — if you fail try again, if you fall down get up again, if it is dark, strike a light. if you are in the shade move around for if there is a shade on one side there is sunshine on the other if your seat is too hard to sit on stand up, if a rock rises up before you roll it away, blast it, climb over it; if you want money earn it; if you want confidence prove yourself worthy of it, it takes longer to skin an elephant than to skin a mouse, but the skin is worth something, Don't be content with doing what another has done — beat it, if an enemy gets in your way knock him down, or pitch him down, deserves success and it will come, the boy is not born a man, the sun does not rise like a rockett, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun, slowly but surely it makes its rounds and never tires, it is as easy to be a leader as a wheel horse and you are always in town, if the job be long, the pay will be greater.



if the task be <sup>hard</sup> the more competent you must be to do it, and then  
always be honourable, keep your word or give a good excuse, if you owe a man  
pay him, if it takes the last shirt - Tai Cand all, if you cant pay say so at once  
do to others as you would be done by - after that, as they do by you, punish enemies  
and reward friends, if you do not punish enemies more will fear you, if you  
never reward friends, we find the selfishness of your heart, if you make a  
promise keep it, play your hand or leave the table, if others betray you teach  
them better, but on no account betray others, if you have a secret keep it close,  
if you have the secret of another, watch it more closely than your own  
there can be no excuse for a betrayal of confidence, no apology that can be  
sufficient, if you are in hard luck, wear it out, if you can help a friend  
always do it, if he is worth it - if you cannot, dont insult him in the style  
of refusal, a little act or word when the heart is sore lingers as does the  
fragrance of the rose after the rose is broken, if you are right stick to it, if wrong  
never be ashamed to own it, keep your head above water, no matter how deep the  
stream or how swift the current - someone will help you, dont grumble, dont fret  
dont whine, dogs whine, it is as easy to be cheerful as to snarl around and  
good natured men always make the handsomest corpses  
dont change your business every time you have the blues - change is not always  
beneficial, if you have <sup>been</sup> cheated dont try to get even by cheating some one  
else, if you have made a bad bargain, dont stop trading, but try to make  
a better one next time, if you get into a scrape get out and look closer next  
time  
never be caught twice in the same trap, people may forget errors but  
they have no sympathy for fools, if you wish to be a leader always go  
ahead, and remember that the smoother the road you pick out the less  
complaining there will be among your followers, and above all  
no matter what the circumstances never be the first to go back on  
your friends - be honest and faithful - God and good fortune  
will never desert you long

Nantucket, Jan<sup>y</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> 1863.





The Bird at the Helm — All have heard of the terrible disaster, in September, to the Central America. They have heard also of the remarkable fact, told of the captain of the Norwegian barge, Ellen, which rescued many of the ill-fated passengers. This story was, that when twenty miles distant from the wreck, a bird appeared on his vessel, and flew three times into his face, causing him to change his course two points, which brought him providentially to the wreck, the following poem on the subject is worth preserving.

A bird came out on the stormy sea;  
I stood at the helm — it came to me;  
It flew in my face three times, and then  
Flew away in the storm again.

What did the bird of the stormy sea,  
What did the bird portend to me?

I stood at the helm — the strange bird crost —  
It struck me again; two points I lost;  
In her new course my bark must go,  
For the strange, strange, bird, would have it so!

What did the bird of the stormy sea,  
The spirit-bird portend to me?

Over the deep was the darkest night,  
Blackness all — then awful light —  
Rush of waves and thunder roll;  
I stood in the storm and said to my soul,

What did the bird of the shrieking sea,  
The ghost-like bird portend to me.

Norway's rocks are bleak and bare;  
But if no more I rest am there;  
And if no more — my soul leaped up  
And dashed in the night my sorrow's cup;

Lo! what the bird of the stormy sea  
The Heaven-sent bird portends to me

Oh, God! that moment, before my bark,  
Tossed on the billow deep and dark,  
Hundreds, hundreds of dying men;  
Lost one not see such a sight again;  
This, oh, bird of the stormy sea,  
This thou didst portend to me!

Yet, by Him who sent thee bird,  
Shall ever the praise of my soul be heard,  
That many were saved, who, but for thee,  
Had gone to the grave of the secret sea.  
For this, dear bird of the ravenous sea,  
I thank my guide, who guided me;

And the Dove, that still in life's unrest,  
He sends with peace from his loving breast,  
May it find us, whithersoever we roam,  
And singing of Heaven, conduct us home;  
Bird of the blest, life's stormy sea,  
From its deep despair, calls up to thee.

September 12 11th. 1857.

TRIBUTE TO HENDON,  
Commander of the Central America.

Who standeth forth in his early bloom,  
On the deck of the noble bark,  
To keep the charge of entrusted life  
Striking back into spray and dew  
The mountain surges' maddening strife,  
That day and night,  
With a lion's roar of rage and might,  
The hurrowing keel pursue.

Who lifeth his tube to the starry host,  
Scanning their wondrous way?—  
Herschel's dim lamp, on Creation's walls,—  
And the light of beited Jupiter falls  
Over his upraised eye;—  
Countess orbs his vision meet,  
Till wrapped in the joy of pursuits so high,  
Hours like winged minutes fleet,  
And midnight seems like day.

Who treadeth on Andes' kingly crest  
Above the frowning cloud?  
Whose slender prow exploring glides  
Down o'er the Amazon's trackless tides,  
Thousands of miles? while his earnest ken  
Marketh its valleys and tribes of men,  
Thousands of miles, with a graphic pen,—  
As it swells and grows from its native birth,  
The proud river of all the earth.

Who steereth home from the land of gold,  
Hundreds of souls in his garments' fold,  
The man so gentle and firm and bold,  
With a Roman's creed and a Christian's trust?  
That weary voyage is almost o'er,  
Fond eyes are strained toward the promised shore.  
But the tempest is dire, and with thunder shout,  
Winds and waves his purpose flout.  
Till the pumps are choked and the fires are out,  
And the order is sped that all obey.  
To save and shelter the helpless first—  
Women and children of fragile form,  
Guarded and wrapped from the whelming storm,  
Venture in boats o'er the tossing brine:  
Oh! Methink! the life of that three-months babe  
Is an atom compared with time!

No thought of self, with even sigh,  
Darkeneth the light in that hero's eye.—  
Though deep in his secret soul cumbered  
The idol image of child and wife  
Struggle and eke with a deathless strife;  
Pictures of home with his heart-strings twined,  
Fair Virginia's tress and stream,  
A mother's sunny smile, his playful boyhood's  
dreams,  
Flash like meteors o'er his mind.  
Yet no weak pause the sacrifice delayed—  
Stern duty gave the sign, and cherished love obeyed.

Down to the depths—thou reeling ship!  
God's hand hath smitten thee!—  
Gone swiftly down  
With thy riven crown,  
The master goes with thee!  
He goes in the robe of his fair renown,  
But his memory shall not die—  
Set his name like a fixed star of fame,  
In the flag of his country's sky!

L. M. S.

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY.—The following are the words of Napoleon, while on St. Helena, as chronicled by O'Meara. The present unsettled state of affairs in Europe gives them a peculiar interest:

"In the course of a few years, Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as though it had already occurred. Almost all the cajoling and flattery which Alexander practiced towards me was to gain my consent to effect this object. In the natural course of things, Turkey must fall to Russia. The greater part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. As to Austria, it will be easy for Russia to secure her assistance, by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian Dominions. France, England and Prussia cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it."



Day by day, for the last week, earthquake shocks of gradually decreasing intensity have disturbed Charleston, and at last it seems as if the earth has approached its condition of repose. The total number of disturbances has been very large, but the great damage was done by the first one. Mayor Courtenay, of Charleston, returning from Europe, received from the pilot that boarded the Etnuria his first news of the disaster that had befallen his city. The loss has been estimated very differently by different authorities. The general consensus places it in advance of the figures given by us last week; \$5,000,000 is the amount of damage to buildings and \$500,000 to furniture and personal property, according to the estimates of Mr. William Aitken Kelley, the City Appraiser. Mayor Courtenay coincides substantially with this estimate. The death list has not been greatly changed; several additional deaths from exposure have slightly increased it. According to all authorities, no more shocks of any severity need be apprehended. The latter disturbances bear somewhat the same relation to the original that the last ripple caused by a passing steamer bears to the first violent waves. The first shock indicated the progress of the earth toward settlement; and subsequent shocks have marked the dying away of the agitation. From the above comparison, it must not be surmised that each movement represents a wave of the same series. All we know is that, as a rule, the first or an early shock is the worst. No tidal wave at this late date is at all to be anticipated.

The present dread is of rain; the need is for shelter. Tents are in great demand and seem to be hard to obtain. The return of confidence is rapidly doing away with this necessity. Buildings are being repaired, and masons and carpenters are hard at work everywhere. Soon the houses will be reoccupied. Recurrence of rain is, however, greatly to be feared, as it will cause great suffering among those who are without shelter, or who have only tents to live in.

The fact having been established that the earth movement was not of sufficient intensity to quite destroy the majority of houses, many have suggested that the proper course to pursue in an earthquake is to remain within doors, and take shelter in an inner doorway, so as to be secure from falling plaster. As it is merely a question of degree how far the destruction will go, it is to be doubted if this is good advice.

Naturally, the greatest damage was done to brick buildings. Their inelasticity caused them to be cracked and overturned. Brick chimneys, in falling, were also a source of loss and damage. Hitherto, a statute has forbidden the erection of wooden houses. A movement now is impending to petition the legislature to do away with this restriction. The demand upon the real estate agents is for wooden houses, people fearing to establish themselves in brick buildings. The fire of August 31 seems to be forgotten by those who advocate this plan. Had the houses of Charleston been built of wood, there would be little left of the city, in all probability, to-day. The fire that destroyed so many buildings, if wood had been the prevailing material of construction, would have spread everywhere unchecked, as no efficient work could have been anticipated from the fire department during the scenes of panic.

Even the animals were affected, and, in some cases, were more frightened, to all appearances, than were human beings. The horses from one of the engine houses ran away in the wildest terror, and were not found again until the next morning. The surrounding country has furnished similar accounts of the behavior of domesticated animals.

A sensible departure in rebuilding the city, is suggested in the substitution of terra cotta for brick in the construction of chimneys. These would be more resistant, and, if destroyed, would do less damage in falling.

One of the difficulties of the situation has been to determine which houses could be reoccupied, and which ones required demolition. To meet this need, a committee including W. E. Speir, architect and inspector of public buildings, United States Treasury Department; Captain W. H. Bixby and Lieutenant

F. V. Abbott, United States Engineers' Department; Louis J. Barbour, City Engineer; and John Devereaux, architect and superintendent of the United States Custom House wharf, Charleston, has been appointed chiefly to examine and condemn dangerous houses and property.

As was to have been expected, contributions are pouring in from all sides, and with her natural resources and manufacturing industries the city will soon be on the road toward a recuperation of her losses. The city has shown great increase in prosperity recently. From 1880 to 1883, manufacturing capital increased from \$1,718,300 to over \$6,000,000, while production and hands employed nearly quadrupled in amount and number. Charleston rock, the great natural phosphate of this country, was the basis of this advance, most of the factories being devoted to the production of superphosphates and other artificial fertilizers. The city is fortunate in having her own deposits of phosphate to draw upon, being thus a producer as well as a manufacturer of her great staples.

On the evening of Wednesday, September 1, Prof. Dawson, Principal of McGill College, Montreal, read a paper touching on earthquakes before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, then in session in Birmingham, England. It consisted of an exhaustive review of the geological formation of the bed of the Atlantic, with especial reference to its bearing upon the question of earthquakes. The paper was highly praised and regarded as a valuable contribution to the discussion, but within a day came the full account of the Charleston upheaval, and Prof. Dawson immediately made the following confession:

"The phenomena of the present earthquake convulsions in America and elsewhere, but particularly in America, are extremely puzzling, and completely upset some of the conclusions set forth in the address I read last evening."

The high standing of Prof. Dawson, recognized as one of the leading geologists of the world, and the retraction, in the light of natural events, of his views expressed a few hours before, forcibly illustrate our ignorance as regards earthquakes. If they could only be considered in the correct light, as infinitesimal disturbances of the earth's surface, speculation concerning their origin would be less freely indulged in. A depression of the land enough to have submerged Charleston into the sea would only have involved a lowering of surface equal to about one three-hundred-thousandth of the earth's diameter. Making the same comparison with reference to what did take place, it will be found that the surface was agitated far less than one fifty-millionth part of the diameter. A proportional dimension on a twenty inch globe would be about one-fiftieth or one-twentieth the thickness of a piece of gold leaf, or, referred to a sheet of paper, a thousandth of the above fraction.

In other words, regarded as cosmical disturbances, earthquakes are almost too small to be intelligently theorized about. Their disastrous effects on humanity may be very great; but referred to the earth's dimensions, they amount to very little at the present day.

From general reports and the observations of the Government scientists, Director Powell concludes that the earthquake had its center in North and South Carolina, to the northeast of Charleston. The land area of the earthquake was one-third of the total area of the United States, and the maps which have been prepared show that the shock traversed this distance in fifteen minutes.



Five new members of the monkey collection were placed on exhibition last week in the Museum of Natural History in the New York Central Park. All of these are rare, as may be judged from the fact that the Rochester agency, which contracted to furnish specimens of each known variety, and is paid only as it delivers them, has been four years getting the curious group of the family *Simiada* now for the first time on exhibition here.

The ring-tailed lemur (*Lemur catta*) is from Madagascar. It has thick gray fur, slightly shaded with brown along the shoulders and flanks, and mostly white on lower surface. The tail is two feet long, prehensile, heavily furred, and spotted with white. The specimen is two feet exclusive of tail, and has a rather pointed, fox-like nose.

No. 2 embraces a group of very variable lemurs (*Protilhecus verreauxi*). The coloring of these is from a pure white to a deep red.

No. 3 is a black monkey with a brown head (*Semnopithecus johnii*), three feet long, tail slender and as long as body. It is from India, and was captured by Taxidermist Hornaday, of the National Museum at Washington.

Nos. 4 and 5 are rare specimens of the little marmoset or quircal monkey of Brazil.

Those unfamiliar with the monkey family, who are sufficiently interested to visit this collection, will discover that while none of the Old World monkeys have short tails, American members of the family are not thus restricted to the one fashion, some wearing long and some short tails.

They will observe, further, that the Old World monkeys have cheek pouches for the temporary storage of food, and callosities on either side of them, while those of the New World have neither the pouches nor the callosities, but are characterized by the width between their nostrils.

#### Peroxide of Hydrogen.

The use of peroxide of hydrogen, commonly called oxygenated water, is extending for bleaching purposes. It will be remembered that some years ago the fashion of sex rendered this product somewhat popular by partially bleaching their hair with it, but the product has now emerged from this fashionable employment into the more common and perhaps more useful application for industrial purposes, being now employed for the bleaching of feathers and also of tussar silks, for which it is admirably adapted.

#### SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.

- A was an artisan, harmful to Paul.—2 Tim. 4: 14.
- B was a city, foredoomed to a fall.—Jer. 51: 41, 58.
- C was a queen, in dark African land.—Acts 8: 27.
- D was a plain, where an image did stand.—Dan. 3: 1.
- E was a valley, where courage was shown.—1 Sam. 17: 2, 49.
- F was a man, of whom nothing is known.—1 Cor. 16: 17.
- G was a ruler, who for wrong did not care.—Acts 18: 17.
- H was a villain, lifted high in the air.—Esther 7: 9, 10.
- I was a people, in the desert of Zin.—Num. 20: 1.
- J was a leader, causing many to sin.—1 Kings 14: 16.
- K was a brook, running south through a vale.—2 Sam. 15: 23.
- L was a father, whose promise was frail.—Gen. 29: 18—25.
- M was a founding, who famous became.—Ex. 2: 5—10.
- N was a prophet, who fastened the blame.—2 Sam. 12: 1—12.
- O was a widow, who tarried behind.—Ruth 1: 14, 15.
- P was a weeper, with penitent mind.—Matt. 26: 75.
- R was a city, where wailing was loud.—Jer. 31: 15.
- S was a mountain, enveloped in cloud.—Ex. 24: 16.
- T was a doubter, convinced and reprov'd.—John 20: 27—29.
- U was a land, whence a good man removed.—Gen. 11: 31; 15: 7.
- V was a wife, whose example was feared.—Esther 1: 16—18.
- Z was a town, which in fire disappeared.—Gen. 19: 24, 25; Hos. 11: 8.

(Alfred I. Townsend in Los Angeles Herald.)  
The Lord, w'en he made up the people, I t'blat,  
Fonded fools wuz the easiest made.  
He could turn out a dozen ez slick ez a wink,  
An' poot 'em to dry in the shade;  
Then he'd monkey away with a bucket uv clay  
'Crentin' a feller 'th brains.  
W'en he'd wake to the fact that the work didn't  
pay,  
An' that fools didn't need any pains.

Now, onct I got stuck on a bog, don't eber  
know—  
Bought the thing for a cranberry patch—  
But, doggon my hide of the berries 'd grow.  
Though I planted 'em batch after batch;  
Well, one day a durned fool cum a poken along,  
Remarked he wuz lookin' for hogs:  
So I sold him the place for a har of a song—  
He's wealthy frum marketin' frogs.

Next I went to a hill, jist ez dry ez a bone;  
Jjopt clean to the uther extreme;  
W'enever I plowed I could raise plenty stone,  
But all other crops wuz a dream.  
Well, one day a durned fool, 'th a hammer in  
hand,  
Said he wanted the place fur the air,  
So I poot down the price, grinned, an' sold him  
the land—  
He's quarryen marble up there.

Then I moseyed out west, an' I bout up a mine  
Thet wuz shoven a streak uv good ore;  
She pinched, and I sez, "She wuz fixed, I  
op'ue,"  
So I turned in an' fixed her some more.  
Well, w'en a geology hook, and a fool,  
Requested that I set a price,  
I really felt sorry, he took it so cool—  
He's refused a cool million, jist twice.

So fur twenty years past on this cold, dreary  
place.  
'Th nuthen hut timber and lake,  
I've froze here, a thinkin' thet I set the pace—  
Ez big a durn fool ez they make.  
So w'en a fool asts me of I want to sell,  
I know, of we meet on the price.  
They'll run through the place 'th railroad to  
hell,  
An' that fool 'll sell cordwood an' ice!

#### A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

The following which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488, and republished in 1641. It will be noticed that all the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines—which is still in the future—have already come to pass.

Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with wo.  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.  
Water shall yet more wonders do;  
Now strange, yet shall be true,  
The world up side down shall be,  
And gold be found at root of tree.  
Through hills men shall ride,  
And no horse or ass be at his side.  
Under water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk,  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white, in black, in green.  
Iron in water shall float,  
As easy as a wooden boat,  
Gold shall be found and found  
In a land that's not yet known.  
Fire and water shall wonders do,  
England shall at last admit a Jew;  
The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

(Molra O'Neill in the Spectator.)  
O, tell me will I ever get to Ireland again,  
Achray—from the far northwest?  
Have we given all the rainbows an' green woods  
an' rain  
For the suns an' the snows of the West?  
"Them that goes to Ireland must thavel night  
an' day,  
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail across  
the say;  
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the  
world away—  
An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the  
West.  
Set your face for Ireland,  
Kiss your friends in Ireland,  
But lave your heart behind you in the West."  
On a fine an' shiny mornin' the ship she comes  
to land,  
Early, O early in the mornin'.  
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go sildin' to  
the strand  
Whisperin' "Ye're welcome in the mornin'."  
There's darkness on the holy hills I know are  
close nroun',  
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the stars  
are shinin' down;  
They make a golden cross above, they make a  
golden crown,  
An' meself could tell ye why—in the mornin'.  
Sure an' this is Ireland,  
Thank God for Ireland!  
I'm comin' back to Ireland in the mornin'.

#### WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

##### Frigid Thanksgiving Day of 1871.

To the Editor of the People's Column—In reply to "Voucher" I will say that the cold snap he referred to was in 1871. It began on Tuesday, Nov 28, and ended Dec 3. A more cold and blustering Thanksgiving day than Nov 30, 1871, I never experienced, though the mercury did not fall much below zero during the week.  
Octogenarian.

##### "The Two Lives."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to "W. M." I send the followin'g.  
A. E. W.

##### THE TWO LIVES.

Two habes were horn in the selfsame town  
On the very same bright day;  
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms  
In the very selfsame way.  
And both were pure and innocent  
As falling flakes of snow,  
But one of them lived in the terraced house  
And one in the street below.  
Two children played in the selfsame town,  
And the children both were fair;  
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,  
The other had tangled hair.  
The children both grew up npace  
As other children grow,  
But one of them lived in the terraced house  
And one in the street below.  
Two maidens wrought in the selfsame town,  
And one was wedded and loved,  
The other saw through the curtains' part  
The world where her sister moved,  
And one was smiling, a happy bride,  
The other knew care and woe,  
For one of them lived in the terraced house  
And one in the street below.  
Two women lay dead in the selfsame town,  
And one had had tender care;  
The other was left to die alone  
On her pallet all thin and bare,  
And one had many to mourn her loss,  
For the other few tears would flow,  
For one had lived in the terraced house  
And one in the street below.  
If Jesus, who died for the rich and poor  
In wondrous holy love,  
Took both the sisters in his arms  
And carried them above,  
Then all the difference vanished quite;  
For in heaven none would know  
Which of them lived in the terraced house  
And which in the street below.



# The Last Tear I Shed

The last tear I shed was the warm one that fell  
As I kissed the Dear Mother and bade the farewell  
When I saw the deep anguish impressed on thy face  
And felt for the last time a Mothers embrace  
And heard thy choked accents impassioned and wild  
God bless thee forever god bless the my Child

I thought of my boy hood thy kindness to me  
When youngest and dearest I sat on thy knee  
Of thy love to me ever so fondly expressed  
As I grew up to manhood unconscious how blest  
Of thy praises when sight and thy chidings when <sup>wrong</sup>  
While wayward with passions ungovern'd and strong

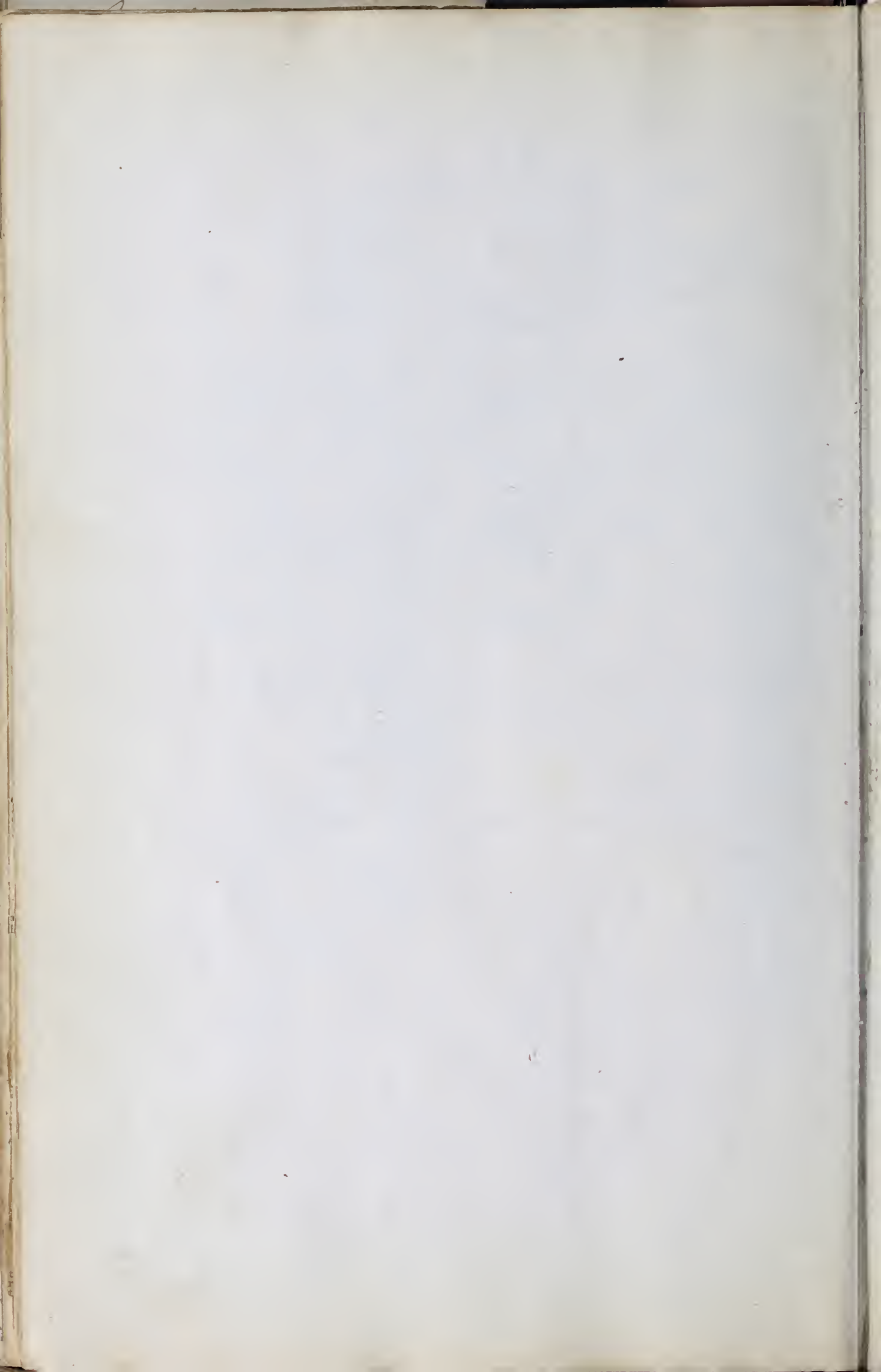
I thought of thy counsels unheeded or spurned  
As mirth had enlivened or anger had burned  
And how when by sickness all helpless I lay  
Thou didst nurse me and soothe me by night and <sup>day</sup>  
How much I had been both thy sorrow and joy  
And my feelings overflowed and I wept like a boy

Years years of endurance have vanished and now  
Theres pain in my heart there is care on my brow  
The visions of hope and of fancy are gone  
And cheerless I travel lifes pathway alone  
Alone alone though some kind ones there ~~are~~  
There are none here to love me to love me like thee

My mother dear mother cold <sup>hearted</sup> they deem  
Thy offspring but oh I am not what I seem  
Though calmly and tearless all changes I bear  
Could they look in my bosom the feeling is there  
And now sad and lonely as memory recalls  
Thy blessing at parting again the tear falls







### Separation

With all my soul then let us part  
Since both are anxious to be free  
And I will send you back your heart  
If you'll send mine back to me

Repeat the two last lines

We have spent some happy hours together  
But joy will often change its ring  
And spring ~~will~~ <sup>is</sup> would be but gloomy weather  
If we had nothing else but spring

He thinks I would be truly blest  
As in a soft imperfect sigh  
You'd say when to his bosom pressed  
That he loved not half so well as I,

Farewell, and when some future lover  
Shall claim the heart that I resign  
And in exulting joys discover  
All the joys that once were mine  
And in exulting joys discover  
All the joys that once were mine



Mr Daniel Coaston Chief Mate of the  
Bark Lafayette Capt Allen

When fortunes blind goddess had fled my abode  
And friends proved unfaithful I took to the roads  
For to plunder the wealthy and relieve my distress  
I sought thee to aid me my darling black bess

No wild whip or spur did thy sides ever gore  
Thy never didst need it thou wouldst bounce at my call  
And for each act of kindness I did the caress  
And you never was unfaithful my darling black bess

When dark Sable mid night his shadow had thrown  
In the paths of right nature now art thou hast gone  
To fame and to thee the unnumbered guess  
To the minims of Fortune my darling black bess

How Silent you sped when a carriage it stoppt  
Their gold and their jewels the inmates adopt  
No poor I have plundered nor have him oppressd  
No widower or Orphan my darling black bess

When began the justice he did me pursue  
From London to York Shire like lightning you flew  
No toll gate nor river thy speed did oppress  
And in mine reached it my darling black bess

The blood Hounds are approaching they never shall find  
A Beast that is like thee so noble and kind  
Thou must die my dumb friend it does me oppress  
There there I have shot thee my darling black bess

When ages are past and I am dead and gone  
These tales shall be handed from father to Son  
For to leave my dumb friend it does me oppress  
Then farewell for ever my darling black bess

Friday - June 2, 1894

Had a very nice walk in the garden this morning  
and had a very good walk in the garden this morning  
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Brother dear why dost thou tarry  
From thy Home so long away  
Know st thou not fond hearts are watching  
Praying for thee every day

When two Years ago you left us  
Withered leaves were falling fast—  
Thickly were the rain drops pouring  
Hoarsely wiled the Autumn blast—

Mothers face looked pale and solemn  
Father could not say good by  
And my tears were falling faster  
Than the rain drops from the sky  
Just two Years how many changes  
Can in that short time be wrought  
O that we could learn to bear them  
Meekly and as Christians ought

Brother in our household circle  
There is now one vacant Chair  
Mothers gone and O how lonely  
Seemes our when she's not there  
When she lay upon her death Bed  
Oft she bled her absent Son  
Prayed that she in Heaven might meet  
When our earthly race was run

Brother dear then hasten Homeward  
Fathers heart is lonely now  
Grief and sorrow fast are tracing  
Furrows on his placid brow  
Come and from us do not longer  
In that distant Country roam  
We are very lonely without thee  
Brother dear come Home come home







*Whales taken by Bark Sea Queen*  
*Starboard Boat*      *Waist Boat*      *Starboard Boat*





# The Cypress Brig

I was born on  
Come all you happy sons of freedom in chorus join with me  
We will sing the song of praises due to glorious liberty  
Condemned some Sads from England were unto <sup>F. Shore</sup> Land in new  
Their Country friends and Parents dear perhaps to see no more

When Landed in this colony to different Masters went  
Still for trifling offences to Robart town Sail was sent  
Their second Sentence they received and ordered was to be  
Sent to Magurrag Harbour that place of tyranny

Down Robart town streets was guarded on  
On board the Cypress Brig conveyed  
The topsails they were hauled and her anchor it was weighed  
The wind it blew from S W and on we steered straight way

Until we came to an anchorage in a place called <sup>Bay</sup> Reseach  
Confined in a dismal hold these Sads contrived a plan  
To take possession of the Brig or else die every Man  
This plan it being approved upon those Sads retired to rest

Resolved the next morning to put it to a test  
When on rushed Mikeery, Charley, Towers and two more  
They soon disarmed the sentinels and left them in their gore  
They then addressed the soldiers saying its liberty we crave

So deliver up your arms my boys or the sea shall be your grave  
They then addressed the Captain his Officers and crew  
They give three cheers for liberty and soon bid them adieu  
William Swallow he was chosen our Captain for to be

And early the next morning we boldly put to sea  
Come sound your golden trumpets while on your tuneful notes  
The Cypress Brig on the ocean in a majestic state she floats  
May kind heaven above protect such Sads uncommon  
Who boldly fought and gained that zone  
Called glorious liber

How to Be And Early, that  
Same Morning we Boldly Put to  
Sea come Sound your Galders  
trumped whilst on your trumpet  
Notes the Brig Lying on the ocean  
in a Magestic State she flouts  
star kind heaven protect these  
Lads kind fortune keep them  
free who Boldly fought And  
gained the lives they save  
but



# Bark Sea Queens Crew

Rate	Names	Native Place	Age
Capt	Joseph Marshall	Nantucket Mass	37
Mate	William Snow	Nantucket " "	35
1. Mate	Edward B Coffin	Nantucket " "	36
2. Mate	John Smith	Mayal Western Islands	23
Boat Steers	Edward Burdett	Nantucket " "	23
" "	Baudal Cornell	Nantucket	22
" "	Andrew Sandburg	New Bedford	22
Cooper	Henry Walley	New Bedford	31
Seamen	Richard Bordon	Taunton Mass	19
" "	Horace Peabody	Manchester N. H.	22
" "	Elen Clark	" "	21
Drummer	John Watts	Fiverton, R. Island	15
" "	George Patterson	New Port R. I.	18
Run	James Hamilton	New Port R. I.	21
Run	James Milbron	Bridgeport Conn	20
" "	Henry Powers	Melrose Mass	19
" "	Henry C. Whippy	Nantucket Mass	17
" "	Benj Freeman	New Bedford Mass	16
Discharged	W. D. Alego	Hardensburg P. S. Dis	24
Do	William Martin	Lancaster P. S. Dis	25
Do	Edwin Boyel	Newton Mass Dis	33
Do	Antonio Murrea	Pico Western Islands	25
Do	Emanuel Derosa	" " " " "	25
Do	Francisco Dutra	" " " " "	21
" "	John Lewis	Lisbon Portugal	48
" "	Emanuel Murray	Pico Western Isle	53
Run	Joseph Francisco	" " " " "	25
Cook	George Mitchel	Manchester N. H.	25
Stewart	Willis Bailey Dis	New Haven Conn	28
	Jack Spunzarn	Sandwich Island	25
	John Jacobs	Tahiti	22
	Samuel Peters	" " " " "	40
	John Brown	Boston Mass	19
	Benark Marks	Lozal	27
	Enas Stoni	do	17
	George Coon passenger		34

# A Riddle

God made Adam out of dust  
But thought it best to make me first  
So I was made before the man  
To answer Gods most holy plan

My body he did make complete  
But with out arms or legs or feet  
My ways and actions did control  
And I was made without a soul

A living being, I became  
It was Adams that give me my name  
Then from his presence I withdrew  
No more of Adam ever knew

I did my Makers laws obey  
From them I never went astray  
Thousands of miles I run in fear  
But seldom on the earth appear

God in me a something did see  
And put a living soul in me  
But soon of me my God did claim  
And took from me the soul again

Now when from me the soul was fled  
I was the same as when first made  
And without hands or feet or soul  
I travel now from pole to pole

I labor hard both day and night  
To fallen man. I give great light  
Millions of people both young and old  
Will by my Death great light behold





He meets his father under peculiar circumstances and denies his parentage.

Capt. Harris, first officer of the ill-fated *Yves Cruz*, and who was lost with the steamer, was in his day a noted blockade runner. In 1863 Capt. Harris was captured in the *Kingfisher*, in which he had made several successful trips to Charleston. He was taking the course which he had followed successfully before, but found himself at daybreak under the guns of a Federal gunboat. To save the lives of his crew he thought it best to surrender at discretion, and was carried to Fort Lafayette in double irons.

The better to prosecute his dangerous avocation in safety, Capt. Harris had gone before the British Board of Admiralty in London, passed an examination, and received his papers as a British shipmaster. So it was with some color of authority that he presented his papers to Col. Burke, commanding Fort Lafayette, and demanded his release as a British seaman, taken off a British vessel.

An exciting episode of his prison life was related by himself. It came, to the ears of his father, who had, in the meantime, become Health Officer Harris of the Port of New York, that Frank was a prisoner in Fort Lafayette, and he came to visit him. As soon as Col. Burke learned his visitor's business he hastened up to Capt. Harris's casemate. "You're a nice British seaman!" he said, sincerely. "You're an American and your father is Dr. Harris, the Health Officer of this port!"

"You're a liar!" retorted Capt. Harris. "I am a native of Hull, and a British seaman."

"Well, I'll send your father up to see you," retorted the colonel.

He was told to send him up and be blown.

"Hallo! son Frank, how are you?" said the old doctor, as he reached the casemate, with both hands extended. "I'm no son of yours," was Frank's cold response; "I'm an English shipmaster."

"Frank, are you crazy?" said the old man.

"No, you old lunatic," rejoined Frank, stoutly. And, turning to Col. Burke, he added: "I claim the protection of Lord Lyons. He will restore me to my government."

Strangely enough, the British Minister did interfere in his behalf, and, after spending six months between Fort Lafayette and Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, Capt. Harris was liberated, and allowed to depart over the Suspension Bridge into Canada, whence he made his way to Halifax, took ship for Liverpool, and was soon once more in command of a blockade runner. His father lived to forgive him for denying his parentage, believing that the end justified the means.

The Russian correspondent of the *Times* sends a frightfully vivid description of the demoralization, the drunkenness, the misery, and poverty of the Russian people. His accounts are fully confirmed by a series of articles in the *Golos*. The Russian writer doubts whether the peasantry have been gainers—whether they have advanced in civilization—since their emancipation in 1861. Assuredly they are no longer sold like cattle; their children are no longer taken from them; they are not flogged, nor are they subject to the discretionary arbitrary power of the noble or his bailiff. Nor are they driven off in herds to work for him five or six days of the week. But they have less land, less wood, less credit than before. The landlords, their owners, formerly protected them against the police, who now pounce upon them for various kinds of imposts unknown to them before. Then they had but one master; now they are subject to the mayor, to the tax-gatherer, to the chief of the commune, to the tribunal of the Zemstvo, to the judge, and to other functionaries. Against their exactions, arbitrary and frequently illegal, they have no appeal. With their vanquished self-government they have less security and order than before. All the hopes which were raised by their emancipation have been dispelled; they have fallen into apathetic discouragement, all because they who are charged with the administration of affairs are not animated with the Czar's liberal intentions. After having granted a somewhat too extensive autonomy, the authorities sought to impede its development. The rural police and other functionaries were invested with arbitrary powers to impose fines and penalties. Additional vexatious restrictions were imposed in 1874, and the disheartened peasantry, seeing the hopelessness of their plight, have fallen into the most degraded drunkenness and its attendant misery. Multitudes who were well-to-do peasants have seen all swept away from them—their cattle, their homes, and all; they now grovel like the beasts of the field, where shelter can be found. M. Kochelef, the author of these articles, insists that the State must begin by enforcing agricultural improvements; the moral and intellectual development of the peasantry would follow, were the tribunals to be reorganized so that the peasant could have confidence in the integrity of his arbitrators.

#### CASTLE AND COTTAGE.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

My lady who dwells in yon house of state  
Is seldom at ease, I deem,  
While she at the cottage beside its gate  
Hath days like a summer dream;  
Yet both were taken to wife one day  
From roofs with the poor allied;  
And each hath mouldered her own life's way  
Through motives of love or pride.

For the castle-dame her troth betrayed  
For the bumble of wealth and state,  
But to find the hope of her life galled  
By her treason to love—too late;  
And she queens it now, but unmoved by all,  
While her brainless lord, apart,  
Makes spendthrift riot in park and hall  
In revenge for a barbed heart.

But the cottage-wife kept plighted vow  
To the humble heart, but true,  
That had naught to give but the love which now  
Makes her happy the whole year through;  
They toil and love, and their lives are sweet,  
They have children blithe and fair,  
And the sword is green and the garden neat  
By their little homestead there.

Aud, though friends they were in the days gone by,  
The good wife may not now  
Her thoughts exchange with the lady high  
Of the smooth and haughty brow;  
Though oft the latter doth pass alone  
For the joys that her friend befall,  
While never an envious glance is thrown  
From cottage to castle-hall.

As we sow we reap; Love's downy nest  
Can never be bought and sold;  
And the proudest palace, with love unbraced,  
Is barren and sad and cold;  
But the humblest cot, which its glory gilds,  
May the bower of bliss become,  
When the blending of hearts in its good time  
Builds  
The fireside shrine of Home.

When Uncle Reuben Clay, an old colored man of about seventy wintered a day or two ago, and was asked his age, he promptly replied:

"Wall, sah, I reckon I 'bout a high 70, and de way dey dat make 'em."

"If you can't read, or write, or cypher how can you tell?"

"I ze kept de dates in my head, sah, an' if you'll take de time I can prove my age in de time 't is."

One of the loungers prepared himself with pencil and paper, and Uncle Reuben proceeded:

"Now, sah, in what year did Columbus discover America?"

"In 1492."

"Den sot dat down."

"Why, what has the discoverer o' America to do with your age?" asked several voices.

"It makes no difference, sah. I ze go to git some pint to reckon from, an' take dat one case it's de handiest. Put down 1492."

"Yes."

"Now, den, when was de revolutionary war fit?"

"In 1776."

"Exactly. Take dat from 1492 and it leaves how many?"

"Just 281 years."

"Dat's Kreet. Now, when did dey fight de next war?"

"In 1812-14. Take that out and it makes a difference of thirty-six years and reduces de figures to 245."

"Dat's all right," said Uncle Reuben, as he bent over his figures. "Now, den, in what year did my great-grandfather land in de Virginny?"

"Why, how do I know?" You must know if any one."

The old man scratched his head, looked over the figures and said:

"Dat's kinder odd. De ole man comes in de sun, why?"

All the men began to laugh at him, and the old man got up and tied on his comforter and said:

"You white folks needn't feel so mighty peart kase you tink you've got an ole nigger in a box. I ze gwine ober to see my son George, an' George he'll take a piece o' chalk an' de bottom of a cheer an' begin. I'll de day dat Cain killed Abel an' run my nige down to dis werry mawnin' quicker'n de smartest of you kin rub a so' heel!"

MY FRIEND THE CRICKET AND I.

BY LILLIE E. BARE.

My friend the Cricket and I  
Once sat by the fireside talking;  
"This life," I said, "is such weary work!"  
Chirped Cricket, "You're always croaking."

"It's rawing against both wind and tide,  
And a' for the smallest earning."  
"Ah! well," the merry Cricket replied,  
"But the tide will soon be turning."

"And then," I answered, "dark clouds may rise  
And whirl with the waters flowing;  
We'll keep a bit sunshine in your heart,  
It's a wonder! help in rowing."

"But many a boat goes down at sea,"  
"O' friend, but you to mea trying,  
Pray how many more come into port,  
With a' their colors flying!"

"Woe! ye lily drift with changing tides,  
Till lost in a sea of sorrow!"  
"Ah! no, good Cricket, I'll take the oars  
And cheerfully row to-morrow."

"I could! I could! Yes, I could!" he chirps.  
While I watched the bright fire burning,  
"I could! I could! Yes, I'd try again,  
For the tide must have a turning."

So all the night long through the drowsy hour  
I heard, like a cheerful humming—  
"I could! I could! Yes, I'd try again,  
Ye never ken what is coming."

So I tried again:—now the wind sets fair,  
And the tide is shoreward turning,  
And Cricket and I chirp merrily,  
While the fire is brightly burning.

Mr. Beani-corn went away recently, and we never knew until last night why he went, nor why he was so touchy about his trip after he came back; but the cat is out of the bag at last. It seems that a large number of sewing-machine agents have been trying to induce him to buy of them, and Beani-corn at last concluded to go into a branch of the business himself. You see when he killed that old calico mare of his he rendered the fatty parts into oil, and he concluded to sell that oil as a new lubricator for sewing machines. Horse oil isn't a very fancy thing in that line, for it is rather strong; so he got a vial of real sperm as a sample, and then sending to a factory and getting about a hundred dozen of vials, he bottled his home-made oil, sealed it up carefully, and then pasted on the labels that we printed for him, reading, "Real Nantucket Oil, Put Up By Sumarras Beani-corn," he started on a peddling mission, calculating when he had sold out he should have a clear profit of \$200, selling his wares at twenty-five cents a bottle. He went to Charleston, in this state, and commenced visiting the various houses around the historic Bunker Hill. At the first house he visited he sold a bottle, and feeling encouraged tried the next one. The lady here said that she had a sewing machine, but her husband was a boss in the Navy Yard, and got her all the oil she wanted, although she didn't want much said about it. The next lady had a beau in the Navy Yard who supplied her with sperm, and the next had a son, while the fourth had a friend and the fifth a boarder, all of them getting oleaginous "peaks" from the government. Beani-corn was disgusted, and thinking that all the women in Charleston got their oil from the Navy Yard, skipped that town and went to Lynn. Trade was brisk here, for he sold five bottles right off; but after selling his sixth to a policeman was surprised to be asked for his license to hawk and peddle, and having failed to procure that necessary article he was carried to a Municipal Court, fined \$50, and advised to leave town. Meanwhile an analysis of one of his bottles had been made by a chemist at the direction of a rival, his little game exposed, and in his anger Beani-corn pelted his stock at a telegraph pole at short range, and then came home again, and is now figuring profit and loss and the uncertainty of trade with monopolies against you.

#### "A HARD ROW TO HOE."

BY GATH BRITTLE.

It is an old and homely phrase,  
With a wealth of meaning in it  
To him who strives for life's reward,  
But vainly strives to win it:  
Yet 'tis better to toll, though Fate should spill

The best of his endeavor.  
Time gives the prize to him who tries,  
But to the sluggard never.

'Tis hard for him who strives in vain  
To win the well-earned prize;  
But he who doth the most complain  
Is he who tolls despite of pain.  
And he can show the hardest row:  
And not one tolling neighbor  
Hath half so hard a row to hoe,  
Such ill-rewarded labor.

But he who tolls most earnestly  
Hath little time for winning;  
While daylight lasts he wields the hoe,  
Nor wastes the hours in pining.  
He feels that steady toll will win—  
Doth not experience show it?  
That hard to hoe is many a row,  
But winning will not hoe it.

Then let us on through shower and sun,  
And heat and cold be driving;  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.  
The hardest row is naught to hoe,  
If we but choose to know it;  
We've naught to do but just to go  
Right straight to work and hoe it.

*stange sea  
right about was floating  
let her knitting  
slow which that  
s downed by the upsetting  
ing in sight of a red robe  
only the Boat being about  
him and was carried  
to rise no more  
for these Political times  
The Democrat party has never been fortunate  
in conducting diplomatic negotiations with  
Great Britain  
The English partiality for the Democrat party  
is not difficult to explain  
It is not solely because the Democracy are a  
free trade party and are now proposing to open  
our home market for the benefit of British manufactures  
at expense of workingmen, but it is that the very negotiation  
with Democratic administration, England has succeeded  
in attaining the precise results which she desired.  
A great historic case in point is familiar to all who  
have studied our history for the 60 years since the  
Democratic party was first organized, from the  
administration of Jefferson onward.  
There was a dispute between the two countries  
as to the rights of each in the territory bordering  
Pacific Ocean, and the question was adjusted from  
time to time by our earlier Presidents, and lastly  
by a treaty made by Polk when he was Secretary  
under the Adams providing for a joint occupation  
of the country for an indefinite period until the  
party losing rights—But from pure damage done the Democrats  
raised the cry in the national election, 1844 that the whole of what  
now constitutes British Columbia up to 1840 had belonged to us  
in the United States. They put a capital fact as a blind in other words  
that the U.S. as told on page 10 these treaties as the  
of our wrongs towards the Indians*



# CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Day.

[From Keble's Christian Year.]

Still, as the day comes round  
For Thee to be reveal'd,  
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,  
Abiding in the field.  
All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,  
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

O faint ye not for fear—  
What though your wandering sheep,  
Reckless of what they see and hear,  
Lie lost in wilful sleep?  
High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy  
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home,  
The Saviour left for you;  
Think on the Lord most holy, come  
To dwell with hearts untrue:  
So shall ye tread untill'd His pastoral ways,  
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

## The Message.

[From "Christus Victor."]

Tell how the dying year sings at His birth,  
At twilight-hour light breaks o'er all the earth;  
At His approach, Peace drowns the voice of war,  
Pleading that brothers' blood shall flow no more.

Go, at His birth, and set the captive free,  
Sing how He makes all time a jubilee;  
Strike off all fetters from these sons of earth,  
Let every heart be filled with holy mirth.

A leaf for healing every month shall fall,  
The last must be the best and chief of all;  
The month in which the Infant King had birth  
Yieldeth the perfect balm for all the earth.

Look scattered stars upon the ground  
The children crossed the narrow bound  
'Twixt bed and board, a merry prank;  
Only the stranger boy hung back:  
The mother forward drew her guest,  
And found him room among the rest.

And, when an evening grace was said,  
She shared around the festal bread:  
The boy returned a soft reply,  
Breaking the crust; and in his eye,  
The while he spoke, a tear there stood;  
"Blest are the offerings of the good!"

With bread in hand she stood, prepared  
To share herself, as she had shared;  
But, at that solemn tone, amazed,  
Upon her tender guest she gazed;  
And looked and wondered more and more  
He seemed no longer as before.

His eyes were like the stars of light;  
His cheeks were glowing, rosy-bright;  
The rags of earth away were borne,  
Like mists before the breath of morn;  
It was an angel smiling there,  
And fair as only heaven is fair.

Beamed brighter still the seraph boy:  
Beat every heart with holy joy:  
Long to the pensants' but may cleave  
The memory of that Christmas Eve;  
For nobler bond was never dight  
The angel stayed to be their guest.

It chanced, when many a year had fled,  
One Christmas Eve I reached the shed:  
The good folks' hearth was still the same;  
But, seated in its glowing flame,  
With early winter on his brow,  
Their grandson was the father now.

'Twas all so glad; 'twas all so good;  
His gentle mate, his ruddy hood:  
'Twas all as though on every face  
There lay the calm of evening grace:  
'Twas all as though indeed they felt  
That in a hallowed home they dwelt.

High on the board one taper light  
(Their only one) was burning bright;  
And milk and wheaten bread was there;  
But no one touched that dainties fare:  
I asked whose portion yonder lay—  
" 'Tis the good angel's," answered they. H. W.

## Santa Claus.

[From Hopper's "Fire on the Hearth."]

Early to bed on Christmas-eve!  
Give Santa Claus time his gifts to leave!  
Early to rise on Christmas morn!  
As soon as chanticleer sounds his horn!

His clarion sounds that morning clear,  
And earliest far of all the year;  
And little ears are sharp to hear  
His welcome call to Christmas cheer;

And long before the lagging sun  
His good day's work has yet begun,  
The little tongues are running fast,  
Wondering how long the night will last.

Wondering if Santa Claus has been,  
And why it is he can't be seen,  
And if one listening might not hear  
At least the bells on his reindeer.

They listen,—and good chanticleer  
Rings in the morning loud and clear,  
And little ears now feast upon  
The music of his clarion.

Bare little feet are on the floor,  
Little night-gowns flit through the door,  
Little and big are on the run,  
Stockings are seized,—Babel begun!

What a scene around the old hearth!  
What clattering words of delight!  
'Twould seem all the treasures of earth  
Were poured down the chimney last night.

"Oh, see what I've got in my stocking!"—  
"Look here! and look here! and look here."  
The little groups round and round flocking,  
"Hope Christmas will last all the year."

They strew on the carpet their treasure,—  
Things useful, things pretty, things droll,  
From Bibles they prize with such pleasure,  
To the little one's Lilliput doll.

They question how Santa Claus knows  
What each one has wished for so well,  
And if in each house where he goes  
He every child's wishes can tell.

And where he gets all the good things,  
And how he can carry them all  
In one little sled, when he brings  
Such lots to great children and small.

And how he can ride round the earth  
With his gifts in one single night,  
And stop at each chimney and hearth,  
And always get through before light.

And why he has never been seen  
When driving his team through the air,  
Nor when down the chimney he's been  
To leave all his gifts everywhere.

There's one little urchin looks wise,  
And seems about bursting to tell  
A thing that would open their eyes,  
And break the sweet Santa Claus' spell.

But thanks! the quick rattle and noise  
Rush timely to rescue the charm,  
And save half the holiday joys  
From fatal and fast-coming harm.

Their child-joys will not pass away,  
But, locked in their hearts, will remain  
To talk with them day after day,  
Till Christmas comes smiling again:—

To follow their pilgrimage far,  
To refill their hearts with delight,  
And lead them along, like the star  
Which guided the wise men at night:—

Which guided their feet to the place  
Where the infant Redeemer they found,  
And worshipped before his sweet face,  
And poured out their gifts on the ground.

THE CITY OF VICKSBURG BEFORE THE WAR.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

## A REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE OF GEN. LEE.

GENERAL Lee was a remarkably sloven in his dress and manners; and often by his appearance exposed himself to ridicule and insult. He was once attending Gen. Washington to a place distant from the camp. Riding on ahead, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, some time before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen, and demanded something to eat; when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him she would give him victuals in a moment, but he must first help her take off the pot. Thus he complied with, and sat down to some cold meat which she placed for him on the dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming; particularly of Gen. Lee, who, she said, she heard was one of the "most oddest and ugliest men in the world." In a short time she desired the general again to assist her in placing on the pot, and secretly had he finished when she requested him to take a bucket and go to the well. Lee made no objection, and began drawing the water. In the mean while Gen. Washington arrived, and an aid-de-camp was despatched in search of Gen. Lee; whom, to his great surprise, he found engaged in drawing water at the well.—But what was the confusion of the girl on hearing the aid-de-camp address the man with whom she had been so familiar, by the title of excellency? The dish fell from her hands, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon, when Lee, who was ever ready to see the propriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown by turning to the aid-de-camp, and observed, "You see, young man, the advantage of a fine coat. The man of consequence is indebted to it for respect; and neither virtue, nor abilities without it will make him look like a gentleman."

Gen. Lee, when in disgrace, had the consolation to find partners. In the same company, and within a few miles of him, was Mr. Gen. Stevens, a Scotchman, who was looked for in his behavior at Gen. Lee's table. On the arrival of the old man, after his unfortunate defeat by old Overwall, at Camden, Lee observed, that Berkley was the first county that had ever been, at the same time, the seat of three different generals. "You Stevens (said Lee) was broke for getting drunk, and Berkley should be in a worse case, if not for fighting when I was sure to be beat, and you, Gates, for being beat when you had no business to engage."

Liverpool  
Man  
San  
New Bedford

Allen  
Ber  
Sawtell

Berry  
Smith



# THE MASSACHUSETTS DEAD AT BALTIMORE.

"I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, and tenderly sent forward by express to me."—Gov. Andrew's dispatch to the Mayor of Baltimore.

Yes, bear them very tenderly back o'er that fatal way, Who left our midst so full of life, so strong but yesterday.

Give them the soldier's meed, to them the patriot's honor yield, The holy cause their hearts espoused their martyr blood has sealed!

And ye, who hailed them as they went, the last sad duties pay, Then gird your armor on, ye have no time to mourn to-day!

From every drop of blood that fell an armed troop shall spring; From every moan that stirred their lips a thousand voices ring!

Hark to the stirring words they speak! O Massachusetts men! The startling summons echoes back from mountain, hill and glen!

Fling every selfish fear aside, let every claim give way, Spring to the rescue! rally round our country's flag to-day.

No stranger hand has wounded us, as in the days of yore; Ah no, we had not then so long and patiently forbore.

'Tis those to whom our arms, our hearts, were ever opened wide, Who in the life-blood of our sons their guilty hands have dyed;

Who gloried in our country's power, drank from her thousand springs, And shared, as brothers share, the wealth the boon of freedom brings.

The cherished children of her love, these that have struck the blow! Our wrath will never slumber 'till each traitor's head lies low!

With steadfast love that knew no change, patience that did not cease, A brother's loving hand held out the olive branch of peace.

No rash, vindictive act of curs has wrought this bitter woe, We left their coward hands to strike the first, the treacherous blow!

The rubicon is passed; and now we know no North nor South; They that have rights and homes to lose, fear not the cannon's mouth!

As no brother's hand they give, no brother's love they claim; Late'er betide, be theirs the guilt, and theirs alone the shame.

Hold our flag! the stripes and stars, so long and proudly borne! Jealous o'er each foreign foe, by shameless traitors torn!

Purchase it our fathers shed life's purple tide like rain; As of those fathers' rise, and say if they have blood in vain!

Of the North, the South, the West, our nation's hope and trust, Speak! will ye see that banner torn and trampled in the dust?

Not by those high and holy truths for which our fathers fought, Freedom's priceless heritage, for us so dearly bought!

Seed, sowed by our patriot sires, watered by blood and tears, Those glorious fruits are ours, the growth of long and toilsome years!

Every loyal heart respond! all other claims give way! To the rescue! rally round our country's flag to-day!

Brothers! press on, our glorious land from mad disunion save; Who that can die in such a cause would live to be a slave!

We were very loth to draw the sword, yet sheath it not again Till ye have proved the People's rule, that right and freedom reign,

Till proudly on each town and fort the stars and stripes shall wave; Be safeguard of the weak, the pride and glory of the brave!

NASUA, April, 1861. M. G. H.

The following touching lines were penned by one of the officers of the Niagara, on the homeward voyage:

## "AH! WHO CAN TELL?"

We're nearing home—a few days more, And upward from that sun-lined main,

Will slowly rise the blessed shore

That we've so yearned to see again.

But as we near

That coast so dear,

And feel Joy's pulse our bosoms thrill,

The voice of fear

Is whispering near,

And asks—are those we love there still?

Do all those eyes on earth still dwell,

To greet us home? Ah! who can tell?

Long months have passed in homeward flight,

Since news from those dear hearts beguiled;

And Time e'er noon oft brings a blight

On which at morn he smiled.

To Joy's voice near

Thus as we near

That land so dear,

With Joy's emotion in our eyes,

The voice of fear,

In accents dear,

Asks, Is it well with those we prize?

And though hope's glance responds—

All's well!

Fear whispers back, Ah! who can tell?

We're nearing home! The Eastern "Trade"

Still presses on our sails and spars,

Day's beams are still on ocean laid,

And night assembles yet her stars;

Oh! in our flight,

Beneath their light,

While in love's soul dear hope's the theme—

While night's asleep,

And watch we keep,

What happy scenes of home we dream!

Amidst their halo shall we dwell

Once more—once more? Ah! who can tell?

We're nearing home—our native land!

Those clustered States so blessed of Heaven!

Can such a gift from God's great hand

Be lightly prized—be rashly given?

Dark rumor's tongue

Such dread notes rung

Before we left the Lidian cime;

But faith still smiles,

And hope beguiles—

They sing to patriot hearts a chime!

While in the soul such anthems swell,

We'll cease to sigh: Ah! who can tell!

AT SEA, Monday, April 8, 1861.

[Written for The Boston Journal.]

## A VOICE FROM BUNKER HILL.

The fat is uttered, and soon will the world

See the star spangled banner in battle unfurled;

The moment has dawned when all hearts that are true

Must range 'neath the banner of red, white and blue.

The tocin has sounded; the North, in its might,

Has heard its deep tones, and is roused for the fight;

Hark! hear the loud shouts of the loyal and true,

For the flag of the Union—the red, white and blue.

Then up with our flag to the staff and the mast!

Shall cut its proud folds once again to the blast!

Let the stars and the stripes our ardor renew,

To send forth a shout for the red, white and blue.

Throughout dear New England we bow to the laws,

And offer warm hearts and strong hands to the cause;

And to our bright flag we'll our fealty renew,

And fight, bleed and die for the red, white and blue.

Charlestown, Mass.

IN ALL good things give the eye and

ear full scope, for they let into the

mind; restrain the tongue, for it is a

spender; few men have repented of si-

lence.

THE VERDICT.—The following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We, the undersigned, being a

koroner's jury to sit on de body ob de nigger

Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, hab been

sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, and find dat

de said nigger aforesaid did on de night ob de

furteenth ob November come to def by falling

from de bridge ober de riber, where we find he

was subsequently drowned, and afterwards wash-

ed on de riberside, whar we spos he was froze to

def"

# TO THE UNITED STATES.

BY MAYNE REID.

O land of my longings, beyond the Atlantic,

What horrible dream has disturbed thy repose?

What demon has driven thy citizens frantic—

A grief to their friends, and a joy to their foes?

Is it true they are arming to kill one another?

That sire and son are in hostile array?

That brother is baring his blade against brother—

Each madly preparing the other to slay?

Is it true the star-banner, so dear to the sight—

Of all freemen, may fall by a factionist's blow—

That banner I've borne through the midst of the

fight,

Side by side with thy sons, as we charged on the

foe!

I would not, I will not, I cannot believe it!

Oh! rally around it, and stand by the staff!

Or the children of men will have reason to grieve it,

And the tyrants of men will exultingly laugh.

Aye, sure would the priests and the princes of

earth

Greet the fall of thy flag with a joyous 'hurrah!'

Even now scarce suppressing demoniac mirth,

They would hail thy decadence with fiendish 'ha!

ha!

And he who would help them to win their foul

game,

Whether Northern or Southern—no matter

which claims him—

Be a brand on his brow, and a blight on his fame,

And scorn on the lip of the humblest who names

him!

Be palsied the arm that draws sword fratricidal!

May the steel of the traitor be broken in two!

May his maiden betrothed, on the morn of his bri-

dal,

Prove faithless to him, as he has to you!

United, no power 'neath heaven can shake thee—

No purple-robed despot e'er smiled on thy shamo;

Asunder, like reeds they will bruise thee, and

break thee,

And waste thee as flax in the pitiless flame.

Woe, woe to the world, if this fatal division

Should ever arise in the ranks of the free;

O brother, avoid, then, the fearful collision;

And millions unborn will sing praises to thee!

Saturday, November 6th, 1860.

## The Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The following proclamation is issued by the President of the United States of America:

### A PROCLAMATION.

At no period in their history since the United States became a nation has this

people had so abundant and so universal reason for joy and gratitude at the favor

of Almighty God, or been subject to so profound an obligation to give thanks

for his loving kindness and humbly to implore his continued care and protec-

tion.

Health, wealth and prosperity through-

out all our borders; peace, honor and

friendship with all the world; firm and

faithful adherence by the great body of

our population to the principles of lib-

erty and justice which have made our

greatness as a nation, and to the wise

institutions and strong frame of govern-

ment and society which will perpetuate

it—for all these let the thanks of a hap-

py and united people, as with one voice,

ascend in devout homage to the Giver

of all Good.

I therefore recommend that on Thurs-

day, the twenty-fifth day of November

next, the people meet in their respec-

tive places of worship to make their ac-

knowledgments to Almighty God for

his bounties and his protection, and to

offer to him prayers for their continu-

ance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto

set my hand and caused the seal of the

United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this

first day of November, in the year of

our Lord, one thousand eight hundred

and eighty, and of the Independence of

the United States the one hundred and

fifth.

[Seal.]

R. B. HAYES.

By the President:

WM. M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

W. L. Brownson, Mrs. R. C. and B. B. Brownson, Mrs. J. M. Packard



We publish on the preceding page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the Hon. CHARLES F. ADAMS, who is to succeed Mr. Dallas at the court of St. James. Mr. Adams will fill one of the most important posts in the Government in the present condition of the country.

He is the third member of his family who has represented the country in England. His grandfather, John Adams, was the first American Minister to the Court of St. James: it was to him that King George the Third delivered the famous apostrophe, "I am, Sir, of all men in England, as you may imagine, the sorriest to receive you here," etc. This was in 1785. Thirty years afterward, the son of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, was sent to England, and represented the country there for two years. He took with him his son, the present Charles F. Adams, who was eight years old at the time they arrived in London and went to an English school. Report states that he took his first lessons in the manly art of self-defense from some English fellow-pupils, whose sarcasms upon the United States were more than the young Yankee could tolerate.

Mr. Adams has lived a quiet, unobtrusive life. In 1848 he was a delegate to the famous Buffalo Convention, and was chosen President of that body, a post of which he discharged the duties with credit. He subsequently published the life and writings of his grandfather, John Adams—a work of great merit, which occupies a standard place in our political literature. Two years ago he was elected to Congress. He has not been a prominent member of the House; but the first proposition for a compromise came from him: he represented Massachusetts in the famous perilous committee, and probably the most finished speech delivered in Congress on the crisis was his.

He is fifty-three years of age, and is in possession of a splendid fortune, part of which he derived from his wife.

### A Domestic Scene.

'Twas early day—and sunlight streamed  
Soft through a quiet room  
That, hushed, but not forsaken, seemed  
Still, but with naught of gloom:  
For there, secure in happy age,  
Whose hope is from above,  
A father communed with the page  
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
On his gray holy hair.  
And touched the book with tenderest light,  
As if its shrine were there:  
But Oh, that patriarch's aspect shone  
With something lovelier far—  
A radiance all the Spirit's own,  
Caught not from sun or star.

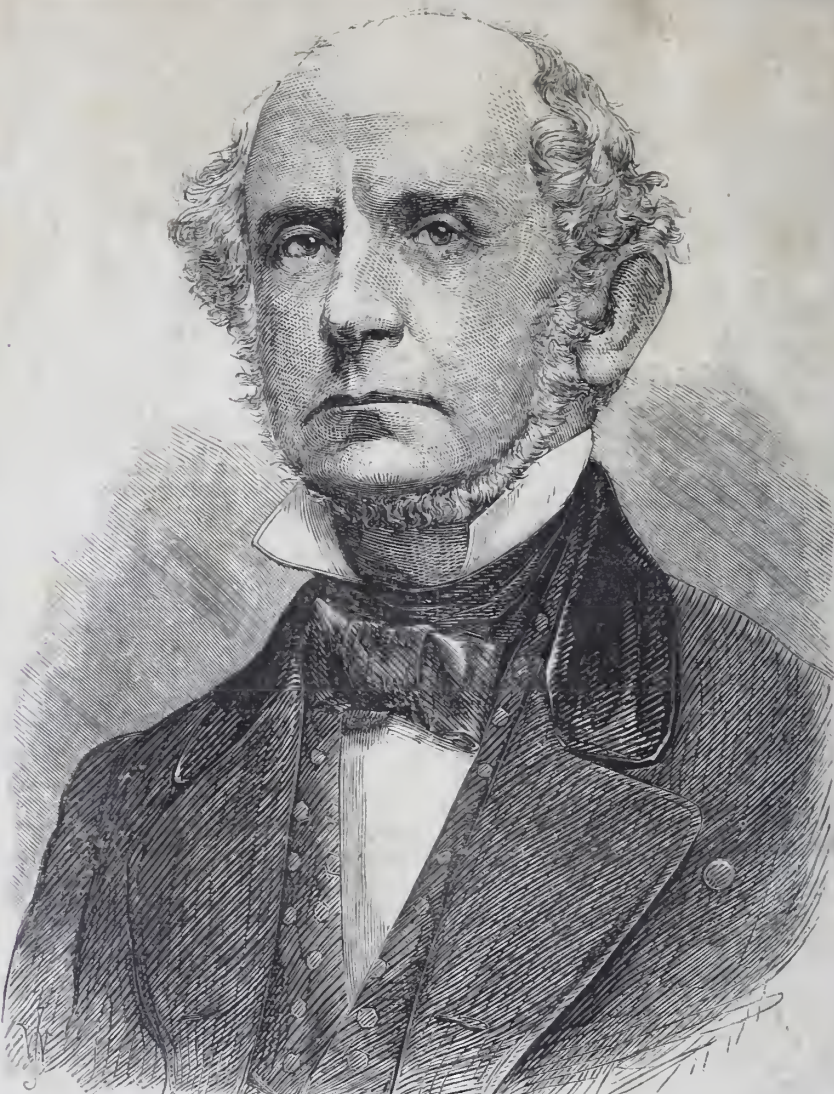
Some word of life e'en then had met  
His calm benignant eye;  
Some ancient promise breathing yet  
Of immortality;  
Some heart's deep language, where the glow  
Of quenchless faith survives:  
For every feature said, "I know  
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,  
Hushing their very breath,  
Before the solemn sanctity  
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;  
Silent: yet, did not each young breast  
With love and reverence melt?  
Oh, blest be those fair girls, and blest  
That home where God is felt. Mrs. FEMANS.

### HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

BY MISS W. A. BISHOP.

What is home without a mother?  
Sure its holiest charm is fled;  
There may be the sister—brother,  
Yet it lacks its gentle head.  
What is home without a mother,  
When the evening hearth burns fair,  
And a group who love each other,  
Bound in peace—are gathered there?  
Yet there's one, whose word controlling,  
Ruled each scene of home-born joy;  
She is gone—and naught consoling,  
Can remove grief's dark alloy.  
Mark! the sacred time is tolling!  
Sweetly falls its measured swell:  
Memory o'er my heart is rolling—  
Mother loved that Sabbath bell.



HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

### THE OLD MAN'S VISIT TO THE HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

"Off the aisle of that old church we trod.—HOYT.

I returned to the hearth of my dear native birth,  
But the friends that I loved had gone,  
And the myrtle leaf sere rustles fearfully near  
The earth which they now rest upon.

And I walked through the shade which the elm tree  
had made,  
The same as in years which had past,  
When an innocent child, and the sun-beamed mild,  
I lay in the shadow it cast.

And then onward I sped, where the old school-house  
stood,  
Near a forest's deep recess,  
But the old house is gone, with its moss-covered stone,  
And I sighed in deep distress.

Yes, that house in the shade, with age had decayed,  
In those years so quickly flown,  
And the huge iron bars upon which roll the cars,  
Are laid on the moss-covered stone.

With a heart that was sad, to the old church yard,  
Tearfully I wended my way,  
But the tombstones so cold, in deep bitterness told,  
Where the friends I once cherished lay.

By her sister's side, lay my sweet angel bride,  
And her soul in the land of rest;  
This earth has no charm, and I feel it no harm  
To long for a home with the blest.

For the shadow of grief can find no relief,  
So long as I wander below;  
On faith's wings would I rise, to a home in the skies,  
And the joys of eternity know.

Orland, Feb. 29.

A. S. CONDON.

### THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

You are old, father William, the young man cried,  
The few locks which are left you are gray;  
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray?

In the days of my youth, father William replied,  
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,  
And abus'd not my health and my vigor at first,  
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, father William, the young man cried,  
And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, father William replied,  
I remembered that youth could not last—  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, father William, the young man cried,  
And life must be hastening away;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,  
Now tell the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, father William replied,  
Let the cause thy attention engage—  
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!  
He hath not forgotten my age.

### LONE ROCK BY THE SEA.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,  
And spring is on its way,  
Vell, well, I know how brightly there  
In joy the young leaves play:  
How sweet at early morn or eve  
The violet's breath may be,  
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave  
My lone rock by the sea.

The wild waves' thunder on the beach,  
The curlew's restless cry,  
To my poor aching breast are more  
Than all life's melodies.  
Come back, my ocean rover, come,  
There's but one place for me  
Till I can greet thy swift sail home  
My lone rock by the sea.

See! the page of devotion  
Spreads its leaf divinely fair  
Breathing peace and resignation.  
Mother's name is written there

of can  
old arm chair



A PARODY ON EXCELSIOR.

[A female friend sends us the following, which we publish, but cannot endorse. There can be no objection to a playful discussion of the subject, and our readers will be glad to hear both sides. We presume this will draw out some poetic Bloomer with a ringing response.]

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through a mountain village passed,  
A maid who bore 'mid snow and ice  
A banner with the strange device

Woman's Rights.

Her brow was sad, her footsteps slow,  
She was dress'd in Bloomer white as snow,  
And her voice like a silver clarion rang  
As she pronounced in an unknown tongue

Woman's Rights.

In happy homes she saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
But, oh! her mission was not there,  
Her ambition was the President's chair.  
The echoes bore on the evening air

Woman's Rights.

Try not the way, an old man said,  
Dark clouds will hover o'er your head.  
You launch upon a dangerous tide;  
But again that clarion voice replied,

Woman's Rights.

"Oh! stay," a voice exclaimed, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast."  
The maiden paused, then heaved a sigh,  
Then onward press'd with the self-same cry,

Woman's Rights.

Beware the sad and cruel fate  
Of those in the service of the State,  
For envious scoffs for aye betide  
Those who chance in the ship of State to ride,  
Yet still that earnest voice replied,

Woman's Rights.

And on she went in her Bloomer rig,  
For scoffs and jeers she cared not a fig;  
But firmer grasped in band the banner,  
And shouted in a boisterous manner,

Woman's Rights.

And in the twilight cold and gray,  
She onward marched in her chosen way;  
And her voice was heard in the silent night,  
Like the voice of a bird in carol light,  
Exclaiming still for

Woman's Rights.

M. R. BIRCHARD.

BABY-HANDS.

BY H. P. ROSS.

Fondly clasped together,  
Round the mother's neck,  
What a pretty picture  
Baby-hands do make!  
But baby-hands don't always  
So innocent appear;  
For often full of mischief  
Baby-fingers are.

For example, see them  
At the supper table,  
Doing all the mischief  
That to do they're able.  
Smash! there lies a tea-cup  
Shattered on the floor;  
Or see the milk from the pitcher  
Prematurely pour.

Twisting now the handle  
Off the rattle-box,  
Or with it giving pussy  
Agonizing knocks;  
Jerking mother's ear-rings,  
Pulling father's hair,  
Or scratching Johnnie's eyes out,  
What a roguish pair!

Crack! "there goes the mirror!  
What won't he next destroy?  
Who gave the child the hair-brush?  
'Tis no baby's toy!  
Goodness! did you ever!  
There the ink-stand goes!  
Just as I expected!  
Now look at your clo's!"

Pulling now the stockings  
Off fat baby-feet,  
And cramming them into baby-month;  
—O! the little sweet!  
Down the stair-way venturing,  
No danger does he reck;  
"Mercy on me! snarely  
He'll break his precious neck!"

Now a perch in the window,  
Pattin' against the pane,  
For just in sight is father  
Coming up the lane.  
Always making mischief,  
Heeding no commands,  
Till in baby-slumber,  
Bound are baby-hands.

—Albany Transcript.

TO MY WIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

Choice packet! how dear, though soiled be its  
leaves,

And rude be the symbols its pages unfold;  
How holy and pure the devotion it breathes,  
More treasured, more valued, more precious than  
gold.

In language that burns with a celestial fire,  
Its pathos descends to my innermost heart;  
From oblivious joys of the past to inspire,  
Fond memories dear, and hope to impart.

How oft I repair to my lonely retreat,  
Weary and worn from the toils of the day;  
Disheartened and sad, I despair at the fate,  
Which dooms me in exile to wander and stray.

When wintry winds wail around my lone door,  
In the dull dreary hours of midnight, alone,

By the flickering rays of the fagot I pore,  
With delight o'er the pages of "letters from  
home."

Bright scenes of the past come hovering round,  
The dearly loved form of my wife appears:  
The prattling tongues of my babes resound,  
Their mirthful peals in my recreate ears.

Entranced in the soul-stirring strains which I hear,  
Enraptured I gaze on the beautiful scene;

In rich mellow tints friendly images dear,  
Clustering around in my visions are seen.

Bright beams the future resplendent with hope,  
Chasing away the deep settled gloom;  
Imparting new life, revealing new scope,  
There's solace, there's joy, in "letters from home."

THE WINDS OF MARCH ARE HUMMING.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The winds of March are humming  
Their parting song, their parting song,  
And summer skies are coming,  
And days grow long, and days grow long.  
I watch, but not in gladness,  
Our garden trees, our garden trees;  
Its buds in sober sadness,  
Too soon for me, too soon for me;  
My second winter's over,  
Alas! and I—alas! and I  
Have no accepted lover;  
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

'Tis not asleep or idle  
That love has been, that love has been;  
For many a happy bridal  
The year has seen, the year has seen.  
I've done a bridesmaid's duty,  
At three or four, at three or four;  
My best bouquets had beauty,  
Its donor more, its donor more.  
My second winter's over,  
Alas! and I—alas! and I  
Have no accepted lover;  
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

His flowers my bosom shaded  
One sunny day, one sunny day;  
The next day they fled and faded,  
Bean and boquet, bean and boquet.  
In vain, at ball and parties,  
I've thrown my net, I've thrown my net;  
This waltzing, watching heart is  
Unchosen yet, unchosen yet.  
My second winter's over,  
Alas! and I—alas! and I  
Have no accepted lover;  
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

They tell me there's no hurry  
For Hymen's ring, for Hymen's ring;  
And I'm too young to marry;  
'Tis no such thing, 'tis no such thing.  
The next spring tides will dash on  
My eighteenth year, my eighteenth year;  
It puts me in a passion,  
Oh, dear, oh, dear! oh, dear, oh, dear!  
My second winter's over,  
Alas! and I—alas! and I  
Have no accepted lover;  
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

A fig for your upper ten girls  
With their velvets and satins and laces,  
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,  
And their milliner figures and faces;  
They may shine at a party or ball,  
Emblazoned with half they possess,  
But give me in place of them all,  
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair  
As the rose in its earliest bloom,  
Her teeth will with ivory compare,  
And her breath with the clover perfume.  
Her step is as free and as light  
As the fawn's whom the bunters hard press,  
And her eye is as soft and as bright,  
My girl with the calico dress.

An old man leaned on a moss-grown stile,  
And gazed on his childhood's home,  
On acres that stretched for many a mile,  
Where his footsteps used to roam.  
And thus he spake, while a saddened smile  
O'er his withered features stole,  
And trickling teardrops fell the while  
From the fount that stirred his soul:

"The days of yore, the days of yore,  
Their memory haunts me still;  
When the bright, green fields I wandered o'er,  
And played beside the mill;  
When my little boat with childish glee  
I sailed on yonder stream;  
Or chased, perchance, the humble-bee,  
'Neath the scorching noontide beam.

"The snug farm-house, the old well-sweep,  
They look familiar still,  
Though vines of ivy o'er them creep,  
And silent stands the mill.  
'Tis a long time since the soil I've trod  
My fathers used to till;  
They sleep beneath the verdant sod,  
On yonder hural hill.

"The days of yore, the days of yore,  
Their memory still is green,  
Though a poor, old man, almost fourscore,  
I gaze upon the scene.  
O stranger, let me buried lie  
On yonder gentle slope,  
And then I'll lay me down and die,  
In the Christian's peaceful hope."

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you go to sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in a perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the effort made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes, what then? *That is death!* That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their beds in the morning: "They were as well as they ever were the day before;" and how often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well to wake no more, we give merely as an opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious cholic, ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safer side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon heightens the appetite for breakfast, so promising

Your dandies and foplings may sneer,  
At her simple and modest attire,  
But the charms she permits to appear,  
Would set a whole iceberg on fire.  
She can dance—but she never allows  
The juggling, the squeeze and caress,  
She is saving all these for her spouse,  
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,  
And kind to her father and mother;  
She studies how much she can do  
For her sweet little sisters and brother.  
If you want a companion for life,  
To comfort, enliven and bless,  
She is just the right sort for a wife,  
My girl with the calico dress.

—Vicksburg (Miss.) Sentinel.



